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SPOTSWOOD HALL

The colonial home of Dr. Knight, on Peachtree Heights Road, seven miles from Atlanta, named for the celebrated royal governor of Virginia. (See page 514)

Memorials of Dixie-land

Orations, Essays, Sketches *and* Poems

ON

Topics Historical, Commemorative, Literary *and* Patriotic

BY

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT, M. A., LL. D.

State Historian

Founder of the Department of Archives and History for the State of Georgia; Founder of the Georgia Historical Association, and its First President; Fellow of the British Royal Society of Arts; Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member of the American Historical Association and of the Georgia Historical Society, and Member of the Phi Beta Kappa

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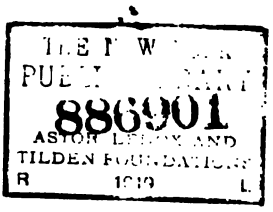

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LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

DEDICATED

To the Sentiment of Brotherhood Which a Great World War Has Intensified and Strengthened in the Heart of a New America,

AND TO

Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Who Taught Me at Princeton.

But, in keeping with the broadest spirit of nationality, I desire, in a subordinate way, to inscribe these pages to two Confederate soldiers, each of whom went to his grave a devoted champion of the Union. To me, the heroism of these veterans of the gray has been a fountain-spring of patriotism in its widest scope of meaning; and in thus linking their names to the fraternalism which this hour has kindled, I not only honor their memories, but, what is more to the purpose, I interpret their wishes. Permit me then to dedicate this volume:

First, to the only father I ever knew in life, an uncle, JOHN BENNING DANIEL, whose unfailing hand bestowed upon me an early training, a college education, and an ample fortune, but whose best of legacies was an example of Christian manhood, embodied in that flower of all the virtues: a Southern Gentleman of the Old School.

Second, to an honored sire, GEORGE WALTON KNIGHT, a First Lieutenant in the Mexican War and a Captain in the war between the States; who dying, ere I could mirror his face in memory, bequeathed to me the inheritance of a good name, one which for half a century I have tried to keep unsullied and which, to the associations of an ancient chivalry, adds what is richer still: the memories of an old gray jacket and the pledge of an allegiance to the Confederate flag.

PREFACE.

These literary materials cover the period of a whole generation. In consequence of this long interval of time, they likewise embrace a variety of themes; but the predominating element is distinctly historical. The earliest compositions: a Prize Essay, a Prize Debate, a Junior Oration, and a Class Valedictory, date back to the author's undergraduate days at Athens. These may be, and doubtless are, crude attempts at literary expression; but they embody formative principles and they mirror life in its morning-glows of enthusiasm. Moreover, they won for the author his first trophies in the gentle arena of letters.

Since 1893, there have been few Memorial Days on which he has not spoken to Confederate veterans; and, having endeavored in each of these addresses to portray a separate aspect of the struggle between the States, he has run the whole gamut of Confederate memories. The late world war has also inspired a number of others. Besides these, under the auspices of patriotic societies, like the D. A. R. and the U. D. C., he has frequently unveiled memorial shafts and tablets. On commencement occasions, at banquets, and in patriotic gatherings, he has likewise often spoken; and while the manuscript notes to many of these speeches have been lost, quite a number have been preserved.

Not a few of these speeches, like the Phi Beta Kappa Orations, embody the results of painstaking and laborious research; and though designed with no such ambitious end in view they will serve to throw important side-lights upon public issues and to illustrate historic epochs and personalities. In all of them, it has been the author's aim to preserve Southern ideals and traditions, to remove popular misconceptions in regard to this section, and to lay a much needed emphasis upon the South's real part in the building of a national life and character. To this extent, the work is a Southern apologetic; but not in any narrow sense nor from motives in anywise sinister or sectional.

From a geographical point of view, a wide area has been traversed. Two of these speeches were delivered in Connecticut, one in Kentucky, one in Tennessee, one in Alabama, and one in South Carolina. The rest were all delivered in Georgia—six of them at the State University, two at Lucy Cobb, two at Agnes Scott, one at Wesleyan, one at Brenau, two before the Legislature of Georgia, and three at banquets of the Hibernian Society, of Savannah.

Most of the essays and sketches were written between the years 1908 and 1910, when the writer occupied the editorial chair of the Atlanta Georgian. The poems, with only a few exceptions, appeared from 1892 to 1895 in the Atlanta Constitution, on whose editorial staff the author was for many years associated with the beloved "Uncle Remus." Frequently importuned by friends, with a judgment perhaps less critical than kind, to publish these fragments, he now offers them to an indulgent public, bespeaking for the volume a renewal of the generous favor accorded to his former works.

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.

Atlanta, Ga., September 1, 1919.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

SPOTSWOOD HALL.....*Frontispiece*
The colonial home of Dr. Knight, on Peachtree Heights Road, near Atlanta, named for Governor Spotswood, of Virginia.

SPOTSWOOD HALL.....*Opposite Page* 514
Giving a distant view of the mansion from the eastern entrance to the grounds.

SECTION I

ORATIONS

"THOU ART A SCHOLAR, SPEAK TO IT, HORATIO" PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION.

[Delivered in the chapel of the State University, at Athens, Ga., June 19, 1916, before the members of Alpha Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa. The same address, with slight changes, was delivered on August 24, 1916, at a State Reunion of United Confederate Veterans, at Americus, Ga. It was inspired by an article in the Encyclopaedia Brittanica, the language of which was most intemperate, and it put upon the South an imputation which needed to be removed. In a subsequent edition the libellous article was expurgated.]

Three centuries ago, in the little town of Stratford on the Avon, there passed away the greatest poet of our English speaking race. The world which Shakespeare painted for us is today involved in the mightiest war of history. From Juliet's garden at Verona to Macbeth's far-off hills of heather, there are new-made graves in every churchyard to tell of the conflict's bloodly toll. The god of war has summoned all Europe to an Armageddon, the issues of which no prophet's eye can see. But, amid the battle's shock and the cannon's roar, there rises a pean to humanity's master-minstrel; and from one of his immortal dramas I derive my text.

On the castle grounds at Elsinore, in Denmark, the ghost of Hamlet's father was twice observed at midnight by the officers of the watch. The startling news was noised abroad. On the third evening, Horatio, a fellow student of the Prince at Wittenberg, decides to sift this rumor by remaining awake with the castle guards, and when the strange apparition is again seen upon the ramparts Marcellus turns to him in suppressed excitement with this prayer: "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio."

These are not the days of superstition, but our modern world is full of wierd specters. It is not the unlettered or the ignorant who must address them but the scholar, one whose incisive mind can pierce the belt of mysteries. He

alone can pronounce the cabalistic word. Some of these young gentlemen will be doctors of medicine. It is for them to speak to the specter of disease. Some will be disciples of Blackstone. It is for them to speak to the specter of crime. Some may be ministers of the gospel. It is for them to speak to the specter of infidelity, to dispel the shadows of conflict and to invoke upon this war-worn world the boon of peace.

But all will be scholars. Then, speak thou to the specter of untruth. Aye, in this age of multiplied social centers, speak thou to the specter which is threatening the home. Not only the state, but the church, was instituted in the family, and sweet with the beulah-air of the Delectable Mountains should be the domestic hearthstone. Cherish it, like the old Roman cherished his Penates. Guard it, like the pure vestal guarded her temple fires. More sacred to you and to me than the Palladium was to Troy, it is the Holy of Holies of our tabernacle in the wilderness. Go where you will, up and down the earth. Visit what lands you like. But let the sweet influences of the fireside grip you like the cables of the Great Eastern; and, when you have drained life's goblet to the lees, know thou that the dearest word ever coined by the Anglo-Saxon is "Mother," and the sweetest song ever caught from beyond the stars is "Home, Sweet Home."

But there are specters and specters. Not long since my attention was called to a libelous article upon the South in a recent edition of a standard encyclopaedia. On the subject of American Literature, I found to my utter amazement these statements: (1) that, since the days of the Revolution, the few thinkers born south of Mason and Dixon's line have been outnumbered by those of the single State of Massachusetts; (2) that even this small contingent have commonly migrated either to New York or to Boston for an education; (3) that, chiefly in the world of letters but also in the world of statesmanship, of arms, and of letters, the Southern States have shone by reflected light; (4) that, mainly by contact with the North have the Carolinas been kept from dwindling to the level of Mexico; (5) that, whether we look to

India or to Louisiana the tropical sun takes the poetic fire out of Anglo-Saxon veins; (6) that indolence, which is everywhere a concomitant of despotism, exists to an abnormal degree in this section; (7) that the Southern planter, lounging among his slaves, was like a Spartan surrounded by his helots; and (8) that such was the paralyzing sense of the slave-holder's own self-importance that it made him absolutely dead to art.

Shades of Gulliver! If the writer who penned this amazing diatribe upon the South is to be believed, then Baron Munchausen was a maker of sacred proverbs and old Ananias himself was a martyr to the truth. I venture to say that since Caxton invented the art preservative no greater tissue of falsehood was ever packed into printer's ink; and, if not for deliberate mendacity then for drivelling and idiotic nonsense commend me to this monumental ignoramus.

It has been more than half a century since slavery was extinguished on this continent. The renown of the South in statesmanship, in arms and in letters has been re-enforced by an era of industrial miracles which has thrilled the civilized world; and for such an article to appear in an up-to-date edition of a standard encyclopoedia there is absolutely no excuse.

Here is certainly a ghost for Horatio to address, a ghost with the brimstone smell of the Inferno upon him; and when I received your invitation, sir, to deliver this oration, I said to myself: I will bring this message to the bright young intellects of Georgia's university. I will bid them speak to the specters. In the name of our brave people who have so long suffered in silence, let us nail this slander at the bar of public sentiment in Georgia and let us drive this sulphur-scented spook back to his native fires in Pandemonium.

Before entering upon this task let our gaze rest for

a moment upon the prisoner at the bar. The purest Caucasian blood on this continent ripples today in Southern veins. It blooms in these bright young faces. It throbs in this splendid áudience. The names of our people—most of whom have sprung from Cavalier stock—are linked in gentle traditions with the oldest orders of knighthood. They are found not only in the parish registers of the British Isles, of France and of Normandy, but in the royal patents of the ancient nobilities.

There is less of the obnoxious foreign element in the South than in any other part of the Union; there is also less of nihilism and less of socialism. Stretch your gaze from Sandy Hook to San Francisco, and where can you find such love of temperance, such hatred of graft, such faith in an orthodox religion, such loyalty to the nation's flag, such conservative reverence for the ancient landmarks, such fidelity to the marriage tie, and such homage of chivalry at the shrine of woman? Uncontaminated by any base foreign admixture, ours is the old Revolutionary blood of Cowpens and of King's Mountain.

Today the republic's lamp of hope is lit upon the Blue Ridge mountains. Cotton is king. Half of the human race is today clothed with the fleece of our Southern fields. Yet we are the people who are named in this bill of indictment—ours the section which must answer to this catalogue of complaints.

In just a word, sir, I wish to correct a mischievous impression. We have never, at any time in our history—for the education of our people—been dependent, in any helpless sense, upon the North. The second oldest institution of learning in America is William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., chartered in 1693 by the Crown of England. It was here that our society was founded, the first of all college orders symbolized by Greek letters. On its alumni rolls we find the names of three presidents, under whom the original territory of the Union was trebled in extent—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler. From this same institution came Chief Justice John Marshall and General Winfield Scott. But the list is not exhausted. There is

Hampden-Sidney College, founded in 1776, the alma mater of William Henry Harrison. There is South Carolina College, to which Jefferson sent his grandsons. There is the University of Virginia, which the great Sage of Monticello himself founded; and there is the College of Charleston.

The first college in America to be fostered by state aid—an institution founded amid the smoke of the Revolution—was old Franklin College at Athens; while the first seminary in the world to confer a degree upon a woman was historic old Wesleyan Female College at Macon. Now and then we have sent students to New England, but most of our leaders have been educated at home.

One of our ante-bellum statesmen to be educated at the North was John C. Calhoun. He was educated at Yale; and since New England, in 1815, was threatening to leave the Union, when Southern soldiers under Andrew Jackson were fighting the Republic's battle at New Orleans, she can hardly demur if her pupil—the great Nullifier—imbibed some of his political philospohy while meditating upon the science of government under the elms of New Haven.

Far be it from me to sound a sectional note. I believe in the widest of horizons. I plead for a patriotism which embraces all America. If any boy in Georgia wishes to study at the North, let him go. But I do say this: All over the South great universities are piercing the sky. They are scattered like gems over every state, from Virginia to Texas. But even were it not so—even were ours the only college south of Baltimore, there would still exist no reason under high heaven for any youth of the South to leave his home, even for the ripest culture of the Greeks, so long as our Temple of Minerva shall here crown this green Acropolis of Athens!

To find an explanation for the strange vagaries which exist concerning the South, it is not necessary to borrow the lantern of Diogenes. Most of the books which have represented to the world our intellectual activities have

borne a Northern imprint. The shrewd Puritan—let us tip our hat to him—was quick to perceive the value of printer's ink; and he spread it over everything in sight, from Cape Cod to Nova Scotia.

The result is what might have been expected. It gave to New England—shall we say it?—an exaggerated importance upon the map. Though not the first to wield a pen, she was the first to make literature a profession. With the Southerner of the old school, literature was never an end in itself. If not a pastime, it was a bi-product, incident to the pursuit of intellectual studies. Some of our best productions existed only in manuscript. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene" flashed only in the eyes of lady fair.

Consequently, in the great anthologies compiled by Northern editors, the achievements of the South have been either minimized or ignored. The inference is that we have accomplished nothing. We are somewhat in the plight of a certain Captain Miles Standish, of Plymouth. Too busy making history to court a wife and too modest to blow his own horn, he let John Alden do his courting for him; and what did John do but elope with Priscilla?

But the facts of history cannot be forever falsified. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." I do not need to remind an intelligent audience that the cradle of English civilization on this continent was rocked at Jamestown; and here, too, the first system of popular education was planned by English gentlemen.

It is not to Plymouth Rock, therefore, but to tide-water Virginia that we look for the beginnings of American letters. Tell it not in Gath. Publish it not on the streets of Askalon. But from the pen of Captain John Smith has come the first map on record of the rock-bound coast of New England; and to this roistering Cavalier of Jamestown the Puritan commonwealth of Massachusetts is today indebted for her earliest knowledge of the landing place of the Pilgrims.

From the Declaration of Independence down to the Edict of Emancipation, the most precious documents of our government were framed by Southern men. No single piece of literature is more frequently cited by statesmen, of whatever school of politics, than the farewell address of the nation's first president; and no maxims have been more influential in shaping life and character than have the simple rules of conduct prescribed by Washington. The decisions of the country's greatest judges, the enactments of its wisest lawmakers, the letters of its shrewdest diplomats, the masterful speeches of its foremost orators, these are our trophies.

If we include Mr. Lincoln, the South has furnished to the executive chair of the nation not less than twelve Presidents. The state papers which they have drafted—the messages transmitted by them to Congress—the political policies which they have shaped—these are enduring contributions to the republic of letters.

In the domain of science we can boast John and Joseph LeConte, "the Gemini of the scientific heavens"—both graduates of this institution. High on the honor roll of genius glitters the name of Audubon, the prince of American ornithologists.

The laying of the Atlantic cable was admittedly one of the greatest of modern achievements. It solemnized the marriage rites between two hemispheres and obliterated an ocean. The way for this colossal enterprise was paved by a volume entitled: "The Physical Geography of the Sea." It was the work of a Southern man of science, to whom Cyrus W. Field has paid this tribute: "I did the work, England supplied the funds, but Matthew F. Maury, of Virginia, furnished the brains."

In the field of history we have not been idle. The list of our historians includes Ramsay and Lawson and McCrady and Jones and Derry. It also includes "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and Thos. R. R. Cobb, and Alexander H. Stephens and Jefferson Davis, and Thomas E. Watson and Woodrow Wilson, and last but not least, our own gifted guardian of the South's immortal things: Mildred Rutherford.

The earliest of American humorists was the pioneer Virginia planter and magistrate, Colonel William Byrd. Southerners, too, were Bagby and Baldwin and Longstreet and Hooper and Thompson—to say nothing of our own genial philosopher, Bill Arp. Even the humor of Mark Twain is distinctively Southern.

On the banks of the Chattahoochee lies an old Presbyterian preacher whose fame is immortal—the author of "The Young Marooners", Dr. Francis R. Goulding.

The only American writer—so far as I know—whose books have been translated into seventeen different languages is Joel Chandler Harris. As the creator of Uncle Remus he is unsurpassed among the writers of modern fiction. The exploits of Brer Rabbit are nursery classics in both hemispheres. Mr. Harris, with his cabin songs of the old regime, has literally put a girdle of music around the globe, and even in the library of the New England scholar has made the Southern cotton patch as classic as the Roman arena.

Second only to Mr. Harris in the interpretation of negro character comes Thomas Nelson Page, the author of "Mars Chan". Nor must we forget Armistead Churchill Gordon and Will Allen Dromgoole and Harry Stillwell Edwards. But the real pioneer in the field of negro dialect was a young Mississippian, who died at the age of twenty-six: Irwin Russell.

Before the late war between the states, an American author who rivalled Fenimore Cooper in his stories of pioneer life was William Gilmore Simms.

Perhaps the sweetest of the old-time novelists—may her grave beside the gulf be always green—was our own Augusta Evans Wilson.

To present day writers of fiction, the South has been the most industrious, the most brilliant, and the most successful of contributors; and first upon this long list stands a Georgia woman: Corra White Harris. The Kentucky mountaineers have been portrayed by John Fox; those of Georgia by Will N. Harben; and those of Tennessee by Charles Egbert Craddock. The Creoles of Louisiana have

been delineated by George W. Cable; the backwoodsmen of Arkansas by Ruth McEnery Stuart; and the Kentucky poor whites by Alice Hegan Rice. The colonial period of our history has furnished inspiration to Mary Johnston; the Civil War period has been sketched by Cooke and Eggleston; and the Period of Reconstruction by that many-sided genius, Thomas Dixon. Settlement work has engaged the pen of Katharine P. Woods. Sociological problems have supplied materials to Ocave Thanet and to Elizabeth Robins.

Frances Hodgson Burnett, the creator of "Little Lord Fauntleroy", spent the formative period of her life in Tennessee; while Amelia E. Barr resided for years in Texas, a state from whose history she caught some of her happiest inspirations. The first short-story writer of our generation was O. Henry. James Lane Allen's masterpiece, "The Choir Invisible", marked an epoch in the artistic development of the American novel

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But what of the Divine Afflatus? What of our contributions to the "Ars Poetica?" It is now conceded by critics on both sides of the water that the most original and the most creative genius of any poet in America was possessed by our melancholy child of the Muses, the immortal author of "The Raven."

"If into our charnel-house of fame
Only the dead can go;
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allen Poe."

Richard Henry Wilde's famous poem: "My Life is like the Summer Rose", was pronounced by Lord Byron to be the finest American poem. Our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was struck amid the carnage of battle from the patriotic brain of Francis Scott Key. It was from the pen of an exiled son of Baltimore, James Ryder Randall, that the greatest of martial lyrics leaped into life, "Maryland, My Maryland."

The only American poem to receive official recognition from the United States government is Theodore O'Hara's immortal elegy, "The Bivouac of the Dead." It is found today in all the national cemeteries, lettered upon tablets of iron:

"Nor will his glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" will live while the firmament endures.

Time would fail me to mention all. But radiant on the scroll of the immortals are Timrod and Ticknor and Hayne and Flash and Requier and Margeret J. Preston and James Barron Hope and Alexander B. Meek and Madison J. Cawein who have passed away, and Stanton and Hubner and Malone and Peck who linger with us still.

In a distant grave beside the Chesapeake—remote from the ashes of his kindred—sleeps one whom we must not forget. Every breeze from the marshes of Glynn— every note in the song of the Chattahoochee—every rustle of the wind amid the corn—every flush of sunrise in the East is eloquent of Georgia's silent singer; Sidney Lanier.

Does this rapid resume suggest any dependence upon New England? We respect what she has contributed to letters. We admire Lowell. We love Longfellow. On the shelves of our libraries can be found Holmes and Whittier. But we are under no compulsion of famine to import these authors, and if need be we could do without them all. It is time for the South to take an inventory of what she possesses within her own borders, for as well might Arabia send to Lapland for her perfumes, while breathing an air pungent with the aroma of her own spices.

Ours is a land of memories. Tradition and environment have combined to make the South the very home of Romance. The burning plowshares of battle have har-

rowed her soil from Virginia to Texas. The blood which ripples her veins has reddened the tilt-yards of chivalry both in England and in France. Her sky overhead is an inverted chalice of gold. Every tree on her hillsides is a choir-loft of music, every stretch of her landscape a garden of Gul. Gallantry at the South has lisped in numbers from the very cradle; and love-making amongst us—God save the mark!—though shy of type, has never lacked for meter. Not in the market-place of books but in the bower of Rosalind and underneath the balcony of Juliet, we have literally plumed Shakespeares without number—besides which we have produced a Petrarch for every Laura and a Burns for every Highland Mary.

But so prodigal has been the South's dowry of genius that she has treated her treasures with neglect. In the ante-bellum days, "our harpers were at the feast, but no one called for the song." We allowed to perish underneath our feet many an uncut diamond which New England would have polished. We permitted to die upon the air many an anthem which Old England would have nurtured on her breast until it journeyed with Tennyson's immortal "Brook." We sentenced to obscurity many a name which Rome would have ennobled and left undecorated many a brow which Athens would have wreathed. Our sons and daughters so often picnicked with the Muses and poetry was so native to our soil that we never stopped to realize our riches and left our gold ungarnered in our harvest fields.

Away with the sophism that the tropical sun takes the poetic fire out of Anglo-Saxon veins. Most of the world's great masterpieces of art have been produced in the warmer latitudes. Homer's Iliad, Virgil's Aeneid, Dante's Paridiso, Bocaccio's Decameron, Cellini's Perseus, Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, Raphael's Transfiguration, Greece's Temples, Egypt's pyramids and David's psalms—these have all bloomed in the ardent airs which sweep the harp-strung shores of the Mediterranean. Too hot! Was

there ever penned such an unscientific statement? The truth of the matter is, "Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

I repeat what every school-boy in America knows by heart when I remind you that the keel of our national ship of state was laid by Southern men. When the iniquities of the Stamp Act were perpetrated upon us and we needed a voice of articulate fire to denounce these usurpations, it was our forest-born Demosthenes who stepped into the breach. Aye, it was the South whose Patrick Henry kindled the fires of the Revolution—whose Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence—whose Washington commanded the Continental armies—whose Madison framed the Constitution—whose Marshall interpreted the organic law—whose Andrew Jackson fought the battle of New Orleans, and whose Winfield Scott planted Old Glory upon the walls of Mexico. Aye, it was the South to whom the Union was indebted for existence; and, if from 1861 to 1865, she drew her sword against the Union's flag, it was in defence of the Union's constitution.

Nor was it African slavery for which the South contended but Anglo-Saxon freedom.

From the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1787 to the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, the South, in an almost unbroken chain of succession, occupied the presidential chair of the nation. She made the treaties with foreign countries. She named the judges of the Supreme Court. She controlled both houses of Congress. She fought with little help from New England the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico. Almost the entire Northwest Territory belonged originally to Virginia. It was hers by charter, by exploration and by conquest. Louisiana was purchased by Jefferson. Florida was acquired by Monroe. Texas was annexed to the Union under Tyler. California and New Mexico were acquired by Polk; and, if exception be made of the single territory of Alaska, almost the entire continental domain of the United States bears testimony to the fact that the all-conquering blood

of the Aryan race, instead of degenerating in the veins of the Southern people, has brought to our statesmanship and to our patriotism the purest crimson of the mother-strain.

With the single exception of Washington, the only other American who founded an empire was Sam Houston, of Texas.

Much is today heard of the Monroe Doctrine. Its author sleeps beside the James, on the silent hills of Hollywood.

To the persistent hammering of an Alabama Senator—John T. Morgan—we owe the Panama Canal.

Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, were both Virginians. So also was the hero of Buena Vista: Zachary Taylor. Two of the great triumvirate of American statesmen were from the South: the mill-boy of the slashes (Henry Clay), and the shaggy-haired old Nullifier of the Senate (John C. Calhoun). It was two of the South's pioneer explorers who discovered the Missouri River and opened to commerce the great empire of the West. It was Missouri's matchless Benton who foreshadowed a highway of steel across the prairies when pointing to the far Pacific he exclaimed: "There is the East. There lies the road to India." It was Maryland's brave Admiral Schley who, in 1898, submerged the Spanish fleet at Santiago and crowned the work commenced by Oglethorpe at Bloody Marsh, in 1742, when he confirmed America to the Anglo Saxon.

The Carolinas—our nearest neighbors—have been specially named in this bill of indictment. But it was North Carolina's Scotch-Irish patriots who voiced America's earliest protest against the oppressions of England. It was her gallant ensign, Worth Bagley, who, in the late Spanish-American War, laid the first red rubies upon Freedom's altar; and not while her history tells of Mecklenburg and of Alamance can any lover of liberty point at her the finger of derision. Nor will South Carolina be forgotten while the genius of the great Calhoun is revered; while the Pinckneys and the Rutledges, the Legares and the McDuffies, the Sumters and the Marions, are enshrined in the republic's heart; or while, folded to her bosom, in old St.

Michael's churchyard, sleeps he (Robert Y. Hayne), who smote the mane of the great Webster and roused the New England lion to his loudest roar.

If there are planters in this audience, they do not need to be informed that to the productive value of American farming lands the reaper has added millions upon millions of dollars. It was the invention of a native Virginian, Cyrus H. McCormick. The gigantic tunnel of the Pennsylvania Railroad underneath the Hudson River has changed the whole commerce of the City of New York. It was the achievement of a native Georgian—our present Secretary of the Treasury—William G. McAdoo.

The first sewing-machine was invented, not by Howe or Thermonier, but by Francis R. Goulding, a Georgian.

The first steamboat was constructed, not by Fulton or Rumsey or Fitch, but by William Longstreet, a Georgian; and in my office at the State Capitol is the record of a patent issued to Longstreet and Briggs for a steamboat, dated February 1, 1788—fifteen months before Washington was inaugurated and nineteen years before the Clermont plowed the Hudson.

The first vessel propelled by steam to cross the Atlantic ocean sailed, in 1819, from the port of Savannah.

The greatest boon ever conferred upon suffering humanity by scientific research was the discovery of anesthesia. It put an end to the terrors of the knife, made surgery a painless art, and prolonged the average length of human days, all by deadening our sensibilities in "the twilight sleep of the gods." For the honor of this achievement there were four competitors; but the palm has at last been incontestably awarded to a country doctor of Georgia, whose grave is on the hill-sides of Athens: Crawford W. Long.

Yet we are only mere cyphers. We have literally accomplished nothing. We are simply satellites of New England. Was a fouler falsehood ever fathered? Blot from American history the achievements of the South and you blot American history from the chronicles of time.

If further proof be needed of the South's marvelous vitality, we find it in the little episode of American history from 1861 to 1865. There were only eleven States in the Southern Confederacy. We were confronted on every side by superior numbers and resources. We were unrecognized by the European powers. Our ports were blockaded and the ratio of battle was four to one. But it took an army of 2,800,000 men just four years to march one hundred miles over level ground from Washington to Richmond.

To my mind it is one of the anomalies of history that the South, besides supplying her own ranks, also reinforced her foes. She gave to the Union Navy, Admiral Farragut, the greatest of the Federal sea captains. She gave to the Union Army, George H. Thomas, the Rock of Chickmauga. She gave to the White House in Washington the martyred Lincoln, who presided over the government with which she was at war, and when he fell by the assassin's bullet she named his successor in office,Andrew Johnson.

If either section of the Union has shone with light borrowed from the other it must be the North; and when, in defiance of the truth of history, we are told that ours is the reflected light of New England, they might as well go the whole length of the tether and, in spite of the teachings of Galileo and Copernicus, tell us that the mid day sun in heaven is but the reflected glory of the moon.

But let us pass to the picture which this accomplished artist draws of the Southern planter. We are told that he was indolent, that he was brutal, and that, paralyzed by his own self importance, he was absolutely dead to art. Great Caesar's ghost! If there was ever a Sir Philip Sidney—if, in all the tides of time, there ever trod this earth a character of whom it might be said, as was said of Hamlet's father: "we shall not look upon his like again" —who represented in his person the exquisite polish which comes from well employed leisure—who possessed the most intimate acquaintance with books—who exemplified the very perfection of manners—who was a Chesterfield in courtesy and a Prince Rupert in courage—who wore his heart upon his sleeve, in tender compassion for his slaves—

who was a patrician from the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe, but a commoner in the milk of human kindness—who despised sham and falsehood and deceit even more than he hated the mushroom aristocracy of parvenues—whose chastity of honor felt a stain like a wound and whose loyalty to woman made him the "beau ideal" of Cavaliers when knighthood was in flower—it was the old time Southern gentleman.

I am not the apologist of slavery. I hold no brief for an institution whose grave was dug at Appomattox. It was unquestionably an evil. It made us an agricultural when we ought to have been an industrial people. It discouraged manufacture. It tended to bring manual labor into disrepute. It checked the growth of cities. It was characterized by wrongs to both races; and while not the cause it was the occasion of the war. But for the existence of this evil we of the South stand acquitted before the world and we can solemnly protest with more of truth than did Macbeth:

> "Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
> Thy gory locks at me."

I wish to fan no embers of discord and to reopen no wounds of strife: But let me ask this: Under what circumstances did the negro who was a savage in Africa, become a slave on this continent?

It was the Dutch who, on the coast of Virginia, landed the first cargo of African slaves; but, to quote the historian Bancroft, a Northern man, in less than fifty years, our foreign slave traffic was carried on almost exclusively by the colonies of New England. Most of the slave vessels were owned by Puritan financiers and officered by Puritan captains. How much the slave traffic added to New England's coffers, I cannot tell, but it provided many a turkey for Puritan thanksgivings.

Speak it not above a whisper, but Peter Faneuil, who built old Faneuil Hall—the Cradle of American Liberty—

made the bulk of his fortune out of traffic in negro slaves. Newport, Rhode Island, was literally founded upon the profits of the system; and, on the authority of Stephen Hopkins, a governor of the State, Rhode Island, in 1770, had one hundred and fifty vessels flying the slave trader's flag.

When the Dutch settled New York, they were not satisfied with shackling the black man. They sought to enslave the Indian; and Wall street—our great highway of finance—marks the line where once ran a wall, the purpose of which was to keep the red man from driving the Dutch slave catchers over the battery into the Atlantic Ocean.

It is an interesting fact that, under the government of the trustees, Georgia was the only one of the Englsh colonies in which slavery was prohibited by law. For sixteen years—from 1733 to 1749—not a drop of rum and not a shackle of servitude were permitted upon Georgia's free soil. Our largest slave holders, as a class, were the settlers at Midway, all of whom were full blooded Puritans. Less than ten per cent of those who composed our armies were slave holders; an astounding fact, in view of what is commonly taught.

Ulysses S. Grant, commander-in-chief of the Federal armies owned slaves, I am told, which were not released until Lincoln's edict of emancipation; while Robert E. Lee, our own great captain, released his slaves in 1863 and was not, therefore, a slave holder when the great edict was signed.

With respect to the moral aspects of slavery, we cannot fail to note that New England's conscience upon this subject was strangely dormant for more than a hundred years, even under the stern preaching of Jonathan Edwards. When it did awake at last, like Rip Van Winkle, it failed to take any account of the fact that if it were wrong to buy slaves it was equally wrong to sell slaves, especially since the slaves which she sold to us cost her nothing except an African hunt.

The forces which fastened the institution upon us were purely and wholly economic. The original habitat of the black man was equatorial Africa. It stands to reason,

therefore, that he was better adapted to the warmer than to the colder latitudes; and when the cotton gin was invented there was naturally an increased demand for negro labor in the cotton fields. So what New England mistook for her conscience was in reality nothing but her climate; while the standard which fixed her attitude to slavery was not the Mosaic law but the Fahrenheit thermometer.

To quote Senator Ingalls, himself a native of Massachusetts, the conscience of New England, in regard to slavery, did not hurt her until she began to miss her profits. We are all familiar with the story of the Hartford Convention, in which the right of a state to secede from the Union was for the first time openly asserted; and in this connection it is somewhat curious to speculate upon what might have been the issues of American history if the cotton plant had been indigenous to the Connecticut Valley or if the mercury had registered twenty degrees higher in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill monument.

Say what you will in condemnation of slavery, but it did more to civilize and to Christianize the African than all the money and all the labor expended by missionaries on the Dark Continent since Livingstone entered the Congo. It not only taught him to work but it left him as a free man with almost a monopoly of the field in which he had been employed as a slave; and in 1865 there was not a body of negroes on the globe as well off economically as were the negroes of the South.

To the credit of this section be it said that she did not impress the negro into slavery, but she did teach him the musical language of King Alfred, she did teach him to work, she did teach him to pray, and by telling him an old, old story, she did bind him in gentle bondage to a Heavenly Master. She did not requite his labor with wages, but she did recompense him in a thousand ways, she did minister to his temporal wants, she did put songs of contentment in his mouth, which sweetened all the harvest field, and she

did endow him with a happiness in the freedom of slavery which he has not since found in the slavery of freedom.

Of course, there were brutal slave owners; but the cruel treatment of slaves was mainly the work of overseers, who were often not of Southern birth. It was to the master's interest to care for his slaves, and nowhere on this planet has there ever existed kindlier feelings between two races than under the feudal system of ante-bellum days. Nor was it until interlopers came amongst us that this tender relationship was embittered.

The Black Knight of the English tournament displayed no finer chivalry when he wrestled with Saladin for the Holy Land than did the Black Knight of the Southern plantation when he guarded the loved ones committed to his care; and, throughout all the four years of a war waged by the North to free him from slavery betrayed not his master's trust. In the old slave days there were no strikes and no insurrectons; there were few negro fiends; lynch law was unknown; and from 1861 to 1865 there was displayed no finer loyalty to either flag than was exhibited by the black man to his master.

Blessings upon the dear old soul who in the long ago held my sainted mother in her sable arms and crooned her into childhood's slumber-land. Can I forget her? Not while the ruddy drops shall visit this warm heart. At Fort Mill, S. C., and elsewhere, monuments have been erected to faithful slaves, but I want to see the tallest, aye, and the whitest of them all, erected to the old black mammy.

This fact is well established—that out of the institution of slavery, the black man realized far more than did the white. It was a mistake to put the ballot into the negro's hand before he was qualified for suffrage—to confer upon him a boon for which Anglo-Saxons had battled since the days of Runnymede. But the tribute implied therein to the Southern people cannot be overlooked.

When the convict lease system was under fire in 1896,

I well remember an argument made by Colonel N. J. Hammon, an alumnus of this institution. Said he: "There were the Israelites. As slaves in Egypt they were brought in contact with the wonderful people who built the pyramids. They were themselves God's chosen seed—descended from Abraham and led by Moses. But before they were qualified for citizenship in the land of Canaan they were required to wander for forty years in the wilderness, and then only two of all the original two million entered the Promised Land—Caleb and Joshua. Yet the negro, whose ancestors were savages in Africa, was given the ballot without an hour's probation, was elected to State legislatures, and even sent to the Senate of the United States. For this exalted honor he was trained only by his master; and if this new departure in legislation was not the corrupt work of political demagogues it was in the nature of the highest tribute ever paid to Southern civilization."

Uncle Tom's Cabin was written to expose the evils of slavery in the South. But the system which produced an Uncle Tom could not have been an unmixed evil.

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Forever accursed be the carpet-bagger. In all the generations of our South-land may his memory be abhorred. It was he who mixed the poison virus, whose polluted hands tore trusting hearts asunder. Not like a brave foe but like a cowardly assassin he came amongst us, trailing his sinuous way, like Satan, into Paradise.

> "Skulking miscreant of the dust,
> Than what thou art I could not wish thee worse,
> Go with thy kindred reptiles, crawl and die."

At times this infamous Iago of Reconstruction even dared to wear the vestments of religion. But the only way in which such a mass of corruption can ever encumber the approaches to the New Jerusalem will be to sit among the lepers who groan outside the gates. He may have supped with Dives in the halls of power but he can have no seat

of honor in the halls of history. Even the faithful dogs will deny him the menial offices of brute compassion and he will linger upon the cheerless stones for eternity to punish, an unmitigated moral mendicant, redeemed by none of the soul and cursed with all of the sores of Lazarus.

But I have wearied you enough. The burden of my message is simply this: speak to the specters. So far as this particular ghost is concerned—this ghost of slanderous misrepresentation—it is doomed. I bring you a message of good cheer and of hope. The morning cometh. There's a mist in the lowlands but a light on the mountain tops. The lark has already soared to meet the sun. Slowly, higher and higher, rises the incoming tide upon our beaches; larger and larger grows the brightening rainbow above our water-falls. All over Dixie-land commerce is weaving her iron web, industry is chanting her choral song, prosperity is lifting her banners to the sky.

Nor is it alone the clang of our forges and the whir of our spindles and the scream of our locomotives which is calling to this foul trespasser to be gone. Deeper than all these, the flaming arrows of intellect are piercing it from ten thousand bended bows. Scholarship is no longer the exclusive heritage of the few; it is the common birthright of the many. Those whom God hath anointed as his priests of learning must and will speak to the specters. Today, as never before, the scholar in politics has become a potential factor in our government.

Not long since I witnessed an impressive spectacle. Let me describe it to you in the present tense: A modest professor, with ceremonies, august but simple, is made President of Princeton University. At his side, in the inaugural procession, walks an ex-President of the United States, then Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Cleveland's day is done, but on his companion's brow the star of destiny is kindled. Eight years later this same college President becomes Governor of the great State of New

Jersey. Two more years elapse and he is called to meet a crisis in our Nation's history, as its exalted chief executive. Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, he is one of us, a product of the South; and, when the great battle of ballots is over in November, next, victory will pronounce his name —Woodrow Wilson.

Our deliverance has come. We thrill to its music as did Bessie Brown at Lucknow when she caught the sweet air of "Auld Lang Syne" from the highland pipes of Havelock. Out there in the dark is the old specter of injustice, but advancing to meet it we can hear the tramp of an army of Horatios. On they come. Beneath ever thickening banners, see them gather. In this year of grace, when a new chief magistrate is to be chosen, let us rally to the standard of that great scholar in politics who is rebuking the specters of our national life, who is keeping us at peace with all the world, but is permitting no stigma of dishonor to rest upon Old Glory's clustered stars. Let us throw off the lethargy of sleep which has bound us like Prometheus to the rock. Let us catch into our eyes the fire of our summer lightnings. Let us put into our voices the thunder of our mountain cataracts; and, wielding a lash of scorpions in our uplifted hands, let us say to this monster from the Night's Plutonian Shore "Get thee back into the tempest, thou fiend of Erebus, and 'leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath spoken.' "

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

[Remarks introductory to an address on Lee's Old War Horse, delivered before the Society of the Alumni, at the University of Georgia; on June 16, 1908, at Athens, Ga. After a residence of two years, in the State of California, the speaker returned to Georgia for the purpose of making this address and to attend a reunion of his class, on the twentieth anniversary of his graduation.]

The rumbling of the cataract was music to MacGregor's ear. But he knew from the perfume of the heather-bells that he was on his highland hills. I thank you for this welcome home. It is said of Goldsmith's "Traveller" that

he dragged "with each remove a lengthening chain;" and if I have wandered somewhat widely over land and sea since last I stood within these walls, it has only been to resist the charm of distant illusions and to realize that, in all the world, there is no state like Georgia, no people like Georgians, and, especially when waked by the Athenian harp, no music like "Home, Sweet Home."

What changes have occurred since, twenty years ago, I donned the toga virilis and started out "to catch Dame Fortune's golden smile!" What miracles of brick and mortar have been wrought amid these classic shades! The wand of enchantment is at once suggested; and did I not realize too well that I had been laboring beyond the Rockies, I might almost fancy that I had been dreaming in the Catskills.

But one face remains unaltered. Like the queen who loved a Roman "age cannot wither" the Maid of Athens. It was the feat of Joshua, in the Valley of Ajalon, to make the sun stand still for four and twenty hours, but she has made the sun stand still for four and twenty years. The gold still ripples through her hair with the perennial charm of Tennyson's "Brook" and, if she even hints of time, it is only in the vernal suggestions of the May. So potent is the spell of beauty's wand that the moonlight falls again upon the water, while, across the barren waste of all the years, I can hear an ardent sophomore exclaim, "O, Byron, lend me your lover's harp that I may pour into her listening ear your liquid Greek—

"Zoa mou sas agapo."

Brethren of the Alumni, when I received your invitation I was on the distant slopes of the Pacific. Three thousand mile posts, stretching between Avalon and Athens, admonished me to stay. The Golden West held me in a magic charm. The ocean breezes whispered "Stay." The fleet of Admiral Evans thundered "Stay."

But, above them all and sweeter than all, I could hear my alma mater's voice, calling in the memories of "auld lang syne."

So, with the speed of Lochinvar, I have come out of the

West, to show how paltry are three thousand miles of continent to one whose heart is homeward turned—whose journey is bounded by the hills of the Oconee. If only to meet the boys of "eighty-eight," it is like exchanging the sirocco breath of the desert for the beulah-air of the Delectable Mountains. Besides, it is well worth a trip, from the furthest outpost of Uncle Sam, to be if only for an hour the unworthy, but not the unwelcome, guest of Uncle Dave. (Chancellor Barrow.)

LEE'S OLD WAR-HORSE.

[Full text of an address delivered before the Alumni Society of the State University, in the College chapel, at Athens, Ga., June 16, 1908. Notwithstanding the popular odium, in which General Longstreet was still held, the address was warmly received by the great audience, and at frequent intervals was interrupted with enthusiastic plaudits.]

It was the eve of Appomattox. In the flickering light of Lee's camp-fire, beside the Rappahannock, reclined the familiar figures of two matchless Georgians. The younger, upon his cheekbone, displayed the leaden autograph of Sharpsburg. The elder, upon his neck and shoulders, bore the scars of the Wilderness and, on his thigh, the wounds of Chapultepec. Both trusted lieutenants of the great Lee, they had fought upon a hundred fields of battle and, like Henry of Navarre, had mingled in the thickest of the fight. Together they had ridden upon the field of Manassas. Together they had stormed the heights of Fredericksburg. Together they had faced the fires of Chickamauga; and now, upon the morrow, with no hope of victory, they were to lead the war-worn legions to the last charge.

But, in more than one sense, they had come to a parting of the ways. Equally courageous, equally honest, equally beloved of Lee, it was the strange decree of fate that henceforth these two figures were to move in lines widely divergent; but to each of them, with prophetic symbolism,

the crackling fagots supplied a torch. For the one, it was to light a flame upon the beacon hills. For the other, it was to kindle a Chaldean furnace in which a prophet of the exile was to suffer. But if the white light of distinction revealed no blot upon the bright escutcheon of the one, so likewise of the other it may be affirmed that the burning ordeal left no smell of fire upon his garments.

Forty years elapse; then both are called. Together they quit the world, in hours so closely linked that the same January moon which bent its bow of promise for the one filled its golden horns of plenty for the other. But, emblematic of the varied fortunes which had followed them, even to the grave-side, one closed his eyes beneath the fronded palms of Florida, while the other breathed his last amid snow and ice, beneath the mountain cedars of his own state.

In the years which have since come and gone, Georgia, upon her capitol grounds, has lifted an equestian statue to the younger of the twain; and she honors herself in honoring the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederacy, for he bore the talismanic name of John B. Gordon. The hero of Appomattox deserves the bronze memorial. Let it catch the sunbeams till the day-spring is extinguished. But lame-footed justice will limp in Georgia until another figure on horse-back is seen upon her capitol grounds, to commemorate the prowess of Lee's old war-horse, the gallant commander of the immortal First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia: James Longstreet.

Brethren of the alumni, it is the duty of scholars to weigh the facts of history. Unless we have been suckled in vain at the Juno-breast of our alma mater, we will give ourselves with impartial minds to the quest of truth; and, let the result be what it may, we will face it in the spirit of the old adage: "Ruat coelum justicia fiat." Before the bar of public opinion, I am here today to plead the cause of an old soldier who today sleeps mantled in the Confed-

erate gray; who, with honest convictions, took an unpopular course during the days of Reconstruction; who, refusing to recant, died unwept and unforgiven; but who, in the long reach of the reconciling years, will yet find the reversal of judgment which will convert obloquy into honor.

It is in no spirit of impertinent intermeddling that I have stepped into this forum of appeal. I am not an alien. I do not come to you today speaking the unfamiliar patois of some foreign tongue. Like the disciple's Galilean accent, my speech betrayeth me. I was born upon the soil of Georgia. For more than a hundred years my people have known no other home. They sleep upon every hill and by every stream.

I am, therefore, a Georgian—"to the manner born"; and, touching the law, a Democrat. On the far side of the continent, I have spent the weary years of an exile. There I have looked upon scenes that made me dream of Paradise; but, lulled only by the memories of home and deaf to the siren voices of the sunset sea, I have given heart and brain and pen to Georgia. May I not, then, without offense, speak at Georgia's university, to Georgia's conscience, of one who, on the Blue Ridge heights, now fills a Georgian's grave and who, amid the belching fires, bore a Georgian's sword to battle?

Success in life is not invariably foreshadowed by commencement honors. Longstreet won no laurels at West Point. Out of a class of sixty-two, he graduated sixtieth, the second man from the very bottom. But the record made by General Grant was little better, for we find his name more than half way down the list. Henry Grady used to say that he and Judge Hammond led the class of sixty-eight: that Judge Hammond led it on the advance and that he led it on the retreat. Such cases are by no means rare. Men of action, even though college graduates, are often deficient in the technicalities of scholarship.

Dull text-books made no appeal to Longstreet. His

real alma mater was the field of battle. He delighted in horsemanship, in sword-tilts, in military maneuvers, in feats of physical prowess, in whatever suggested the actualities of combat. For the reason that he was a backward scholar, it was only with the rank of a second lieutenant that he entered the Mexican war. But watch him amid the battle's smoke. Ere many rounds of shot have been fired, he is well at the front; and, high above the horizon, in full view of the whole American army, blazes the serene light of Longstreet's rising star.

But the greatest trophy of this campaign has escaped the historian's pen. It often happens that in the uniform of the soldier beats the heart of the lover; and one of the romantic incidents of the Mexican war tells how the young West Pointer captured the first Mrs. Longstreet. Perhaps there was more than one youthful officer in the trenches who boasted a sweetheart among the Virginia mountains. Indeed, it is safe to say that there were hundreds who knuckled to Highland Mary while still bidding defiance to Santa Anna.

One of these was Longstreet. Throughout the Mexican campaign, Longstreet served under General Garland, an intrepid old fighter from the state of Virginia; and, among the belongings of General Garland was an attractive daughter, to whom this Georgia youth had for some time been paying his respects. If he indicted no sonnets to Laura, he at least wooed her with all the ardor of Petrarch; and finally everything was settled—everything except the paternal consent.

Between the Longstreets and the Garlands there existed no feudal enmity of the Verona type; but our belted Romeo was too shrewd a tactician to broach the subject of matrimony too soon to his prospective father-in-law. He did not wish to jeopardize a treasure, far dearer to him than the dowered daughter of the Capulets. He preferred to wait for an opportune moment.

This came at the storming of Chapultepec. Longstreet was among the wounded; but it mitigated his sufferings to foreshadow the result. He now resolved to ask the old

general for his daughter's hand. But when the time came, General Garland was in Virginia. This meant a delay; but somewhat relieved to escape an interview which he secretly dreaded he decided to approach General Garland at once by letter. It was like Napoleon asking for the Royal Princess of the House of Hapsburg.

"Can I have Marie Louise," he asked. "Yes," came the answer, in due time, like an echo of his own voice, "you can."

Six months later, under the Virginia honey-suckles, the nuptial knot was tied. It was an ideal love-match. For more than forty years the first Mrs. Longstreet continued to be a faithful helpmeet to the brave young officer, to whom she plighted her maiden troth. Though other hearts were fated to change, in the years to come, hers ever wore the unaltered faith of happier days, and she was strong to suffer and patient to endure because, on her withered lips, to the very last, still lingered the bridal accents of the old "I love you."

Nor was she who today survives him less devoted; and of the second Mrs. Longstreet it may be said that if this gentle Georgia woman was denied the privilege of sharing his victorious noon-tide, it was still the office of her devoted wifehood to kindle the tranquil starlight of his evening skies and to touch in death the eye-lids of the old war-horse that, on Georgia's hills, he might sleep in peace, till the morning comes again.

At the sound of the tocsin in 1861, Longstreet left the United States army and gave his sword to the Confederate cause. He was made at once a brigadier-general; and, riding upon the field at Blackburn's Ford, he organized the troops for the first battle of Manassas. Following the fight at Fredericksburg, which was won by his quick strategy in seizing the hills, he was again promoted; and upon the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia he was put

in command of the invincible First Corps of Lee's immortal legions.

The cadet whose record at West Point barely earned him a diploma was at last the undisputed leader of the class of 1842 upon the field of battle, and, in the opinion of all the military critics, one of the greatest soldiers in the greatest war of modern times. At the head of his famous corps, he was in all the historic battles from Manassas to Appomattox. If there was hard fighting to be done, it fell to the lot of Longstreet's corps. If there was some perilous expedition to be undertaken, some stronghold to be guarded, or some height to be stormed, it fell to the lot of Longstreet's corps. Without the least exaggeration, Longstreet's corps became the synonym of death and terror to the enemy; and whether upon the banks of the Rappahannock, or in the tangles of the Wilderness, or on the red ramparts of Gettysburg, the fame of the old war horse was the nightmare of the Northern bivouac and the Federal soldier trembled when Longstreet's name was told.

But there was still another trait to which the old soldier could rightfully lay claim. He is said to have been slow; but he possessed the peculiar knack of arriving on time. Take, for example, the second battle of Manassas. It will be remembered that before this famous engagement took place, Pope and Lee were facing each other on the banks of the Rappahannock. Detached from the main army, Stonewall Jackson sought to gain the Union rear by cutting across the mountains. It was one of his favorite maneuvers, and he proceeded to accomplish it in Stonewall Jackson's way. He forced Pope to turn squarely around; and Pope thinking that it was only Jackson's unsupported corps that he had to face, expected to make quick work of the Confederate columns by changing front.

But he failed to reckon upon the approach of Longstreet.

In order to join Stonewall Jackson, at the critical moment, it was necessary to thread the dangerous defile of Thoroughfare Gap. The utmost vigilance was required, but Longstreet was the man to accomplish the perilous undertaking. To show the alertness which was needed to

detect the wiles of the Federals, it may be well to cite an incident.

The long columns were moving slowly through the mountains, when the brigades in front were suddenly seen to halt. Perplexed at the interruption, Longstreet put spurs to his horse and hastened to the front. He was told that a courier from General Lee had brought orders to proceed no further. The shrewd intuitions of the commanding officer detected at once some ruse of the enemy, and taking the message, he asked for its bearer.

Of course, the individual in question was now making for the lines, but his figure could still be seen dimly through the trees. Horsemen were sent in hot pursuit. He was soon arrested and brought before Longstreet. Found on examination to be a spy, he was given ten minutes in which to prepare for an exchange of worlds. It was learned that he had been intent for months on obtaining important secrets from Confederate camps. But he had played his last game. When the long columns resumed the tiresome march to Manassas, the figure of a man swinging from the limb of a tree told of the swift justice which had been meted to the late informant. It was time to sight the polar bear on the equatorial belt when Longstreet was caught napping in the saddle.

But to return. In painful suspense, Jackson's corps was waiting for Longstreet's arrival. Initial success had been achieved, but at nightfall Pope commenced to wheel his gigantic columns. Eighteen thousand Confederates against 70,000 Federal meant drooping folds for the Southern flag, unless reinforcements in good time should appear. But Jackson felt that he could implicitly rely upon Longstreet.

All night long the exhausted fighters lay sleepless upon the ground. They clutched at every faint breath of air that rippled the forest solitudes. None of the subalterns expected anything but death. They knew that Lee was far away across the mountains. They believed that Jackson was invincible against ordinary odds, but unless some mira-

cle was wrought, how could even Jackson stem the tide of blood.

Thus tortured by anxiety, Jackson's army lay encamped in the Virginia starlight. Every one dreaded for dawn to come. Captain Nat. Harris, who participated in the fight, has described this night of terror. Our boys, said he, stood almost speechless in the cold chill of the early dawn. But suddenly the boom of a cannon was heard in the hazy distance, coming from Thoroughfare Gap, fifteen miles off. Then a mighty shout arose along the whole line, rising higher and higher like a southern tornado, and these words shaped themselves out from the echoes in the hills: "Hurrah, boys, hurrah. That's Longstreet's bull-dogs barking. We're all right now."

James Longstreet, at the close of the Civil War, was the most widely known, if not indeed the most truly beloved, of all the palladins of Lee. Both in the numerical order of his corps and in the date of his commission as lieutenant-general, he outranked the great high priest of battle, Stonewall Jackson. Not even Lee's right arm, made nerveless in the forest glooms of Chancellorsville, could surpass Lee's old war horse.

It was universally conceded that of all the Confederate marshals, who rode at the head of the gray battalions and plunged into the sulphurous smoke of the bloody arbitrament, not one of them eclipsed Longstreet in the heroic illustration which he gave to the chivalrous traditions of the Southland. His was the bugle-horn of Roderick Dhu and the battle-fire of Marmion. More than once the tide of battle was victoriously turned by his timely arrival upon the scene, when it seemed as if Achilles, at the head of the Myrmidons, had come to the rescue of the Greeks. We have seen him at Second Manassas. See him now at Chickamauga, wheeling around the bend in the bloody lane to the re-enforcement of Bragg, pouring the red hail of the inferno into the ranks of the foe, and driving

the Federal columns, under Cook and Crittenden, to the very base of Lookout Mountain.

In whatever corps of the army, it was the lot of the Confederate soldier to serve, he reveled in the story of Longstreet's prowess; he thrilled at the mention of Longstreet's name. The trusted lieutenant of the great commander-in-chief, it was Longstreet who shared the most intimate councils and executed the most difficult orders of Lee, never once to be censured by the stainless chieftain whom he served. If there was an officer of troop in all the army, who was idolized by the Southern soldier and dreaded by the Northern foeman, from the palms of Mexico to the snows of Canada, it was the intrepid commander of the gallant First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Such was the man who, at the last council of war, on the banks of the Rappahannock could look back upon his long career of service on the field of battle, without finding upon his laurels one solitary stain or stigma; and in all that broken-hearted group of grizzly grays not one face told of deeper anguish for the failure of the Southern cause than did the bronzed face of James Longstreet.

But swifter sometimes than the magic presto are the revolutions of fortune's wheel. Two years after Appomattox, the advent of the summer months found James Longstreet in the city of New Orleans. It was not an easy task for an old soldier, who had been trained in the school of arms, to grapple with younger and fresher spirits in the marts of trade; but he was beginning to succeed. As a cotton broker, he earned a handsome income. Besides, he served an insurance company in the capacity of president. He enjoyed the esteem of every one, from the highest to the lowest. Neither was his personal integrity aspersed nor his war record assailed. He towered above criticism. But General Longstreet was called upon at this time to give his opinion in regard to the political crisis.

It was just at the beginning of the Reconstruction. Passion was paramount. Feeling was intense. The air was filled with denunciations of the Federal Government. It was the outcome of the most flagrant of iniquities; for the Saturnalia of Reconstruction in the South has never been surpassed since the days of Nero, the worst of the Caesars.

To have drifted with the current would have been most easy. But Longstreet's ancestors were at the siege of Leyden; and he felt constrained by the stubborn spirit of the Netherlands to stem the popular tide. The answer which he returned was not delayed, either through uncertainty of mind or from dread of consequences. It was clear-cut and unequivocal. He was neither a time-server nor a diplomat, accustomed to the cunning jugglery of words. He knew nothing of finesse and he spoke with blunt frankness. He was fully alive to the outrages put upon the South. But if the South, armed with muskets, was powerless to prevail against the North, how could the South, enfeebled by defeat, expect to bring the North to terms?

In view of the utter helplessness of his section, he felt that the only logic was to accept the situation. Moreover, he felt obligated by the terms of his parole at Appomattox to support the laws of Congress. He reasoned like an old soldier. He had not been trained in the dialectics of the forum. He knew nothing of make-shifts or evasions. Consequently he advised the South to submit. He lined himself with the Reconstructionists; and, facing the hostile elements, he seemed to say in the words of Seneca's pilot: "O, Neptune, you can sink me or you can save me, but whatever my fate, I shall hold the rudder true."

What followed it is vain to describe without the pen of Dante. The vials of wrath were instantly unloosed upon the devoted head of James Longstreet. In the newspapers, about the home firesides, upon the sidewalk pavements, he was denounced with the most violent invec-

tives and characterized by the most opprobrious epithets. No choice bit of language applied either to Benedict Arnold or to Aaron Burr was considered too savory with the associations of treason to be applied to James Longstreet.

It is needless to say that the temperate zone was wholly unrepresented in the treatment accorded to the fallen idol. If it failed to bespeak the equator, it suggested the aurora borealis. Friends of the day before became utter strangers who craved no introduction. Old war comrades passed him upon the streets unrecognized. Fellow church-members forgot the sweet charities of the Christian religion and assumed an air of frigidity which suggested the climatic rigors of the Arctic region.

Nansen in trying to find the North Pole could not have been greeted less cordially or more stiffly by the floating icebergs, which he encountered among the frozen wigwams of the Esquimaux. But yesterday the name of Longstreet might have stood against the world. Today there was none to do him reverence. He was like the prostrate Caesar, bleeding at the base of Pompey's statue. Come I, then, like the plain, blunt Roman, not to stir your gentle hearts to mutiny, but to tell you that you will yet come to crave a keepsake of his tattered mantle and to dip your napkins in his imperial blood.

It was an unpopular course which the old war horse had taken. I know where I would have stood and what I would have done, for my sympathies have ever been with those who hurled the indignant protests of the Anglo-Saxon. But the course was one which honest convictions compelled him to take; one which subsequent developments, in large measure, served to justify; one which Governor Brown took with like results; one which Mr. Stephens took without leaving the Democratic party; and one which General Lee himself is said to have advised.

Never can I forget the speech of vindication which Governor Brown delivered in Atlanta, on the eve of his election to the United States Senate. I was only a lad and Governor Brown was not an orator to stir the youthful imagination. But the echoes of the old governor's speech

could not have been more lingering if they had come from the bugle horns of Elfland. He argued that the wisdom of his course, during the days of Reconstruction, had been established by the logic of events; and then, to cap the climax, he drew from his pocket an old letter, to show what another Confederate soldier thought of his Appomattox parole.

It was written from Lexington, Virginia. In no uncertain words it commended the policy of acquiescence, as the one best in keeping with the terms of surrender and the one most likely to mitigate the evils of Reconstruction. "That letter," said the old governor, as he held it up before the breathless audience, "was penned by the hand and dictated by the heart of that immortal hero, Robert E. Lee."

There followed a storm of enthusiasm. It rocked the old opera house. Georgia's war governor was sent to the United States Senate. But there was no melting of the ice for Longstreet. It seemed like the cruelest irony of fate that the old war horse should have been denied an immortal death-bed on the heights of fame only to be fed on the bitter husks of humiliation. But it put his heroism to the test. Others quailed under the terrific bombardment, but not Longstreet. He belonged to the old heroic order of the Stoics.

He accepted the obloquy which his course involved. Only the God of the human heart knows how tenderly he loved the South, for whose sake he had bared his bosom to the storm of battle, and how keenly he felt the averted gaze of his own people. But, like the Nazarene, in the judgment hall of Pilate, he returned no answer; and planting himself firmly on the ground which he believed to be right, he there stood unshaken, like the old pyramid of Ghizeh, which spurning the effluvia and the driftwood of the Nile, rises serenely, step by step, to the fixed stars of the Egyptian firmament.

Perhaps if General Longstreet, like Governor Brown,

had ceased to affiliate with the party in power, after the days of Reconstruction, he might have incurred no lasting measure of ill-will, but he put himself beyond the pale of forgiveness by remaining within the Republican fold. I share the tradional prejudice in which this feeling is rooted; but, brethren, in a free republic, grounded upon the right of individual opinion, is it a crime for honest men to differ conscientiously upon controverted principles of government?

Such is not the philosophy which Democrats have imbibed from the Sage of Monticello. When James Longstreet voted the Republican ticket, the war had been fought, the flag had been furled; and let us beware how in time of peace we hasten to pin the badge of odium upon one who in time of war has put his allegiance to the test of steel. Let us at least stand upon the rights of Runnymede and give him a trial before a jury of his peers. Upon the altar of his convictions, he sacrificed income, position, applause—things which most men are loth to relinquish; and in view of what it cost him, there is no reason to believe that he was actuated by mercenary motives, even though some two years later, when reduced in fortune, he accepted a modest Republican appointment which came to him all unsought from General, then President, Grant, his old comrade of West Point.

But, alas, poor Yorick. If ought were needed to embitter the popular odium, it was found at last. Forgetful of the fact that he had never voted in any election prior to the war, he was charged with desertion from the Democratic fold. Ignoring the heroic service which he had rendered upon the battle-fields of the war, he was even charged with treason to the South; and this proscription against the old hero was written upon the lintels of nearly every home in Dixie.

One of the finest masterpieces of Italian sculpture pictures the sleeping Ariadne deserted by the forgetful Theseus. It was even so that the critics of the old soldier pictured the recumbent Southland deserted by the forgetful Longstreet. But the analogy cannot be too closely pressed, for according to this same legend the reason why

Theseus deserted Ariadne was that such a course was urged upon him by Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

It will be hard to prove that the South befriended Longstreet more than Longstreet befriended the South. It will be equally hard to prove that he deserted the South. But if, in order to accomplish what he believed was for her interest, he appeared to do so, can he be denied the common law privilege of pleading that such a course was urged upon him by that sagest of all counsellors and that most imperious of all potentates: the oracle within the breast?

No, brethren, the true picture of Longstreet is not the picture of the forgetful Theseus. If you wish the true picture of Longstreet, you must turn the pages of the Bard of Avon until you come to the story of the old Lear who, after bequeathing an empire to his children, was sent adrift into the tempest by his own flesh and blood, to find no shelter on the barren moor. Georgia has now played Goneril and Ragan, in turning the old outcast from the door; but when her true role is found, it will be to throw him at last the coral necklace of Cordelia's arms.

Pile together in one heap all the official honors and emoluments which James Longstreet received from the Republican party and they are not a bagatelle compared with what he might have received from the Democracy of Georgia. He was never at any time in close touch or fellowship with his party in the state. He was only an humble partaker of the victorious spoils. He had only to recant and Georgia's best would have been laid at his feet. This same man declined a fortune in after years from a lottery syndicate in Mexico, that wished to make him its president.

The refusal therefore to accord to him sincerity of conviction is both ungenerous and unjust. It is not in keeping with our character; but let me say this—that however pronounced may be the verdict of condemnation, due to the surviving passions of the hour, there is at least one humble private citizen among the Democrats of Dixie who has the faith to believe that the gold was never coined

in the mint and the office never created by the government that could bribe the old war-horse of Lee who, under the smoke of the shrieking shells illustrated the dauntless spirit of the South and belted the fame of Confederate valor around the world.

We now come to Gettysburg. The criticism which has rested with the heaviest weight upon General Longstreet is the one which charges him with the loss of this great battle, in consequence of his disobedience of Lee's orders. It is well known that the plan upon which the battle of Gettysburg was fought met with opposition from Longstreet. He does not appear to have gone quite so far as Mr. Davis in opposing the invasion of Pennsylvania; but while he recognized it to be offensive in strategy, he expected it to be defensive in tactics.

Longstreet advocated an interposing of the Confederate army between Gettysburg and Washington, in order to compel the enemy, through anxiety for the endangered capital, to choose another base of operations. The suggestion was undoubtedly sound, from the standpoint of defensive maneuvers. But there were difficulties in the way of withdrawing from Gettysburg. Moreover, General Lee, encouraged by the splendid morale of his army, which had never known defeat, was bent upon aggressive tactics by which, with one effective blow, he hoped to end the struggle.

To state briefly the contention of General Longstreet's critics, it is claimed that in consequence of his opposition to the plan of battle he was balky and stubborn; that he actually disobeyed Lee's orders to attack at sunrise, on the morning of July 2; and that again ordered to attack with half the army, on the morning of July 3, he complied at leisure by sending only Pickett's division, supported by some of Hill's troops, and that for these reasons, the battle was lost.

Two significant facts in regard to the charges cannot

fail to elicit surprise: they were not made until General Lee had been laid to rest in the chapel vault at Lexington, and they were not made until General Longstreet had commenced to suffer political proscription. Ten full years had elapsed since the battle of Gettysburg. The fame of Lee was in no sense dependent upon the conviction of Longstreet. He ranked already among the world's great captains, whether judged by friend or foe. He possessed the encomiums of the world's great military critics. Splendid in his isolation, serene in his equipoise, sublime in his moral grandeur, he brooked no rival in all the mountain range, but towered above the cloud-belt, like the Chimborazo of the Andes. He was secure from all belittlement at the hands of mortal man, for, like the mountain—

> "God crowned him years ago
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

General Lee assumed full responsibility for the loss of Gettysburg. This may have been due in part to his magnanimous nature and in part to his sense of obligation as commander-in-chief. General Lee often took upon himself the mistakes of subalterns; but he was too good a soldier and too wise a disciplinarian, to withhold just censure when orders were disregarded. He was not slow at the proper time to relieve General Ewell and to criticize General Hill.

But, among all the official papers of General Lee, from first to last, it will be impossible to find an expression in which he intimates, in the slightest degree, that Longstreet was guilty of violating commands; and, in view of the fact that Gettysburg was the decisive battle of the war, does it not stand to reason that such an entry would most likely have been penned had such an infraction of discipline really occurred?

Taking up first the alleged order for an attack at sunrise, on the morning of July 2, it will be useless to search

through the official documents for such an order. Equally remarkable is it that not a member of General Lee's personal staff was aware of the issuance of such an order. Taylor, Marshall, Venable, Long—all of whom were aides to General Lee at Gettysburg, are frank to admit that they knew of no order for an attack at sunrise.

The positive declaration of General Longstreet is that never, at any time, was he given orders by General Lee to open an attack at any specified moment, for Lee knew that when he had his troops in position no time was ever lost. According to Longstreet, the only order which he received from Lee reached him sometime in the forenoon. It was an order to attack up the Emmettsburg Road. This order he obeyed with the utmost dispatch; and, after an almost unparalled fight, the enemy was dislodged.

General Lee himself corroborates this statement. Another fact to be considered is that, after the infraction of discipline is alleged to have occured—on the morning of July 2,—General Lee again, on the morning of July 3, puts Longstreet in command of half the Army of Northern Virginia.

Does this imply an act of insubordination? If the critics are right, observe the ridiculous attitude in which it puts General Lee. Longstreet is charged with having committed the most unsoldierly act of disobedience, on the morning of July 2. In the iron theology of West Point, it was the unpardonable sin. But Lee, instead of pronouncing censure upon the old war-horse, rewards him with honor and, on the morning of July 3, singles him out to direct the last momentous operations, in what was fully realized to be the most decisive battle of the Civil war.

It is claimed that if the attack in question had been made at sunrise, the enemy would have been taken unawares and the seizure of Round Top would have followed. This is denied by General Daniel E. Sickles. He confronted Longstreet in the second day's fight and lost one of his limbs on the field of battle. He is good authority from a Federal standpoint. But, whatever the outcome might

have been, there was no order from General Lee to make a sunrise attack.

From the evidence, it is perfectly patent that General Lee himself was undecided at what point to strike until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. For Longstreet to have made the attack at sunrise would have been impossible. Some twenty miles of forest intervened at daybreak between certain wings of his corps. It was near the middle of the day when an order from General Lee came. Even then it was not an order to seize Round Top but to occupy some elevated ground up the Emmettsburg Road, from which Cemetery Hill could be assailed; and no sooner did the shadows commence to slant eastward than Longstreet's columns were on the march. In the grapple which ensued, some of the bloodiest fighting of the whole war was done; and when the sun dropped behind the forest oaks, the disputed ground was held by the gray battalions.

With respect to the charge that, in the third day's battle, Longstreet sent Pickett's division unsupported on the bloody incline toward Cemetery Heights, at an hour too late to insure success, it may be said that the contention is equally absurd. The other portion of Longstreet's command was engaged, under Lee's orders, in protecting the Confederate flank which, at the time, was exposed to the fire of 20,000 Federals massed behind Round Top. This was done, it is true, at the instance of Longstreet, but Lee saw the danger and acquiesced.

It was Longstreet's hope that the assault upon the ridge might be abandoned. He dreaded the consequences and even demurred. But Lee was firm. It appeared to be the only alternative; and perhaps it might bring success. The deadly climb was to have been made earlier in the day but it was nine o'clock before Pickett himself appeared upon the scene; and since Pickett was to make the charge, by express order of General Lee, no one else could be substituted.

Little time was lost. Hurriedly, troops were thrown into line and, under cover of the batteries of General Alexander, the bloody march commenced. When the mo-

ment came to give the signal, Longstreet says that he could only point his finger in silence to the heights. But lightly the brave Virginian leaped into the saddle and gave spurs to his horse.

On pressed the gallant band into the fires of death. It was like the fateful charge at Balaklava. Its sad sequel has been tersely told in Pickett's own words: "Sir, my noble division has been swept away." It was one of the grandest charges in the annals of time. On the luminous pages of history, it has made Pickett's name forever glorious; but the battle of Gettysburg was lost.

Behold, I show you a mystery. As time elapsed, article after article was penned, book after book was written, on the historic battle. But it was not until 1873 that any serious effort was made to fasten the loss of Gettysburg upon Longstreet. Strangest of strange things—if Lee's old war-horse was the horse of evil omen that overthrew our Confederate Troy.

Down to the close of the war, he was the faithful executor of Lee's orders. Never once did Lee distrust him, either by word or sign; and, in the years which followed Appomattox, it was ever the warmest letters that Longstreet received from Lexington. In one of these occurred a sentence, which constitutes a vindictation in itself—"If you make as good a merchant as you did a soldier there can be none better." Mark the expression. But if Longstreet had violated orders and wrecked the cause of the South at Gettysburg, the truthful pen of General Lee could never have written such a line; and these gray-haired veterans before me know that what General Lee said he meant.

But, in 1873, General Pendleton took the lecture platform in Virginia. For the first time we now hear of a sunrise attack which General Longstreet was ordered to make. It was late in the day for bringing such a charge, and there was certainly no hint of sunrise in the belated attack upon

Longstreet. Here I wish to quote the exact language of Lee's old war-horse, in his book entitled, "From Manassas to Appomattox" (page 362): "The stars were shining brightly on the morning of the 2nd, when I reported at General Lee's headquarters and asked for orders." But none were given. The plan of battle had not at this time been perfected.

General Pendleton, after the war, became a clergyman of some note. I do not mean to impugn his integrity as a brave officer or as a man of truth. But upon what was the charge based? Simply this; upon an incidental remark made by General Lee at Gettysburg. Now for General Pendleton, the people of the South have always entertained an unbounded respect. But oral statements are always open to misconstruction. He may easily have misunderstood General Lee in the heated air of Gettysburg. Lee may have contemplated an attack at sunrise. He may have wished such an attack; but there is no evidence to show that such an attack was ordered.

Perhaps no one knew General Lee better than did General Pendleton. I do not question this statement. He was certainly an intimate friend, a fellow-townsman, and I believe, a pastor. He was often in General Lee's home; and beneath the trees of Lexington, they must have often discussed Gettysburg, if they discussed war at all. Yet, is it not strange that, during the seven golden years in which General Lee continued to walk the earth, nothing was ever said upon which General Pendleton could base his charge, to which he could positively point?

Of course, in the heated condition of the public mind, no proof was demanded. The bare charge was sufficient. Lee was dead. Longstreet was unpopular. Other critics arose. Perhaps the most suprised man, between the two oceans, when this charge was sprung, was General Longstreet himself.

At first, he refused to reply. But in sheer justice to his gallant war record he was obliged to repel the unjust assault. If it brought him into unfortunate collision with the friends of Lee, it must be remembered that he

was an old soldier, jealous of his good name, proud of his untarnished sword. But he was wholly without malice. He loved the great Lee; and, in proof of his devotion, one of his own sons bore the name of his peerless chief.

It was not essential to Lee's place in history for the loss of Gettysburg to be fastened upon Longstreet. This I was careful to state at the outset. Lee stood already upon the summit of achievement. Without a peer, he ranked among the greatest of modern captains. Ask any fair-minded critic what he thinks of Lee. Ask Horace Greely, the old editor of the Tribune. Ask Charles Francis Adams, a scion of the old Puritan family of Massachusetts. Ask Alexander K. McClure. Ask George R. Wendling. Ask Theodore Roosevelt. Ask any of these; and not one of them will hesitate to tell you that he outranks Grant or Sherman.

For myself, I have always thought him greater in defensive than in offensive tactics; but, under all the circumstances, there is little if any fault to be found with the plan on which he fought the battle of Gettysburg. True, the Federals occupied the heights. True, the numbers were unequal. True, it was no longer home soil on which our boys were fighting. But Lee had come into Pennsylvania, flushed with victory in Virginia. In quick succession, one after another, he had vanquished McClellan and Pope and Burnside and Hooker; and he had almost come to believe in the invincibility of his gray battalions. Besides, with one supreme blow at the North, it was his wish to end the struggle; and he seemed to be justified in the confidence which he placed in his magnificent army, whose flag had never once trailed in the dust.

But the hour had come; and, without sacrificing Longstreet, the loss of Gettysburg can be explained upon grounds consistent with the fullest recognition of the genius of Lee. Above the contending armies was the God of battles. Slavery in America was doomed. Secession, whatever its logic,

was a precedent too dangerous to be established. I can find no other explanation of the South's defeat.

According to the Federal pension rolls in Washington, so true was the rifle shot of the Confederate soldier, outnumbered though he was, three to one—half starved and half clad, yet exhausted only by his victories—so deadly was his aim, I say, that no power in this universe could have halted the onward march of this war-shod child of Mars but the sovereign edicts of Jehovah's throne.

Listen. Lee was planning an assault upon Harrisburg. Meade was expecting to concentrate at Pipe Creek. It was simply the unseen hands of destiny which brought the embattled hosts together at Gettysburg. God Himself planned that battle. It was not man's work. If Jeb Stuart, who was the very incarnation of vigilance, had not been strangely kept with his cavalry on the opposite side of the Susquehannah—if Stonewall Jackson could have been recalled from the shade of the immortal trees—if Longstreet could have been endowed with superhuman power—then the Federals might have been dislodged.

But, eliminating the hypothetical factors, it must be admitted in the light of subsequent events that Lee failed to win the decisive battle of the war, not because some one had blundered, but because, in the interest of human liberty, it was decreed of God, that the sovereign powers which were battling under hostile banners should be welded, through the fires of conflict, into one indissoluble Union of indestructible States.

Forty years upon the rack. This was what Longstreet paid. For what? For making an honest avowal—or, if you prefer to have it so, for making an honest mistake. Yet we taunt Spain with the Inquisition. Longstreet was not a renegade. He loved the South. He cherished his comrades-in-arms. If he took an unpopular course, it was a course he believed to be right; and the manner in which he bore the crown of obloquy was transcendantly heroic.

His fortitude in peace—not less than his courage in battle—entitles him to the respect of all true men; and with Crawford and Clark and Troup and Forsyth, with Gordon and Hill and Toombs and Stephens, he deserves to rank among the great Georgians even as Arcturus ranks with Sirius and Procyron, on the belt of the celestial heavens.

Every beat of his rugged old heart was for his people; nor did they cease to love him in return. Never can I forget a picture in which Longstreet and Davis were the central figures. It was in the spring of 1886, at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument, in the city of Atlanta. On that ever to be remembered day a vast concourse of people was assembled in Georgia's capital.

General Longstreet was not expected. For some reason the old soldier had declined an invitation. But suddenly, bedecked in a handsome uniform of Confederate gray—his sword dangling at his side and his stars blazing around his neck—he appeared upon the platform, all aglow with the splendid look of the old days, to be received in the outstretched arms of Jefferson Davis.

It was a moment tense with excitement. Shouts rose to the lips and tears to the eyes of the coldest spectator of that magnificent scene. It unrolled the panorama of the years. It lifted the sentence of outlawry, for a time at least. The bitter memories of Reconstruction faded; and once more the name of Longstreet, firing the sluggish blood of the old veterans, became the battle-music of the victorious field. If I have read the signs of the times aright, it was then the tide began to turn.

But the sweet accents of forgiveness remained unspoken. He died without further proof of his people's affection. Nor could anything have been sadder than the spectacle which the old hero presented when, bowed with age and wasted by disease, he lay propped upon his pillow, in his hillside home, and looked for the last time upon the drapery of the mountains.

Underneath the Blue Ridge pines, he was still waiting —waiting for a message which he longed to hear; but he waited like the old Spaniard, who sat beneath the roses

of his seaside villa and watched in vain for the returning sails of the lost Armada.

Sad would it be if the story of Longstreet's life ended here. But I cannot bring myself to believe that, when the old soldier knelt in the olive-glooms, his prayer was unheeded by the gentle Master who was once Himself an outcast among his kindred—"despised and rejected of men." In the kindling dawn of the New Year, as it reddened upon the Blue Ridge, a pale courier summoned him again to the bivouac of Lee. This time it was an order to start at sunrise. But it found him ready; and so he left us, under the morning stars.

It requires no effort of the fancy—no Miltonic sweep of the imagination—to picture the old war horse vindicated at the hands of his glorious chieftain. Once more, along the expectant lines, is heard the shout: "Longstreet is coming." In the phantom host around the great captain, I can see Jackson and Stuart and Hampton and Gordon, and all who rode with him in the fiery days; and at last the old charge is riven into shreds by the peerless Lee.

But the sentence of outlawry, pronounced upon the old war horse, still remains unlifted; and I ask you, is it right? Lawyers, who weigh the sands of evidence. Ministers, who preach the Golden Rule. Teachers, who follow the lode-star of Truth. Georgians, of every pursuit and calling, to whom blood has ever been thicker than water. I ask you, is it right?

When we read of the suffering exiles in the country of the Czar, we shudder and grow sick at heart. But heed what I say. It matters not in what favored zone of the earth a man may live, if he encounters the cold gaze of his fellow men—even though it be in Georgia—he does not need to be banished to the Arctic snows to experience the frozen hell of Siberian Russia.

Well do I know the Southern people—these descendants of men who followed kings and wore the crests of the court. Sprung from an imperial ancestry, they inherit all the noble failings of empurpled sires beyond the seas. They were sorely tried by the enormities of Reconstruction.

But they are too magnanimous in spirit, too royal in blood, too full of the knightly soul of Sir Philip Sidney, to harbor an ungenerous prejudice or to resent, except in momentary pique, an honest difference of opinion.

The days of Reconstruction are now half a century behind us. Renegades there were in our camp, turn-coats and traitors, compared with whom even Calaban was an angel of light. But among those who, in the darkness, told us to be patient, can we not discover that some hearts were true? We were not all fiery Hotspurs. In some of us the warm blood of the South was curbed by the fibres of the Highland sycamores and cooled by the rude chaffings of the old North Sea which beats upon the dykes of Holland.

Even among children, who bend at the same parent knee, there are differences of temperament; and among men of equal virtue, some are destined to tread the Via Appia and some the Via Dolorosa. Only the God of the storm can tell us this; why, in the same range of mountains, there are certain peaks around which the forked lightnings gather, while the sunbeams play upon the rest; but, in the heart of the old Alps, through which I have traveled, it is the oft-observed phenomenon of summer that, when the storm is over, the air becomes like flawless crystal. Then the old peak on which the clouds have brooded—which has known the lightning's flash and the thunder's peal—begins at last to glow in the waning day, "to catch the refulgent beams of sunset and wear the regalia of the evening stars." So may it be with this rugged old rock of the Confederate range.

Perhaps I am wrong. But somehow I feel that out of all this opprobrium there will yet come an enlarged fruition of honor and that like unto the experience of Stephen, the very stones which have sent him bleeding to his martyrdom will yet unite to lift the marble friezes of his monument. Bolingbroke was banished from England to be recalled as Henry the Fourth. Aristides was exiled from Athens; but

when the Persians were at the gates he was summoned back to share the glory of Salamis.

Time heals the bitterest wounds. Twenty-eight years ago, Georgia took Joseph E. Brown once more to her heart and, with Benjamin H. Hill for his colleague, she made him an American senator. But not yet has she recalled her Longstreet to ride side by side with her Gordon upon the grounds of her capitol. In a sense, it is now too late to undo the past, for it lies not in the voice of honor to provoke the silent dust nor in the tongue of flattery to soothe the dull, cold ear of death.

Georgia cannot stand at the barred entrance to the tomb and say to its tenant: "Longstreet, come forth." She must wait for the hour of sunrise upon the eternal mountains, before she can look again into the face of the old commander. But, though she be not ready to acquit him, she can at least lift the sentence of ostracism and she can write above his dust at Gainesville: "Forgiven."

Aye, and I believe that she will. For, the more I scan the ways of Providence, the more I believe with Alfred Tennyson that "good will be the final goal of ill." In the storm that beat upon the Trojan ships, it was wondered why Aeneas should be tossed upon the waves while other sons of Troy felt the softer breath of the Mediterranean? Why did he not die with Hector on the Dardan plains? The future revealed an answer in the walls of Rome.

Longstreet's voyage of life has ended. But the bark which bears his immortal record still rocks upon the troubled deep. What shall be its fate? May it not find some happy port; and, though hymned by no Virgil among the minstrels of earth and helped by no Venus among the powers of heaven, may not the waves which have tossed and beaten Longstreet's bark, yet bear it to some imperial shelter, hard by the eternal hills, in some sun-bathed, star-crowned, sweet Italia?

Brethren, I am weary. I have overtaxed my strength.

But I cannot resign the arches of this hall to silence until I have spoken one word more. Saul is not among the prophets. But, ere many suns have risen and set upon Georgia, another silent figure on horseback will be seen upon her capitol grounds. Gordon's statue faces the North; and it tells how Gordon faced it, whether in wrestling for victory or in pleading for peace. Longstreet's statue must face the South—not only in confident appeal but with expectant look, awaiting a judgment which time at last will render.

Justice must come. Until it does, the legend upon Georgia's coat-of-arms is meaningless mockery. Until it does, her proud flag of statehood will droop in shame from its uplifted staff. Until it does, her scales of justice will flash into her face the mystic symbols upon the walls of Babylon; and, though prosperity may belt her like the bands of Saturn, it will only wrap her in the guilty splendors of Belshazzar's feast.

But come it will. Then start the procession to the quarry—bring forth the granite—summon the sculptor and prepare the chisel—for the old commonwealth, from Chickamauga's dust to Tybee's light, is waking from her sleep. She intends to revoke an unjust sentence which has rested all too long on Lee's old war horse; and in her zeal to set him right before the world, it will be her joy to proclaim the final verdict in colors so bright and in letters so large that, standing upon the battlements of Yonah Mountain, she will snatch the pencil of the dawn and write it where the stars are lit forever.

GEORGIA WELCOMES HER RETURNING HEROES.

[Extract from an address delivered at Elberton Ga., Memorial Day, April 26, 1919, under the auspices of the U. D. C.]

We meet today in the midst of great events. This hour is epochal. It is one of the supreme moments in the history of the world. Its issues reach far into the future and upon them hang the destinies of billions yet unborn. One

year ago today, we knew not what was coming, but since then history has pealed its thunder. Humanity's Armageddon has been fought on the fields of France. Not only fought but won—won in part by Georgia boys who, in the uniform of the new South, have embodied the spirit of the old; who have fought like lions and suffered like martyrs because in their veins and in their faces glowed the warm blood of Confederate sires.

These boys, on the banks of the Marne, have lifted the old rebel yell. To the geography of freedom, they have added an Argonne Forest, a St. Mihiel and a Chateau Thierry. One with the heroic souls of all time, they have matched on Europe's storied fields, the paladins of Charlemagne and the legions of Caesar. They have advanced the world in honor. They have given a new impetus and a new meaning to chivalry, and they have inspired in the hearts of Christendom a wholesome respect for the American flag.

Never, in all her history, was Georgia prouder of her hero-strain.

Sprung from Confederate fathers—nurtured by Confederate mothers—their love of country grounded upon Confederate principles, these champions of Old Glory have taught the world that patriotism can have no purer fountain, chivalry no finer inspiration, and victory no surer guarantee than a Lost Cause.

Thousands of these boys have gone from Georgia firesides and now they are coming back to these red old hills—to wives, to sweethearts and to mothers. Let ours be such a welcome as never greeeted a Roman cohort on the Appian Way. Let us throw around them our embracing arms. Let us show them how proud and how happy we are, not alone with salvos and hurrahs but, better still, with offers of employment, in our professions and in our workshops, in our trades and in our factories.

Not a boy should be idle for lack of occupation. It will put upon us the brand of shame if—when, on a foreign soil,—they have earned glory for their state, we deny them an opportunity to earn bread in their native land. Some of these boys have relinquished all to serve the country in

its hour of need; and they have quitted themselves like men. Elsewhere they may find the doors barred. Elsewhere they may suffer want. But not thus does Georgia honor scars. Not thus does she requite the men who have enriched her with laurels. When Georgia is guilty of such base ingratitude, then write upon the arches of her Constitution: "Ichabod," for the glory of Georgia has departed.

But, in putting our gratitude into concrete form, let us go still further and let us do for these boys what we have waited too late to do for our Confederate soldiers—let us keep, in our court-houses and in our capital, true records of what they have accomplished. Some of the counties of this state are already alive and alert. To their credit be it said that not a stone have they left unturned. But, would to God that every county in Georgia were an Elbert; and, to lead in this crusade of patriotism, would that I could multiply a thousand-fold your golden-hearted fellow townsman, Col. William F. Jones.

To the old soldiers who are here present let me say that, in the triumph of the allied arms, on European soil, they have witnessed the vindication of the very principles for which they fought. It is a glorious day for the Confederate soldier. Home rule. Local self-government. Constitutional freedom. If these be not the principles for which the Confederate soldier donned his gray jacket, then for what, let me ask, did Pickett storm his way to immortality? For what did Lee unsheath his flaming sword and Jackson offer up his stainless soul?

You will pardon me, if I seem irreverent. But these are the very principles for which Johnny Reb shouldered his musket and fought an embattled world from 1861 to 1865; fought—half-fed and half clad—his uniform in tatters—his bare feet upon the ground—but with an aim so true and with a nerve so steady that the Federal pension rolls are today padded with more Yankee names than there were soldiers mustered in the Confederate ranks. In spite of the best soldiership which the world has ever seen, we lost at Appomattox, not because we were outgeneraled but because we were overpowered. It took the North exactly

four years to march one hundred miles, over level ground from Washington to Richmond. But the bitterness is all gone. If this late war has done nothing else it has made the American people one—one not only in the presence of a common foe but in the consciousness of a common ancestry reaching all the way back to Yorktown; one in the promise of a common future; one in heart and one in hand; one now and one forever.

Here, in this splendid gathering, the New South meets the Old. The veterans of Lee are falling back but the veterans of Pershing's army of victory are coming up. Elijah departs but Elisha is here, with the prophet's mantle upon him. The heritage of heroism descends from sire to son. Neither lost nor broken in Dixie are the molds of chivalry and "there's life in the old land yet."

"GOD BLESS OUR ALLIES."

[Extract from an address delivered at Elberton, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1919, under the auspices of the U. D. C.]

It was in an hour of crisis for humanity that we entered this war, to rescue freedom's holy ark—to fight; not only for ourselves but for an imperilled world. America's men and America's money have saved the day for freedom. But we have not won this fight alone. So let us today hold a love-feast of democracy and one by one embrace our noble and generous allies.

God bless old England. She has given to us the Magna Charta. We owe to her an open Bible, in the old King James edition. We owe to her—Shakespeare and Milton and Burns and Tennyson and all the sweet music of our mother tongue. Ours, too, is her Westminster Abbey and

her St. Paul's Cathedral. The dismay of Germany, when she sought to march through Belgium, was the barking of the English bull-dogs. Nor let us fail, in awarding the honors of war, to remember the silent work of England's fleet. It penned the German iron-clads at Kiel. It patroled the seas. At tremendous cost, it neutralized the submarine. We may have saved Europe; but, without England's help, there would have been no Europe to save. We could never have landed an army in France without her vessels. So, off with our hats to England and let us all unite in homage to the old mother-land.

God bless old France. Knit to us by kindred ties, she has enriched our blood with the purple strain of the Huguenots. She has borne the brunt of this fight. Her fields are desolate. Her homes are in ashes. But she folds to a mother's heart her long lost provinces of the Rhine; and she can now tear from the statue of Strasburg its emblems of mourning. Never while the bones of our boys bleach in her soil will there be aught in our hearts but love for the lilies. She gave to us the great paladin of liberty and it thrills us even now to recall the hour when Pershing stood at his tomb and whispered: "Lafayette, we are here." She was our friend when days were dark; but at last, in a thousand lowly mounds, our debt to her has been redeemed. So, off with our hats to France!

God bless old Italy. Rich in her classic memories of Petrarch and of Dante, of Horace and of Virgil! Born anew in the travail of war, she looms once more into greatness. Baptized with the spirit of Garibaldi, her sons like lions have guarded the mountain passes, until out of the dust of the dead centuries her buried laurels have bloomed afresh and over the towering Appenines the sun of her Caesars has risen again. So, off with our hats to Italy!

God bless old Japan. On the land of the Mikado, there is falling the light of a new day. She came to our help from the far Orient; but nobly has she done her part in Asiatic waters. Well has she earned her primacy of the East. Then, off with our hats to old Japan!

It is a misfortune which all of us deplore that, in this fight for the freedom of the world, we have found ourselves arrayed against Germany. Marvelous, indeed, is that land of genius, which has given us Luther and Melancthon, Goethe and Schiller, Beethoven and Mozart—whose great universities have been the fountain-springs of our intellectual waters. We feel no compassion for the Kaiser. If he gets his just deserts, he will sink to the fires of Torphet in a submarine. But our love of science, our love of music, our love of home, all plead for the Germans. Even as our own fair Southland has risen from the dust to power and blossomed from ashes into beauty, so may the Fatherland, arise once more, disenthralled, regenerated and redeemed.

WOODROW WILSON.

[Extract from an address delivered at Elberton, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1919, under the auspices of the U. D. C.]

Meted to the hour, there is always a militant man. Every crisis cradles its own leader. To the cry of the Israelites, oppressed in Egypt, God's answer was Moses. When a captain was needed for the conquest, He summoned Joshua. To give the world a universal language, in which to proclaim a universal faith, He called to Macedon and in response came Alexander the Great. To give the world a universal empire for the reign of law, He commissioned Julius Caesar. When the great Roman roads were built—all leading to the world's capital—all waiting, as it were, to be used as highways for the chariots of the Nazarene, He converted Saul of Tarsus, on the way to Damascus, and sent him an evangel to Rome.

To discover a new world, in which to give humanity a fresh start, unfetterd by the despotism of the old, He steered Columbus upon his voyage to find a new route to India; and lo, the Western Hemisphere arose upon his

track. To establish in America a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," He tutored Washington to command a revolution; and to make the world safe for democracy, in its last great struggle with the powers of darkness—aye, to lead a wandering world, from Egypt's house of bondage, to Canaan's Better-land, He bent above the Valley of Virginia and chose for the leader of His legions that mighty Moses of humanity's new Exodus: Woodrow Wilson.

THE GREAT ARMISTICE.

[Extract from the President's address delivered before the Georgia Historical Association in the Senate Chamber, State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga., April 12, 1919.]

On the eleventh day of November, 1918, in a little border town of Northern France—a date and a place luminous in the annals of time—the greatest of world-wars came to an end. The victorious general was a French soldier, whose name is on every tongue in Christendom: Ferdinand Foch. To him, Von Hindenberg's army was surrendered, not a gun withheld. The plume of the haughty Teuton smote the dust. France was avenged. Her ancient wrongs were righted. The fortunes of 1871 were reversed and the signing of an armistice marked a new era in the world's calendar.

Its sequel, in a Treaty of Peace, still waits to be consumated. But if the prayers of a bleeding world are answered the signatory powers will be inspired of God to make future wars impossible; so that, when the instrument is finally perfected, it will sound an age-long truce to battle.

Today, on the banks of the Seine, the eyes of an expectant world are riveted. One of the most impressive spectacles in human history is the great Peace Conference in Paris. More thrilling than the scene in Philadelphia, in 1776, when the continental patriots signed the birth

certificate of a new America. More thrilling than the scene at Runnymede, eight centuries ago, when the barons wrested from King John the Great Charter of English freedom. It even approximates in majesty the scene at Horeb when the Decalogue—penned by Jehovah's own hand—was sounded amid the thunders of Sinai.

This great Conference is a Congress of the Nations. It holds in solution all the elements of the drama. The artist who can paint it must be cast in the molds of a Michael Angelo. Its true historian must write with the pen of a Carlyle. Its real poet must be inspired by the muse of a Milton. Its issues are momentous. Upon them hangs the future of the race. Its work is to re-build, to re-create, to evolve out of chaos, not a new Europe but a new world. Its goal is this: the dethronement of tyranny and the emancipation of man. Both in its character and in its personnel, it is history's most august assemblage; and upon its action Time waits with his heaviest artillery to thunder its accents to the centuries.

These men are forging the hinges on which ponderous gates are to swing. They are laying the foundations on which future empires are to rise. They are unlocking the hidden springs from which ceaseless fountains are to flow. They are defining principles and fixing policies which are to shape the course of history for a thousand years. It is the day-break of a new creation, the like of which has not been witnessed on this planet since the morning stars sang together.

"Out of the darkness of night
The world rolls into light
It is daybreak everywhere."

The most colossal figure at this great Conference, its outstanding personality, is the President of the United States. There, in a conclave of the world's master-minds, he overtops them all. In his own person, he typifies the commanding genius of America. It is a task for Hercules and a burden for Atlas which events have laid upon the shoulders of this man; but his gigantic brain, his fearless courage, his clear vision, and his stalwart character, are

equal to the hour's demand. Criticize him if you will but match him if you can?

For a president to cross the ocean during his term of office is something new to our western minds. It is strange enough to be startling. To some of us it suggests the fear that we are drifting upon an unknown sea—cut loose from our ancient moorings. It sets aside all precedents. It departs from all traditions. But let us not be needlessly alarmed. Divine wisdom sent him to Paris. God's hand is in it all, and Jehovah is with His prophet.

I bring to you this message of optimism. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." Despite the hell-born furies which have rocked this planet, the tides of righteousness are rising, the bounds of Christendom are widening, the drift of humanity is heavenward. "All's well with the world." Peace brooding over ashes will restore its lost Edens—will revive its wasted energies. In the wake of this war will come fairer beauties, clearer visions, sweeter airs. There is an eternal law of compensation; and wrought in the forges of this mighty conflict—aye, wrought of shrapnel and of cannon—in Time's mysterious alchemy, transmuted into precious metal—we will see ere long a chain of gold, reaching upward to the Throne of God.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

[Extract from an address delivered at Elberton, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1919, under the auspices of the U. D. C.]

Criticized by many, the League of Nations is to my mind the greatest thought of the centuries—the divinest measure of reform into which a Christian civilization has flowered. I speak advisedly when I say that it registers the most stupendous forward movement which freedom has measured since its birth. It gives to the weaker nation the protection of the stronger. It holds in stable equilibrium the forces

of government. It sounds the death knell of war. It provides a permanent basis for peace. It gives new life to industry by beating swords into plow-shares and spears into pruning hooks. It is not a partnership or a combination in the interest of a favored few but a concert of all the powers, leagued together for the common good.

The idea may not have originated with Mr. Wilson. I care not who fathered it—it was born in the vision of a seer. I care not who assails it—it is shot to the core with the genius of statesmanship. It is Christianity applied to a planet. It is Tennyson's dream fulfilled, "of a parliament of man."

In no sense of the word does it impair the Monroe doctrine. It only makes it stronger. It only reaffirms it in universal accents. The farewell address of Washington need not affright us with its specter of entangling alliances. Our path of duty is plain. It lies before us in the sunlight. We are not meddling in European affairs. We are safeguarding a world. We are broadcasting a Declaration. Nor is it the gospel of a new evangelism which we preach but the gospel of America—according to Thomas Jefferson.

God hath made us our brother's keeper. Of one blood hath he made all races and tribes and kindreds. We have not been entrusted with liberty that we might squander it upon ourselves. The fatherhood of God implies the brotherhood of man; and the whole round world is one great family. Whomsoever we can help is our brother; and he who needs us is our neighbor. We owe something to the nations that sit in darkness; and if any there be amongst us who cry "halt"—then, in the flaming words of Whittier—

> "Go brand him with disgrace
> Whose thought is for himself alone
> And not for all his race."

The balance of power has failed. It was a miserably poor makeshift at best; and unless a League of Nations be formed, with an adequate police power at its back, the fruits of victory are lost, our sacrifices have been for naught and our brave boys have died in vain. It cannot be formed without America; but, in the providence of God, this was

why America loomed on the sight of the Inspired Sailor. It constitutes one of the very things for which Washington won a Yorktown and Columbus discovered a continent. Not only will the League of Nation's have America's vote, but in supporting it, America, true to her mission, will point the way. She does not dread the result; but, come what may, in the spirit of Patrick Henry, she commits herself to its fortunes—"sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM: THE KAISER AND THE SULTAN?

[Extract from an address delivered at Elberton, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1919, under the auspices of the U. D. C.]

Before this Peace Conference adjourns, it must fix the status of a certain individual now recuperating in Holland: William Hohenzollern. It must prescribe his mode of exit. In the name of the Lusitania we demand it. In the name of an outraged Belgium we demand it. In the name of a world's widowhood and orphanage we demand it. Every dictate of justice—every law of righteousness—every precept of Holy Writ—points to a flaming sword for this mountebank's extinction.

Too long already has he encumbered the earth. Napoleon was banished to the Isle of St. Helena. But compared with this ex-kaiser, Napoleon was an angel of light. He was at least a brave man and a military genius. The Hohenzollern is none of these, but a cad and a coward.

> "He who would paint thee, villain as thou art
> Must dip his pencil in thy putrid heart
> So cursed thou art that on the Stygian coast
> The devil would disdain to own thee for his ghost."

Infamy—thy name is Hohenzollern! Murderer of inno-

cence—let this device be branded upon his brow. The betrayer of Germany, let the Fatherland be his Nemesis. Let Germans purge themselves by lighting the fagots of his funeral-pyre. Not in the same class with him are spies and traitors and assassins. Accord to him none of the honors of war. Too good for him is a leper's colony. Too good for him a fen in which reptiles crawl and hiss. Unseal the fires of Etna and swathe him in its burning lava. In an eternal nightmare may his soul be tortured with the dying shrieks of the Lusitania. Language can coin for him no fitting epithet of odium. His baseness taxes even the vocabulary of the lost in which demons rail at Lucifer. If some new torture of torment cannot be invented, then sink him in a submarine, or shoot him from a hangman's noose into a murderer's hell.

Nor can we look a just God in the face if, in meting justice to His enemies, we fail to visit condign punishment upon the infamous Turk. It was the sin of our fathers that he was ever permitted to pollute the soil of Europe and to entrench himself behind the walls of Byzantium. But is it not significant that the same epoch that recorded the fall of Constantinople witnessed the discovery of America? It was God's new Land of Promise. The Sultan must go. The blood of the Armenian Christians—piled up in the hecatombs of a hundred massacres—is our warrant for action, drastic and immediate. Hear ye not the cry of blood? It calls to us and to heaven from the battlements of an ancient Ararat. It calls to us in the wail of aged saints and in the moan of helpless babes, cradled in the very lap of martyrdom.

O, the pity of it all. Does the vengeance of Jehovah sleep? The wrongs of this people must be righted, else a stigma will rest upon the banners of Christendom. Nor let us profane the name of the Nazarene by permitting this infidel to infest the soil of the Holy Land. Henceforth let Palestine be sacred to the pathos and to the passion of Jesus, peopled only by those who love the man of Galilee. Twins in infamy—the Kaiser and the Sultan. Let them be forever accursed. Driven into outer darkness, let them

fraternize with Judas and with Cain. But even hell may spew them back. In pronouncing judgment upon the twain, let us invoke the spirit of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic":

"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible, swift sword,
His Truth is marching on."

WHERE DOES GEORGIA STAND?

[Annual Address of the President, before the Georgia Historical Association, in the Senate Chamber, at the State Capitol, April 6, 1918.]

I congratulate you on this auspicious assembling. It is a happy omen for our association that it completes today its first year of existence; today, when the country, in a blaze of enthusiasm, is raising its third liberty loan. The months behind us have been crowded with momentous events; these, too, of a history-making character, unparalleled in all time. We are living at a moment in human affairs, the only adjective to describe which is **crucial**; at a moment, when the future of the race is to be fixed for generations, and when days have become the molds of centuries.

One year ago today, in response to an emergent call, we entered the lists. It was in the wake of our country's declaration of war with the imperial German Government that we came into being; and, on this anniversary, it is pleasing to reflect that we signalized our readiness for service in a telegram to the President of the United States. We tendered to him our loyal allegiance. We gave to him our solemn pledge of unswerving support. From this high ground we have not receded. Nor do we intend to retire while the conflict is on. If we shift our position one iota, it will be to advance with the colors.

Let us today send him another telegram—to help him interpret Georgia sentiment!

It is meet that the Senate chamber of Georgia should be the theater of our deliberations. We are of Georgia and we are for Georgia. But here, in this august chamber, surrounded by these silent witnesses, let us forget state lines and local horizons. Let us forget all save the flag; and catching anew the spirit of seventy-six, let us reaffirm our patriotic devotion to the land of our fathers.

We are in the midst of war. It is already at our doors, —relentless, real, bloody war; a war which, sooner or later, will reach to every hearthstone and leave its crimson mark upon every lintel. It is not a time for divided counsels, for hesitating speech, for an accent in debate which any mortal man can misinterpret; for, "If the trumpet give forth an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle?" It is time for unanimity of action, bold, resolute and intrepid. It is time for all patriots to unite. It is time for all America to have one mind and one voice—to think in lightning and to speak in thunder!

Events are thickening fast. One does not need to put his ear to the ground to catch the gutterals of the coming storm. It will sweep over Georgia from the Blue Ridge to the ocean; and, when its fury is spent, there will not be a child in America who will need to ask: where does Georgia stand?

She stands where Woodrow Wilson stands. She stands where all true patriots must stand. She is in this fight for human liberty—three millions strong. She gives to it not only her brave sons but her noble daughters; and these, at a thousand door-steps in Georgia, have repeated the old story of sixty-one and said to the boys in uniform: "Our prayers, our sacrifices, our loves, are all for you. Fight, as did your Confederate sires, though, too, like them, you be enhungered, foot-sore and weary, far from home. Endure the fatigues of the march and the privations of

the camp and the dangers of the battle; but fight on, till the Kaiser is beaten to his knees, and "God be with you till we meet again."

Born amid the convulsions of battle, our association has been unflinchingly, uncompromisingly, steadfastly true to the fine impulse of patriotism in which its cradle was rocked. It was the child of war. Its very earliest breath was drawn in an atmosphere of preparation, warmed by heroic ardor, enlivened by martial drum-beats, and consecrated by Christian prayers. With such a bias, we could not be indifferent to the course of legislation, at the capitol in Washington. We could not look with unconcern upon our President, hampered in his wise policies and thwarted in his righteous purposes, by men, who, differing with him when there was season for debate, ought to have been solidly behind him when the die was cast.

In July last, following the lead of the national organization, which enjoined this duty upon us, we addressed a letter to our Senators and Representatives in Washington, urging them in this hour of crisis to stand by the President. That letter evoked a protest from certain quarters; but it bore salutary fruit. We feel no regrets and we offer no apologies for having penned that letter. It touched a responsive chord at every fireside in Georgia, and it woke an echo "which sleepeth not among the hills."

It is not our wish to enter politics; to take sides in any mere contest between individuals. God forbid. We shall heed no summons to partisan strife, but we shall answer like patriots, every call to patriotism. It is the duty of a State Historical society, while conserving the materials of the past, to look with forward vision to the future, and to relate itself vitally to the present. We are not mere lookers-on in Vienna. We are neither invertebrates nor fossils. We are not skeletons, strung with wire, to rattle in a museum of dry bones. We are not hirelings or slaves, to stand in awe of any master's whip. We are not mere

pens or puppets, but men of independent minds, Georgians true, and Americans all.

If this association does nothing else, let it put the country and the world on notice that it is not from a race of slackers that we Georgians have sprung; that our forbears have not begotten us in cowardice, "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." The Georgia of 1776, the Georgia of 1812, the Georgia of 1845, the Georgia of 1861, is the Georgia of today. In this crisis of affairs, Georgia stands where she has always stood, in the hour of battle—with her flag unfurled and with her face to the foe.

Criticism cannot be escaped. It is the tribute which weakness pays to strength. Even the Nazarene felt its sting—encountered it from Scribes and Pharisees. So long as we remain alert and alive, we must **expect** it, we must **welcome** it; but criticism need not be feared, when an honest purpose to serve the state has extracted its fangs, and when an awakened public sentiment has built a wall of beating hearts around us. It is the duty of every patriotic society in the land—north, south, east and west—to attune its deliberations to the national anthem, to keep watch in the tower, and to feed the fires of patriotism upon liberty's altar.

I speak for Georgians, living and dead; for those whose hearts are beating high in the transports of this rapturous hour, and for those—unseen but felt among us—whose disembodied spirits still tread their native airs. I speak for every throbbing breast and for every heaving mound, from the sea to the cedars, when I say that—come what may and protest who will—the old Empire State of the South is unitedly for the flag; is solidly behind our boys in the trenches of France; and is eternally pledged, at every mother's knee, to uphold the arms of that great man in the White House, that Georgian whom all Georgians love, that pilot of the dawn to whom the world's democracy

is looking for its day-break, that mighty Moses of humanity's new Exodus: Woodrow Wilson.

HEROES' DAY.

[Full text of a speech of introduction, delivered in the Atlanta Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, September 1, 1918, on presenting to the great audience, Hon. Hooper Alexander, U. S. District Attorney for the Northern District of Georgia.]

The sons of America are heroes because the mothers of America gave them birth. In every crisis of our history, since the dawn of Independence, the beacon-fires upon our hills have been kindled from the altar-flames of the American home. The old ensign of liberty will never go down—its stars will never set—there will be no dust of the field upon its folds—because the arms of our heroic women are keeping it afloat.

But not for ourselves alone do we fight. Our cause is humanity's. It flames from the muskets of an embattled world. Christendom today, in the guise of a mother, gathers her scattered children to her knees. From the four quarters of the earth, an incense is rising to the God of Battles—a mighty prayer is mounting upward from uncounted millions. Lisped in all languages, its woe is one; and not since Babel towered above the plains of Babylon have so many tongues united in a common plea as this day mingle at a Righteous Throne for the triumph of the allied armies.

Who doubts the issue of the contest? If there be a God in Heaven—and a God there is—His thunders are in our guns and His lightnings are upon our swords. Jehovah is with us. He fights for his own endangered Ark of the Covenant of Freedom. Every breeze from the East announces the cracking columns of Ludendorff. Liberty's fight is already won. It only remains for the treaty to be signed.

Then—to Hades with the Hohenzollern—to Hell with the Kaiser.

But let us resign ourselves to gentler thoughts. If heroism be our theme—if we cherish virtue—if we honor valor—let us not forget its fountain-springs in the mother-heart. The tribute of this hour belongs to the priestess at Liberty's shrine. Let us, therefore, remember her—of the aching brow—whose love for her boy keeps vigil through the lonely watches of the night. This was the secret of Thermopylae: there was no milk for cowards in a Spartan mother's breast. Once said the great Napoleon: "Give me the sons of good mothers and I can whip the world." Today, clad in the American uniform and keyed to the strains of "Dixie," such men are fighting in the trenches behind that great Marshal of France: Ferdinand Foch.

Not only the prayers of mother, but all the good angels of battle—Rochambeau and Lafayette and the Maid of Orleans—are hovering in the air above them. Our fair young boys. Our babes. Lapped in the sweet innocence of childhood. Snatched almost from the very cradle. Too young to be tainted by the world, but old enough to fight its grim battles—old enough to bleed and to die on a foreign soil. To them America commits her fortunes. But let the Huns beware. Those beardless boys are in earnest. There's a look in their eyes which tells of mountain lions and a heritage in their veins which ripples back to Yorktown.

Who says that Georgia is laggard? If she limps to battle, it is the first time in her history since Oglethorpe landed upon her bluffs. From the mountains to the sea, she is buckling on her armor; aye, till the solid earth trembles beneath her tread. In all Georgia today there is but one sentiment. It spans the state like a rainbow—from the hills of Habersham to the Marshes of Glynn. It swells on every breeze. It thunders in every cataract. If there be one of us who tarries, when Liberty winds her horn, he is a stranger to the covenant of promise and an alien from the

commonwealth of Israel. He is not a Georgian "to the manner born."

"O, for some blistering word that I might brand infamy upon his forehead."

Let there be no softening of terms. Call him not a pacifist, but a renegade and a traitor. Let hospitality cease. Draw in the latch-strings of your door, when he mounts the steps, and let him see only the back of your hand. If Andrew Jackson were here, he would say: "Shoot him at sunrise." But let us be more humane, and simply deny him a seat in the American Congress.

But I forbear. There comes one after me, on this program, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. If there is any man in Georgia who hates a slacker with all a patriot's scorn, you will shortly hear him speak. I now present him to you—a tall sycamore of the highlands —a towering pine in a forest of patriots: Hon. Hooper Alexander.

WOMAN'S WORK IN A WORLD'S WAR.

[Extract from an address delivered to the Graduating Class, of Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., during the Commencement of 1917.]

What part in this great crisis, let me ask, are the women of America to play? Even as I raise this question, I catch its answer from the illuminated air. It matters not which way I turn, there looms upon my vision a Red Cross. The spirit of Clara Barton, re-incarnate in unnumbered molds of beauty, is alive all over this republic. Hundreds will go to the front. Already I can see them now, hovering, like angels of light, with out-stretched wings apoise, above the battle-fields of Europe—a sweet Elaine for every stricken Launcelot and a beautiful Rebecca for every bleeding Ivanhoe.

All cannot cross the sea. Many will remain. The need-

ful tasks of home must be performed. But whether here or there a common tie will bind them all together and a single soul will animate the whole heroic band. In a thousand ways their deft fingers will find employment. In a thousand self-denials, their love for the flag will meet the test of sacrifice, without a murmur of complaint. If need be, they will pledge their trinkets and their jewels; and, in the lonely watches of the night, at many a fireside in the home-land, they will re-enforce our cannon at the front with an unshaken trust in God; aye, upon bended knee, they will beat the gates of heaven with prayer, until Jehovah's lightnings are unloosed, and victory, like a rising sun, crimsons the East beyond the waters.

I do not depreciate the heroism of our boys at the front. If they are true to their rebel sires—if they fight as their fathers fought, on the slopes of Kennesaw and in the tangles of the Wilderness—they will give a good account of themselves in the hour of battle, and there will not be a renegade among them. Let me tell the Confederate soldier that the mold of heroes is neither lost nor broken in Dixie. Elijah's mantle, from a thousand flaming chariots, has descended upon young Elishas. All over Georgia our boys are enlisting; and from every camp I can hear the bugles play: "There's life in the old land yet."

I am not worried about the boys. They will work out their own salvation—without fear or trembling. But I speak for the women. In this connection, I am reminded of a meeting which occurred in London, not many years ago, of veteran soldiers of the Crimean War. Some question arose as to who was entitled to the highest meed of honor. On a slip of paper, each was asked to write two names. There was a wide diversity of opinion with respect to the commanding officers. But, moved by a common impulse, all with one accord wrote the name of that sweet angel of the camp, Florence Nightingale.

Knitting before my eyes, I see a matron of the old South. Busily her fingers are at work. There glistens in her eyes a tear—there murmurs upon her lips a prayer. She is thinking of her loved ones far away in Virginia,

under the tattered old flag of Lee. Then, looking down into her lap, she says: "These will keep somebody's darling warm." In a few hours the leaden thunder of the battle will begin. Her home—a pillared mansion of the old regime—will soon be laid in ashes. It lies in the path of invasion. She is breathing for the last time the aroma of its roses. Sherman is already at the gates. But there is no fear in her heart—only a woman's love is there; and when the smoke has lifted we find her on the field of battle, gathering up the ashes of the dead for burial.

Call me not irreverent when I say that she was the masterpiece of her divine Creator. The pen which truthfully portrays her "must exhaust language of its tribute and repeat virtue by all its names." Eulogy can find no tongue in which to sound her praises and Solomon the Wise alone described her when he wrote in his golden proverbs: "Though many daughters have done virtuously, thou excellest them all."

She sleeps today, with the Old South, and sweet be her slumbers. But her daughters are here—living, breathing, growing with the New. She comes among them in spirit, wearing the halo of the sixties. In her hand, I can see America's banner; and, to these young graduates, she says, in the whispering zephyrs of this summer's night, "Remember thy mother." Aye, you will. The roses in these fair young faces are the roses of the New South, but the Spirit which feeds them is the spirit of the Old; and, in the budding daughters of Dixie, the old Confederate War-Queen lives again!

Again the tocsin of war sounds. On every breeze, we catch the tramp of hurrying feet. If your sweetheart is worthy of you, he will not be recreant in this hour of need, when his country calls him to the colors. He may be loath to leave you, but he will sally forth, like an Arthurian knight, to win his golden spurs; and if you are worthy of your mothers you will buckle on his belt. You will not bid him dally or delay, however sweet the lingering spell; nor will you disown him when he comes limping back, scarred by the carnage of the battle, to find in your unaltered love

the greenest leaf among all his laurels. It may be with an empty sleeve that he will come; but returning, like a conqueror to his kingdom, he will be your lover still, unestranged by his warfare, and all the dearer for his wounds. Then, sweep for him the harp of Tara and say to him with Erin's bard:

"Go, where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me!"

There flashes into my mind a picture, a scene among the Scottish hills. Underneath a bower of hawthorn, a lassie is bidding her lover farewell. Her eyes are lit with tears, like Highland Mary's. On the crest of the hill, he waves her a fond adieu—a silent "God be with you till we meet again." Years elapse—I do not know how many. But at last a shadow falls upon the door-step and a shambling old man knocks for admission. Even his voice is strangely altered, as with a quaver he implores a lodging in the name of his King. But instantly she penetrates the disguise, and with a thrill of recognition she exclaims:

"A sodger ance I lud
Forget him shall I never."

Then followed an embrace in which the wars of Scotland were forgotten.

Nor has it yet been written in the romance of the South that a true daughter of Dixie ever disowned her lover because of his afflictions, and though he hobbled home upon his crutch—the arm with which he had embraced her buried beneath the Virginian hills—she met him at the gate with a smile upon her lips which soon crossed over to his own, to assure him in love's ancient language, that he was still her Cavalier and that she still enshrined him in the temple of her heart.

ALABAMA ANSWERS—"HERE."

[Full text of an address prepared for delivery on the capitol grounds, Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 11, 1918, the date fixed for registration under the draft act.]

On the soil of Alabama, a Georgian still breathes his native air. He does not come to you a stranger, to receive a stranger's introduction. The old colony of Oglethorpe reached to the banks of the Great Father of Waters. It extended to what was vaguely called the South Seas. Still further, then, must I travel westward—across the whole state of Mississippi—before I leave behind me the hills and valleys, the fields and forests, the lakes and streams, included within the bounds of Georgia's charter.

I am still on the ancestral acres. Despite the challenge of the Chattahoochee, I am still within the confines of the old province. If this be not enough to dispel estrangement, then Alabama has bewitched me. Whether it be in the soil or in the ozone, there's magic somewhere in these parts, to cast upon a Georgian's spirit the spell of old acquaintance —to domesticate him, so to speak, till he thrills with the birthright of MacGregor and feels at home among the hearth-stones of his kindred.

But standing here, upon these capitol grounds—with these solemn halls behind me—on this consecrated spot—where, with cloven tongues of fire, a thousand memories crowd upon me, unloosed from the state's Olympian yesterdays, methinks that your speaker, if his accents blend with these historic scenes, must be either a Hilliard or a Yancey.

Could I but wake those sleeping giants from the dust of Oakwood, what strains of Orpheus could I give to this September night—what notes unloose upon Montgomery's air, till the quivering music thrilled a continent!

To the roll-call of this martial hour, all Alabama answers "Here!" In honoring these boys, who have today enlisted, we honor our country, we honor ourselves. The like of this melting scene has not been witnessed in this generation. To swell this vast assemblage of the living,

there comes to us in spectral legions an unnumbered host of the state's immortal dead. They come from every hillside slope and from every winding valley;—they come from every battle-field's red dust and from every page of Alabama's storied past—to smile approval on these boys and to lay upon this proud day's work the seal of history's benediction.

It was but a century ago that, out of this western wilderness, there was carved a new state, that, above this leafy empire of woods, there arose a new star, to blaze upon the nation's flag. Since then, the history of Alabama has been a glorious pageant, a splendid panorama. Not the least of its hallowed memories—to us at least—belong to the period of division, when she held the young Confederacy in her maternal arms and nourished its infant life at the fountains of her breast. Never can she turn her back upon those memories—never, till her proud soil ceases to hold in trust the ashes of an immortal past. It was on this spot that a storm-cradled nation was born; here that its first, last, and only president was inaugurated; here that its earliest laws were framed; here that its silken ensign—our bonnie blue flag—first caught the light of the morning sunbeams. Those were buoyant days in Dixie, ere we looked upon a Gettysburg or dreamed of an Appomattox. I blush for the son of Alabama who blushes to recall what Alabama did in the glorious days of the sixties—who feels no thrill of pride when the muster-roll of the past is sounded. Those days looked upon men who, like Aeneas, sprang from a race of gods. It was her Yancey who furnished the South its Cadmus;—he of the golden tongue who sowed the dragon's teeth from which arose an army of bristling bayonets. It was her gallant Semmes upon the sea, who re-enforced her Wheeler in the saddle and who, lifting her name to the mast-head of his ship, made it a synonymn of terror, from the equatorial waters to the northern lights.

But the sectional fires have long since been extinguished. Not a lingering spark flickers in Alabama's breast. Forgetting the old quarrel of the sixties, did she not hasten to

the rescue when a common foe confronted us in 1898? In the splendid heroism of two typical names, did she not bind a legion of hearts to Old Glory's staff and deal a withering blow to Spain, when she made to Liberty that double offering—the sword of a Wheeler, fashioned from the metal of the Old South and the blood of a Hobson, pledged in the chalice of the New?

If progress be measured by strides in education, by progress in the empire of mind, it was her Jabez L. M. Curry who, finding the South prostrate at the close of the war, became the Moses of an intellectual crusade, bade her be of good cheer, and from an Egypt of slavery—through a wilderness of Reconstruction—brought her to the edge of a better Canaan.

If patriotism be measured in terms of service to humanity, it was her John T. Morgan who, in the Panama Canal, mingled the waters of two great oceans, shortening by eight thousand miles the mariner's route from east to west and from west to east, but making the flag of the United States its sponsor and its guardian.

Alabama today is making history again. She is proud of the past but she turns with kindling eyes to the future. Here—in the old city of Montgomery—in the cradle of a dead Confederacy—she pledges her splendid youth to the nation—"the expectancy and rose of this fair state." It is no longer the flag of a section to which she gives her allegiance, but the flag of a reunited people—a flag which has never once dipped to the foe nor trailed in the dust of the field. To uphold it, she summons to its staff a Macedonian phalanx, most of them sons of Confederate sires; and she bids them fare forth, a mother's tear in her eyes, but a mother's proud smile upon her lips.

Out of this vast array of heroic young defenders there will come many a Galahad and many a Launcelot. To illustrate the proud name of Alabama, this war will give us a new line of heroes—perhaps new Wheelers on the land and new Hobsons on the wave, and to these it will add new heroes of the air. It may be that in some youth unknown to fame there sleeps the genius of another Semmes. Per-

haps, in the acorns of an unborn forest, lie cradled the timbers of another Alabama. The heroic molds are neither lost nor broken. Tonight, we are sowing broadcast the seeds of a chivalry which, on the battle-fields of Europe, will blossom into many a knightly deed, which will put the legends of King Arthur's court still further back into the border-land of myth. These boys will bring no blush to Alabama's cheek, but to the strains of "Dixie" will ford the streams and climb the hills and brave the bullets till, with the sweep of a western cyclone, they burst at last through the gates of Berlin, to prove to the world that the source of Alabama's glory is not a reservoir to be exhausted, but a fountain whose perpetual music is tuned to the eternities.

AMERICA TO THE RESCUE.

[Full text of an address delivered at Marietta, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1918. It was afterwards delivered on the same day, at McDonough, Ga.]

From the dust of Appomattox, the Southern Cross has risen again in the Star Spangled Banner. That old rainbow of battle has never drooped in defeat. But supported by the sons of Dixie, it is twice invincible, because it bespeaks a united country, and to the associations of Washington, it adds the glories of Lee. Unfurled in defense of helpless women and children, it calls to the chivalry of the old South; and from every bivouac of the dead—from every storied urn that holds Confederate dust—the phantom legions are swarming around its staff. It bids defiance to Teuton and to Turk. Its stripes will be a scourge to tyrants, but its stars a morning-dawn of liberty to millions.

We have entered the great war. North and South—the Blue and the Gray—are marching shoulder to shoulder. Our motto is—"Not for ourselves but for others"—not to avenge our own wrongs but the wrongs of humanity and

to bestow the blessings of free government upon mankind. Happy would this country be—armed like Joshua for battle—if it could summon into life once more the gray battalions of the Confederate dead, and from the dust at Lexington could wake a slumbering Lee to lead them.

But, while the fathers sleep, the sons are awake; and these, on the slopes of France, are today lifting the same rebel yell which once shook the valley of the Shenandoah.

It is America to the rescue. Our mission admits of no alternative. To this end was America ordained: that she might bear the ark of freedom to mankind. For this was she planted in a new world—encompassed by the inviolate seas—surrounded by a crystal wall of waters. These barriers were built, not to isolate her from an old world, but to protect her while in training for humanity's deliverance.

But the hour has struck. The prize at stake is liberty's endangered ark. We did not seek this quarrel. We desired peace but peace with honor. Our sword unsheathed, we have thrown away its scabbard. We are in the fight to win. We covet not an acre of ground. We battle only for a cause—dear to our fathers and to us. It is local self-government. The principles for which Southern heroes fought and for which Southern martyrs fell have all been re-enunciated in the declarations of the allied powers;—not a constitutional right which the winds of liberty have not revitalized, like the bones of Ezekiel's Valley of Vision. Our cause was not lost. It is now humanity's battle-cry; and, though sad be the story of a "Conquered Banner," its radiant sequel will be written in the surrender of Berlin!

Once more the tocsin sounds "to arms." The scenes of sixty-one are re-enacted. Mothers again, to broken hearts, fold darling boys; and, on lips which they may not press again, print love's good-bye. God keep them all unharmed amid the battle's smoke. Our farewell sighs are wafting them across the seas. All over Dixie-land, the falling tears, on beauty's cheek, recall the tender partings of the

Long Ago. Even as for our own, we fight to avenge the wrongs of bleeding womanhood. Up with the flag. Down with the sceptered brute. This is our message to the Huns. Nor do we intend to pause, even for rest, till in the smoke of our victorious guns we have sent it across the seas and around the world.

The times are momentous. We are passing through the mightiest convulsions of history since the Christian Era began. Ours will be the deciding voice in this conflict; and, when we have settled accounts with the monsters of inhumanity who started this war, Belgium will be avenged and Poland will be revived. Out of the maelstrom of battle there will come a Democratic Europe. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs will join the Romanoffs in a Siberian exile. Militarism will be dead in Prussia. We will have, not a dismembered but a regenerated Germany. There will dawn a new day upon Austria-Hungary. But, for the Sick Man of Europe, there will be an ejectment across the Bosphorus; and it matters not whether he find a hospital or a grave among the bones of his fathers.

Constantinople will see the last of the Sultans. Armenian massacres will become a thing of the past. Palestine is already England's. The twentieth century has crowned the Crusades; and, having planted the Cross upon the holy hills, England will keep it there till heaven's last thunder peals. To Christian Anglo-Saxons belong the Judea, the Samaria and the Galilee which once knew the Master's feet. The Crescent will go down on Mount Moriah. The Holy Sepulchre will be rescued from the grasp of infidels, and not an altar of Mahomet will encumber the ground, from the wilderness of Sinai to the cedars of Lebanon.

Daniel has come to judgment. Empires are crumbling. Thrones are tottering. Despots, on the brink of fate, are trembling—face to face with God. For absolutism there yawns an abyss of the Inferno. Richard has met a dozen Richmonds in the field. William at Berlin has seen the same mysterious syllables which Belshazzar saw at Babylon. His doom is sealed. In vain will he call to the shades of Bismarck and to the tomb of Von Moltke; and, beneath

the splendid ashes of his empire, an overweening ambition will bury ere long the last of the Caesars.

But the multitudes are taking heart. For them, a bow is shining on the clouds. Freedom has sounded her bugle-call to battle, and from every quarter her scattered clans are coming, like kilted warriors to Roderick's highland horn. It is the fateful hour of Armageddon. The man with the hoe has become the man with the gun, and the peasant fights with the song of Burns on his lips, "a man's a man for a' that." Liberty has struck for universal empire. This is the harvest time of which Runnymede was the spring. The reign of the common people is at hand. The crowning day of Democracy has come.

> "In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea
> With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
> As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free—
> While God is marching on."

The South is at the helm. With her ancient love for the Constitution undiminished, the government at this crisis in our history could not have been entrusted to safer hands. It looks to me like the providence of God. Anxious voices, out of the darkness, cry: "watchman, what of the night?" —and, from the sentries upon the walls, there comes the heartening answer: "All is well with the republic—all is well."

Unspeakably dear to every Southern heart are the recollections of a Conquered Banner; but the business of this hour is not with its memories. I would be recreant to my duty as a patriot if, on these flowering mounds, I could not find a message to the present, or read, in their silent symbolism, a lesson for today. The past is an inspiration. Its glories cannot be dimmed by time nor staled by circumstance. But, even amid these scenes—with Kennesaw looming in the distance and with heroism all around me—Confederate valor is not my theme. I turn from the past, with its sacred scroll, to the present, with its imperious summons. I salute the ensign of a re-united county now

rippling in the air above our heads. Its stripes are all red with the wine of kindred—its stars are all aglow with Victory's coming light. It is ours—ours to love and ours to defend; the old, old flag of our fathers.

"She's up there, Old Glory. No tyrant-dealt scars
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars;
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever."

If there be one amongst us who is not all for the flag—whose sluggish pulse-beat gives no responsive leap to the bugle's call—he is not a Georgian "to the manner born." He is in the South, but he is not of it nor is he for it; and he ought to be disowned by his ancestors. If he calls himself a "pacifist," instead of sending him to Congress, let us give him his choice between a mad-house for lunatics or a penitentiary for felons.

God is my witness that I speak from an honest heart. May no accent of mine offend these graves. I love them all—every hillock of green in which our deathless dead are sleeping. He whose name I bear was a Paladin of Lee, and here and now I invoke his brave soul to counsel mine. Ye men of gray, who faced the leaden hail in the day of battle, lend us the light of your wisdom, mellowed by the years. Ye silent Southerners, who are bivouacked in the dust out there, beneath the stars, come from your mouldering sepulchres, wrap us in your robes of light, and give us the message which we bend to catch. Hark, the music kindles. Methinks, in a mighty chorus, I can hear the bugles of the whole Southern army playing—not "Dixie" but "The Star-Spangled Banner."

If I interpret aright the spirit of this hour it is national, in its widest scope of meaning. It sounds a funeral knell of warning to obstructionists. It puts the brand of an indignant outlawry upon profiteers. It pronounces its anathema upon those money-changers of the Temple, who are trafficing in the sacred things of liberty. It lays its scorpion lash upon slackers. The Southern gentleman of the old school was a thoroughbred, and the blood of the old South beats not in the degenerate veins of him, whether

in private life or in public office, who is not upholding the nation's chief; and such a man could stand in the presence of the great Lee only to hang his head in shame. If there be a spark of manhood in him, let him crouch in the dust and exclaim with the Publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The times call for picked men—for sifted patriots. Not a man should enact our laws or be spokesman for Georgia in any forum of the world who has not been probed with the spear of Ithuriel. If he cannot pronounce the shibboleth, halt him at the gates; let him not into the citadel. When the life of the nation is in jeopardy, we must not commission an Aaron Burr or put a Benedict Arnold on the ramparts.

The supreme message of this hour is to the living. It comes from those graves out there, but it speaks not of section. It comes from the sleeping folds of the Bonnie Blue Flag, but it reminds us not of the strife of brothers. It bids us strike for the Union;—to fight, and, if need be, to fall, beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory.

This is not an hour for divided counsels. It is too late for patriots to parley. War is no longer imminent; it is actual. The die is cast. Even now our boys are in the trenches. The soil of France is drinking the warm blood of America; and to quibble over technicalities or contend in debate how "t's" shall be crossed or "i's" shall be dotted, is only helping the German propaganda.

To deny plenary powers to the president, or to assume a superiority of wisdom by putting fetters upon the executive arm, is the quintessence of folly if not the arrogance of egotism, and it deals an assassin's blow to liberty. If it be reprehensible in a Republican, what shall we call it in a Democrat? We might call it trifling if it did not smack too much of treason.

Georgia is not a party to such bickerings. She bends the knee to no false gods in an hour like this, when the

Phillistines are troubling Israel and the ark of the covenant is threatened. She is neither paralyzed by fear nor palsied by inertia nor lulled to sleep by the seductive song of a golden siren.

These graves are Georgia's pledge to the republic that she stands today where she has always stood, in the hour of battle—with her flag unfurled and with her face to the foe.

Too long has Georgia been misjudged by those who read only the debates of Congress. It is galling to the spirit of a proud people who despise such truckling—who have never submitted to insult or oppression, nor reasoned in dollars when honor was at stake. She does not sup with renegades. She holds no fellowship with slackers, and she treats with an unmitigated disdain, the foe from without and the traitor from within.

If there was ever a righteous war, it is this one—if there was ever a war waged for the ark of liberty, it is this one—if there was ever a war, approved by the God of battles, it is this one; and, if, in this burning hour, our noble old state be recreant, heaven help her and heaven help us all. If her soul be shrunken and shriveled—if she be drunk with the lust of gold—then let us obliterate the epitaphs of our dead in every country church-yard. Let us plow up the bones of our sainted fathers and mothers, and make them into mortar for the temples of trade, for we no longer need those mounds, nestling in the shadow of the old pines. Let us burn our family bibles and close our church doors and stifle the chiming music in the belfry towers. Over the portals of our state house, let us write "Ichabod," and from its walls, let us lower the portraits of Oglethorpe, of Troup and of Jackson. Let us mutilate the historic page which tells of Georgia's part in the making of the Union and, on Columbia's brow, where all the gems are blazing, let us quench the beams of her imperial star.

But Georgia's heart beats true—true to her historic past, true to her nobler and better self. Neither you nor I

nor any of our kind, have become so base, so sordid, so degenerate that we can say with Rienzi:

"The sun lights a race
Of slaves. He sinks and his last beam
Falls on a slave."

Heaven forbid! Not yet has old Georgia bent her knee to the yoke. Nor have the fetters yet been forged in the hell of a German tyranny which will ever manacle her fair limbs. We be freemen, in a land of freedom. The blood of the fathers is still the heritage of the sons. If, here and there, a white-livered toad sounds a discordant note, it is a croak from the mire, and not a blast from the mountains. On every hill-top, liberty has lit her beacon-fires. The whole state, from border to border, is aflame with the Spirit of Washington at Valley Forge. Jackson is once more in the saddle. Longstreet is moving; and, on every breeze, rides the shout of Marco Bozarris, sounded upon the lips of Lee:

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires,
Strike, for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land."

No German overlords for Georgia! To a man, our answer is ready, in the words of the immortal Irishman: "I would meet them upon the beach, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other. I would immolate them in boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country; and, if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave."

Georgia is in this fight—three millions strong. She is giving to it not only her brave sons but her noble daughters and these, at a thousand door-steps, have repeated the old story of sixty-one and said to the boys in uniform: "our sacrifices, our prayers, our hearts, are all for you. Fight, as did your Confederate fathers, though, too, like them, you be enhungered, foot-sore and weary, far from home.

Endure the fatigues of the march and the privations of the camp and the dangers of the battle, but fight on, till the kaiser is beaten to his knees, and 'God be with you till me meet again.' "

Young men of the South, an opportunity confronts you in this crisis. I say it in the presence of these scarred old veterans—an opportunity to reverse the verdict of Appomattox, to revitalize the past, not its dead issues but its undying principles, to fight again for home-rule, and to prove that under God an eventual harvest-time cannot be denied to the seed of immortality and that battles, lost to superior numbers, may, in a higher sense, and, on a wider field, be battles won for freedom.

From the distant hills of Erin go Bragh, I call to the muse of the Irish melodies. Sing to us, old Tom Moore, in this western world, that song which you sang to the Irish waters, that song with which you hushed the sobs and dried the tears and lifted the hearts of your despairing countrymen. Interpret for us as you did for them, the story of a Lost Cause. Set the glad notes astir. Send them quivering up and down our valleys, till every mountain-peak prolongs the echo, till every breeze is drenched in their melody and every fire-side is vocal with their music. Stir our sluggish veins. Quicken our timid heart-beats. If any of us be asleep on this enchanted ground, wake us with liberty's winding horn, and do for our Confederate land of memories what you did for your own green island in the sea. Lo, out of the stilly night, there floats to us across the waves, a soft, tremulous air. It comes from the harp of Erin; and, swelling on the winds of Dixie, it breaks into a loud crescendo, over all the land of Lee:

"Remember the glories of Brien, the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er
Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more;
The star of the field which so often hath poured
Its beam on the battle is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet."

THE PURITAN IN THE SOUTH.

[Full text of an address delivered at the unveiling of a granite boulder, in the town of Wallingford, Conn., to Dr. Lyman Hall, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence for Georgia, on the site of the old patriot's birth-place, October 19, 1916.]

Fellow-Citizens of New England, Descendants of the Puritan, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On the banks of the Savannah River, beneath a single shaft of granite, sleep two of the Georgia signers of the Declaration of Independence. One a native of Connecticut, the other a native of Virginia, both signed the immortal Scroll of Freedom for an adopted State. Comrades in life. Comrades in death. Comrades in eternity. Puritan and Cavalier—their ashes have mingled in a union which time cannot annul; while above them soars a silent witness, hewn from the heart of Georgia's hills of rock. Bound together by such a tie, ought not Connecticut and Georgia to be forever one; and, brushing aside the little cob-webs of division which have come between them, ought they not to lay bare the eternal cables which are binding them heart to heart and soul to soul, in a deathless union forever? So long as Hall and Walton shall sleep together in a common grave; so long as these twain shall shine together on a deathless scroll—be this the pledge of an everlasting covenant not only between Connecticut and Georgia, but between Puritan and Cavalier, all over our land—

> "Till the sun grows cold
> And the stars are old
> And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

This, Mr. Chairman, is my text—this the spirit in which I come to you today from my distant home in the South. Cavalier though I be, to the manner born, I am not a stranger within your gates, but a clansman among his kindred. Aye, Joseph is among his brethren. For I, too, am of liberty's chosen seed; Old Glory is my country's flag, and all America is my native land!

On this auspicious day in New England's calendar Georgia felicitates Connecticut. From the tops of the Blue Ridge, she wafts to her sister State a greeting, spiced with the mellow musk of her Indian summer. It comes from the scented groves of the far-famed Elbertas;from way-sides sweet with the autumn's lingering perfumes and from hearth-stones bright with the winter's kindling fires. It comes from the historic shades of Liberty Hall and from the pillared home of Robert Toombs. It comes from the tender soul of an old Confederate governor, the last upon whom our State will ever look (Governor N. E. Harris).

It comes from rich and from poor; from the stately mansions upon the heights and from the humble homes in the hollows. It comes from towns and villages and hamlets; from Atlanta upon the foot-hills, from Macon in the midlands, and from Savannah by the sea. It comes from silent cities of the dead, white with the thickening bivouacs of your former foes; and from Federal cemeteries in which your own brave boys are sleeping; from Andersonville's green mounds of glory and from Marietta's guardian monuments. It comes from battle-fields on which the Blue and the Gray no longer grapple; from the gory field of the twenty-second of July, from Kennesaw's dizzy cloud-rests, and from Chickamauga's hidden breast-works; from Jonesboro and New Hope Church and Fort McAllister. It comes from harvest-fields, melodious with the black man's tuneful lays, rippling through golden lanes of yellow corn and over ridges white with cotton's billowy snow. It comes from autumnal woods, red with the flaming splendors of October, in a land of romance and of song. It comes in a myriad voices, keyed to Lanier's immortal harp, inspired by Grady's gentle spirit, and tuned to an anthem in which the stirring strains of "Dixie" are lost in the music of "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

I come to re-open no wounds of strife. Over all your arching skies and mine, I can read that a better day has dawned, that sectionalism in America is dead forever! The storm is over; and, while the raven is seen no more, the dove of peace has returned to the ark with an olive-branch of

healing in her beak! On the horizon of my home in Georgia looms historic Kennesaw, but its slopes are green, its batteries are silent. The city in which I live, sir, fell a prey in 1864 to the devouring flames; but twenty-five years later it sent Grady to New England with this message: "I wish to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts but kind o' careless about fire, that from the ashes which he left us in 1864 we have built a brave and a beautiful city, that somehow we have caught the sunshine into the brick and mortar of our homes and have sheltered therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory." Today not a scar survives. If North and South were ever divided on the field of battle, if Puritan and Cavalier were ever at odds in the history of our government, it was long before my cradle days, nor have I inherited from my sire who wore the gray one bitter lingering memento of the struggle. I rejoice that in the fires of battle our differences were fused and that out of the crucible of war we have emerged a purified nation, to whom the God of humanity has entrusted the ark of His covenant with man.

Born since the bugles sang truce, I have known in all my life, sir, but one flag—the star-spangled banner. To me, that flag is a thing of beauty, the fairest emblem ever woven in liberty's loom. The section from which I hail is proud of its traditions, but it cherishes no bitter memories, it nourishes no vain regrets. Our faces are turned to the morning. We rejoice that a new era is at hand, and that, while our people today honor the magnanimity of Grant and the gentleness of Lincoln, you of the North are not ashamed to applaud with us, the patriotism, the genius, and the nobility of Lee:

"No more shall the war-cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
You banish our anger forever
When you laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

In all the South, Mr. Chairman—from the Patapsco to the Rio Grande—there is not a right-thinking man amongst us who would crook his finger to summon slavery back.

It was not an unmixed evil. The institution was one out of which the negro reaped far more of benefit than did the white man—it christianized him, it civilized him, it prepared him for citizenship; an institution, albeit, of which the South was not the originator, and with respect to which, for climatic and economic reasons, she was less the apologist than the victim. It left us some beautiful memories; but with the old order of things its shackles are gone, like Othello's occupation.

Time's gentle surgery has healed the wounds of war not only on every hill but in every heart. The negro problem still awaits solution; but the negro race itself is prospering. Despite the work of a few misguided individuals, the number of whom is a bagatelle when referred to the bulk of the population, there is peace today in the black man's home; contentment and thrift are there, too, newspapers and books. It is no longer a cabin in which he dwells, but a cottage, whose curling smoke tells of a happy fireside—the citizen's best anchor and the patriot's holiest inspiration.

True to our Anglo-Saxon heritage, the white race of the South has, since Sherman's march to the sea, not only retrieved the disasters of a great war, but made the history of our section a wonder-book of achievement, to which we find no counterpart in the Arabian Nights. It is not the language of a tropical imagination in which I am addressing you. The close of the war found the South prostrate. She had lost her slave property, worth two billions of dollars. She had furnished nine-tenths of the battle-fields of the war. Our whole section was harrowed by the burning plow-shares of battle, and there was still to be endured what to Anglo-Saxons was a Reign of Terror. Today, in spite of the enormities of Reconstruction, ours is the garden-spot of the republic. We have not only paid our own war debt, but our part of the debt contracted to subdue us. Prospero's wand has touched our fields into splendid har-

vests, multiplied our mills, increased our schools and colleges, lengthened our highways of commerce, spanned our rivers with magnificent bridges of steel, and made our breezes vibrant with the glad songs of contented millions. Slavery is no more! The caterpillar is gone—but out of the chrysalis of a dead South has emerged the butterfly of a new Dixie, with the sunbeams of the morning in her eyes and with the tints of the rainbow on her wings.

Cotton at eighteen cents a pound is galvanizing every nerve and sinew of business. One of our financiers last year, out of his own private funds, took over the maturing bonds of the State of Georgia, the aggregate value of which was three million, five hundred thousand dollars, in addition to which he gave a million to one of our great Universities (Asa G. Candler). In the felicitous phrase of Senator Vance, "We have renewed our youth at the fountains of industry and found the hills of gold in the energies of an imperishable race." With the implements of peace we are fast retrieving the disasters of the sword. On a hundred fields of high endeavor, the spirit of the New South is at work—brave, resolute, undaunted—reversing the decree of battle and writing a brave though bloodless sequel to the Appomattox of the Old. In all the land from which I come, Mr. Chairman, there is but one sentiment; nor can I better phrase it than in our own gifted Stanton's limpid lines:

"She's up there, Old Glory. No tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightnss, no stain on her stars;
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever."

Today time turns magician. With his wand of enchantment, he re-animates a dead past, and around us at this hour weaves the elusive spell of history. The occasion which brings us together in this ancient town puts an emphasis of patriotism upon American brotherhood. It sounds an age-long truce to battle. It proclaims a gospel of reconciliation. It strengthens the ties of kindred and of kind. Today we are not partisans but patriots; neither

Republicans nor Democrats, but plain, law-abiding and liberty-loving Americans. The memory of the great man to whom we pay this hour's tribute rebukes all narrow-minded bigotries. It takes us back to a time when our Union of States was a feeble band of colonies, roused to resistance by the tyranny of England; when a little company of patriots, fearless of consequences, met at Philadelphia, in 1776, to sign a scrap of paper, which might have doomed each man of them to an ignominious scaffold. But there was no tremor of nerves and no quaking of knees.

To commune with our forefathers of the Revolution, in whose eyes a guinea never glistened, to whom liberty was sweeter than life, will make us better citizens, better patriots, better men. It will give us a clearer insight into the principles upon which our republic was founded, a deeper reverence for the flag which floats in the air above our heads, a truer conception of our mission to the nations of the earth, and a holier resolve to transmit unimpaired to our children's children the heritage of freedom which our ancestors have bequeathed to us.

Putting aside, therefore, every weight which doth so easily beset us, let us gird our loins for an hour's journey; let us away from the feverish turmoil of politics, of trade and of mammon— away from electric lights and telephones and telegraphs— away from moving-pictures and automobiles and iron horses—back to the old days of powdered wigs and of knee-buckles; back to the days when the spinning-wheel stood in the corner, when the old-fashioned crane was suspended in the fire-place, and when the old oaken bucket hung in the well; back to the days in whose gathering storms the republic's cradle was rocked. There—in the old ancestral home of the fathers—let us renew our love of liberty at its fountain-springs. There let us pledge our country's health in the pure crystal of its living elixir. There reverently and thoughtfully let us dwell upon the men of old who, in the holy cause of independence, imperiled all; aye, who drank of the bitter waters of Marah that we might banquet on the grapes of Eschol and who endured all

the pangs of the wilderness that we might inherit the hills of the Promise and tread the courts of the Temple.

Happy am I, sir, in the mission which brings me to Wallingford. Glorious old mother-town of Connecticut! Your foundations were laid when the Stuarts were on the throne of England; but, like the queen who loved a Roman, "age cannot wither you, nor custom stale your infinite variety." Redolent of the by-gone centuries, your very streets are like fragrant aisles in some old cathedral. But your glories are not all of the past. Wedded to the fine arts, industrial activities are here centered whose throbbing pulse-beat is felt throughout our land and whose contributions to the luxury of modern life are synonymous with standard values in every part of Christendom.

Ignorant must he be of his country's history who does not feel at home on Connecticut's sacred soil, who does not thrill to the memories which her very name evokes. Yours was the State which gave to liberty its charter oak, whose colonial government, like ancient Israel's, was theocratic to the core, with the great Jehovah at its head; and whose code of justice, if it made you the jest of shallow brains, won you the love of noble souls, for it told how in all things great and small you looked to God, who "flings the stars into space from his finger-tips and who tenderly takes note of the sparrow when it falls."

According to a recognized historian, eminent in English politics (James Bryce), you framed the first written Constitution in the history of free government.

Your so-called "Blue Laws" cannot be found, I am told, upon any statute book today in existence, and must be referred, therefore, to the same era of mythology which produced your wooden nutmegs. We owe to your Webster an unabridged dictionary and the blue back speller. It was your Jonathan Trumbull upon whom the great Washington leaned, and who received from the father of his country the familiar sobriquet of "Brother Jonathan," a term of endearment still applied to the typical New Englander. Dear to all Americans is the memory of him whose only regret in dying was that he could lay but one life on

his country's altar. The martyrs who died in the arena at Rome have found in him a kindred spirit, for no whiter soul ever winged its way to the gates of heaven than Nathan Hale's. Has any child in the public schools of Georgia not heard of him who led the embattled farmers? Nay, not one; nor while the stars shall cluster on the azure field of Old Glory will Americans anywhere forget Israel Putnam.

But, sir, when a Georgian speaks to an audience in Connecticut, there are peculiar ties to which he must revert. First of all comes he whose name is inscribed on the immortal scroll of freedom; and not while the memory of Lyman Hall is emblazoned there can any thorn of malice rankle here. At Mulberry Grove near Savannah Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. He came to us from Connecticut, and he sleeps today in the heart of New Haven. On the coast of Georgia, in 1736, the great Whitefield founded at Bethesda an asylum for orphans, which today survives, the oldest organized charity in America. He often preached on your commons. Two centuries ago he started a revival among you, the sweet thunders of which are still echoing through your valleys. Buried at Newburyport, on the coast of Massachusetts, he sleeps beside the restless sea, whose tides while murmuring of what he did to evangelize America still bear him a daily message from his native shores of England.

In my college town of Athens we boast an institution which we fondly style the oldest State college in America. It well deserves this designation. I am speaking, sir, of our State university, founded amid the smoke of the Revolution. It was then known as Franklin College, named for your great New England statesman and philosopher. Its inception came from none other than Lyman Hall, who, when governor of the State, in 1783, recommended its establishment. Georgia's State university, therefore, is itself a monument to this illustrious son of Wallingford.

But the count is not exhausted. The original charter of

Franklin College was drawn by a native of Connecticut, Abraham Baldwin, then a member of the State Legislature, afterwards an American senator. Its first president was a native of Connecticut, Josiah Meigs. Its greatest individual benefactor, Joseph E. Brown, our war governor, was a law student at Yale. Over one of its main branches, the Georgia School of Technology, there sat as president a man who, by a singular coincidence, bore the name of him whom we honor today, Lyman Hall.

Beloved of all Georgians is your illustrious fellow-citizen, William Howard Taft. Familiar to us all, in name at least, are many of your ancient towns. Wallingford gave us Lyman Hall. Windsor was the ancestral home of our Hillyers. Branford was the pioneer seat of our Goulds. From the town of Waterbury came Stephen Upson, to find not only a grave in Georgia's bosom, but an everlasting memorial upon her map.

We owe you much. Nor let me forget to remind you, in a vein of good-natured satire, that when Georgia adopted her ordinance of secession in 1861 she borrowed its language from a set of resolutions framed in the famous Hartford Convention of 1813. To what extent the great John C. Calhoun derived his doctrine of nullification from Connecticut while an undergraduate at New Haven, I cannot tell. But Connecticut and Georgia are both done with secession. In the words of the great Ben Hill: "We are back in the house of our fathers, and we are here to stay, thank God."

Before starting upon my pilgrimage to New England, I visited the burial place of the Georgia Signers in the city of Augusta. There, underneath a plain but massive obelisk of granite, sleeps Lyman Hall, the great New England patriot, to honor whom this vast multitude is today assembled. Standing there, with uncovered head, I invoked the God of my country to give me a message to my countrymen—to imbue me with wisdom for this hour's task. If I shall utter a single sentiment, therefore, which is not meet for my country's altar, let it perish upon my lips, and let him who brings it be forgotten.

The Puritan in Georgia. Unique in the history of our State is the place which belongs to Dr. Lyman Hall; unique, I might also add, in the history of the colonies. Not only was this adopted son of our State one of the great trio of patriots to affix his signature for Georgia to the immortal scroll of independence, but Dr. Hall was for months the only delegate from Georgia in the Continental Congress. Before the rest of the colony was prepared to act on the burning issue of separation from England, Dr. Hall was sent to Philadelphia by his home people as an accredited delegate from the parish of St. John; and equipped with these credentials he took his seat in the great hall of patriots.

Georgia was the youngest of the English colonies in North America. She was also the last to lower the colonial flag. Her loyalty to England was deep-rooted; and even when she did sever the ties of allegiance, it was only in response to the cry of blood from the commons of Lexington. Georgia was not less devoted to the cause of freedom than was either Virginia or Connecticut. She cherished the traditions of Runnymede. Her very charter itself committed her to a love of liberty by making her an asylum for indigent but honest prisoners for debt.

But there were good reasons for tempering the rash counsels of impatience with the prudent safe-guards of conservatism. She occupied an exposed position on the extreme southern frontier. She needed the protection of the mother-country against two powerful enemies: the Spaniards on the south and the Indians to the north and west. Her territory, though vast in extent, was sparsely settled. Moreover, she had been exceedingly fortunate in most of her dealings with the English crown. Perhaps of all the original thirteen colonies, she had been the favorite of the mother-country, an affectionate distinction quite often conferred upon the youngest member of the household. She had sprung from an impulse of benevolence. Some of the noblest men in England were among her sponsors,—ministers of the gospel, viscounts, dukes and earls. Deep interest

was felt in her establishment, from a humanitarian standpoint. She had been served by her trustees without fee or emolument; and some of these were still in life, including the illustrious Oglethorpe, her beloved founder. Governor Wright, who had filled the executive chair since 1760, was deservedly popular. On a visit to England, he had been made a baronet, in recognition of his wise counsels, and was destined at the close of a long life to fill an honored grave in England's great cathedral—the only native-born American to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

To the foregoing list of reasons may be added still another. Georgia was christened for the father of the reigning sovereign, whose name was attached to her royal charter. She bore the Teutonic name of the House of Brunswick, and she felt constrained, in a sense, by her baptismal rites, to uphold the scepter of the Georges. These considerations served to keep her within the loyal lines. Even when twelve of the colonies were represented at Philadelphia, she met without flinching the reproachful gaze of her haughty sisters, and solitary and alone still floated the English colors.

But Georgia did not fail to protest. Within the limits of allegiance, she resisted the oppressive measures of Parliament. If there were staunch Tories in the province, there were also stout Whigs; and down in the parish of St. John there was a colony of Puritans—sturdy men of iron, whose ancestors had fought at Marston Moor, under the banners of Cromwell. None too fond of kings at best, the Boston Port Bill had aroused all the slumbering fires of an old feudal hatred. The sufferings of kinsmen in Massachusetts stirred them to unwonted activities. Provoked by Georgia's inertia, they resolved upon independent action; nor did they stop until they had sent a delegate to represent them singlehanded in the Continental Congress. That man, a Puritan of the Puritans, was Dr. Lyman Hall.

Born at Wallingford, Conn., April 12, 1724, Lyman Hall came upon the scene of action eight years in advance of

Washington, his future compatriot (1732). Benjamin Franklin was sixteen years his senior (1706). John Hancock was thirteen years his junior (1737). He was one year older than James Otis (1725) and two years younger than Samuel Adams (1722). Georgia was not upon the map; but the town of Wallingford, ancient among the historic centers of New England, was celebrating its semi-centennial; and when the bells of independence began to chime, on the 4th of July, 1776, it was then more than a century old. Renowned for its great manufacturing establishments, for its splendid system of public schools, and for its beautiful homes, embowered amid ancestral shades, Wallingford's crowning glory is the memory of him who in the firmament of liberty will shine with the fixed stars forever.

It is an interesting coincidence that in both hemispheres, the name of Wallingford is associated with liberty's cradle. Wallingford, Eng., from the environs of which must have come some of your pioneer settlers, is less than an hour's journey by rail from the brook of Runnymede, on whose banks King John affixed his signature to the Great Charter, which started humanity upon its march to freedom. There is an old tradition which tells us that a certain sword which figured in this eventful drama was forged at Wallingford; but we cannot vouch for its basis in fact. Wallingford, Conn., gave Lyman Hall to the Declaration of Independence, an instrument second only to the Great Charter, among liberty's sacred heir-looms. On this hallowed spot, in infancy, the great patriot was rocked. Upon these scenes his eyes first looked in life. Beside the banks of yonder stream and through the sylvan stretches of these forest solitudes, he often roamed in childhood's golden days. Here, on his copy-book at school, he first wrote the familiar name, which was afterwards to blaze on the scroll of liberty's immortals. To the famous oak, in which the charter of his native State was hidden, he doubtless made many a pious pilgrimage; and from these rambles may have sprung his undying hatred of oppression, his mortal antipathy to tyrants.

Dr. Hall came of devout Puritan stock. His emigrant

ancestor, John Hall—four generations removed—was a passenger on board the good ship "Griffin," which came from England early in the seventeenth century; and, after tarrying for a while in Boston, he removed to New Haven, but finally settled at Wallingford, where descendants of the old pioneer are still living. The immediate forebears of the Signer were John Hall and Mary Street, the latter a grand-daughter of Dr. Samuel Street, the first Congregational minister to settle in the borough.

Graduating from Yale College, in 1747, in a class of twenty-eight members, the future patriot began to prepare for the pulpit under an uncle, the Reverend Samuel Hall; but a preference for the healing art induced him to renounce theology for medicine, a profession in which he was destined to attain high distinction. There was, however, no relinquishment of religion. In ministering to the bodily ills of his fellow-men, he did not relax his zeal for the cure of souls; but rather, like the apostle Luke, he combined both callings in one; and, true to the teachings of his New England home, remained an humble follower of the gentle doctor of Genessaret.

Horace Greeley's famous maxim, "Young man, go West," was given at a time when the iron horse and the electric telegraph had begun to extend our empire toward the Rocky Mountains. But at the time of which we speak the sage advice of the New England seers was "Young man, go South." The beckoning Eldorado lay in a different direction. Accordingly, in 1751, with his fair young bride, whose maiden name was Mary Osborne, he turned his face southward. But let us precede him; and while our young physician, on a frail bark, is slowly making his way from New Haven to Charleston, let us await his arrival in the gentle colony of Oglethorpe, whose challenge he is soon to hurl at the feet of George the Third.

On the coast of Georgia, at a point midway between Savannah and Darien, in an angle which the old military road here makes with the road to Sunbury, there stands an ancient house of worship, two stories in height, built entirely of wood. It is in a splendid state of preservation;

and, though not the first structure to be erected on this site, it dates back to 1792. For nearly half a century, its organ-keys have been silent, its oracles voiceless, but there is not a fold in the most distant mountains to which its influence has not reached. Here centered in days gone by the famous Midway settlement, a community of Puritans, the impress of whose devout lives upon the history of our State two centuries have attested.

It will repay us to glance for a moment at its church rolls. Conspicuous among its early pastors was Dr. Abiel Holmes, the father of our great New England autocrat. Two signers of the Declaration of Independence worshipped in its pews, Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett. Two famous soldiers of the Revolution were among its communicants, Daniel Stewart and James Screven. In the little burial ground across the road, stands a handsome shaft which the Federal government has lately erected to commemorate these heroes, the former of whom was an ancestor of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. For a long period of years, the revered Dr. I. S. K. Axson ministered to the congregation. His grand-daughter, Ellen, became in after years the first wife of Woodrow Wilson, afterwards President of the United States.

But the rolls are full of shining names. Governors, United States Senators, members of Congress, judges, educators, scholars, financiers, diplomats, soldiers, sailors, foreign missionaries, and ministers of the gospel, have sprung from this stock in numbers equalled by no other community in the State, and perhaps by few in the world. Organized upon Congregational lines, it maintained to the last an independent status, though its offspring was predominantly Presbyterian; and out of eighty-six ministers of the gospel who have sprung from this settlement, fifty-one have been Presbyterians, nineteen Baptists, thirteen Methodists, and three Episcopalians. (Stacy's History of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia, p. 94). Not less than seven counties on the map of Georgia today commemorate the Midway settlement and its descendants. These are Liberty, Screven, Hall, Gwinnett, Baker, Stewart and Bacon.

This was the church to which Dr. Lyman Hall belonged. It welcomed the vilest sinner to its penitential altars, but closed the door of the kingdom of heaven upon Tories. It stood for independence, both in religion and in politics; and with the oncoming of the Revolution, it became a proverbial hot-bed of Whig sentiment in Georgia, a thorn in the side of Governor Wright, and a positive menace to the Crown of England.

Religion was central to all the activities of the Midway settlement; but the patriarchial institution flourished among them like a cedar of Lebanon. We are far enough removed from the asperities of our late Civil War to approach this subject in an academic spirit. It may surprise you to know, in view of Georgia's subsequent record as a slave-holding State, that ours was the only one of the original thirteen colonies from which slavery was debarred by law. The colony, having been founded to help indigent debtors, it was deemed a necessary precaution to remove all temptation and to make the emigrant rely upon his own exertions. From 1733 to 1749, therefore, not a drop of rum and not a shackle of servitude were permitted on Georgia's free soil.

Later, the demands of competition caused these statutes to be abrogated, together with one also which restricted the tenure of lands. Fresh tides of population at once began to pour into the province; and it was at this time that, drawn into the southward current of immigration, the famous colony of Midway was established. The ancestors of these Puritan settlers came from Dorchester, England. Embarking for America in 1630, they made a settlement at Dorchester, Mass., but five years later we find them at Windsor, Conn. In 1695, some of these, again branching out, planted a settlement on the Ashley River, in South Carolina. To the new home was again applied the ancestral name of Dorchester.

In the employment of slave-labor, South Carolina at this time led all the lower colonies. With the thrift, therefore, characteristic of New England's off-spring, these Puritan settlers acquired extensive holdings, in a region none too

favored. But ever and anon they looked toward the fertile stretches of land which lay beyond the Savannah River; and, when the barriers to immigration were removed the journey into Georgia began at once, most of the settlers coming in 1752. Here the colony prospered. White labor could not be profitably used in cultivating the rich alluvial bottoms, chiefly devoted at this time to the culture of rice and indigo, afterwards, to the production of sea-island cotton. Consequenly, slaves were employed, on an increasing scale of numbers, as fortunes grew and estates multiplied. The settlers at Midway became in time as a class the largest slave-holders in Georgia; and in this part of the State, at the close of the war, there was an overwhelming preponderance of blacks. The ratio was perhaps ten to one, attesting the prosperous conditions of life which here centered during the baronial days of the Old South. The religious welfare of the slaves was not neglected. On the Lord's Day, they worshipped with the whites, occupying seats reserved for them in the galleries, access to which was obtained by means of outside stair-ways. At the communion sacrament, both the whites and the blacks were served from the same vessels, the whites, of course, communing first. Dr. Charles C. Jones, Sr., an eminent divine, the father of Georgia's most distinguished historian, of the same name, consecrated his life to evangelistic work among the negroes in the Midway settlement.

Subsequent to the war, when the whites began to migrate to other parts of Georgia, devotional services in the old church ceased—its eventful career came to an end. Except on commemorative occasions its doors are seldom opened to the public; and today, like a grim sentinel, it stands amid the abandoned acres. But the past at least is secure; and, in the records kept by the historic muse, old Midway church is immortal.

It was probably between the years 1752 and 1754 that Dr. Hall settled in Georgia with the Puritan colony from Dorchester, S. C. The prevailing unhealthiness of the

region, especially during the mid-summer months, gave him an excellent opportunity for the exercise of his skill as a practitioner of medicine, and established for him both a wide acquaintance and a powerful influence among the Puritan settlers. Without scintillating brilliancy, he was a man of solid attainments, of vigorous moral and intellectual fibers, and of deep religious convictions. Like rugged old John Knox, of Scotland, he feared not the face of man, nor did he stand in awe of royal scepters. The writers of the period, while emphasizing these qualities—all characteristic of New England—at the same time bear testimony to his engaging manners, to his generous impulses of heart, and to his quick and tender sympathies. To this descriptive portrayal it may be added that, standing six feet in height, he was veritably a Saul among his contemporaries. From the start, therefore, his pronounced views on public issues made his a leader among the people whose oracle he became in things political, while serving them in ways professional.

At first Dr. Hall settled upon a small plantation some few miles north of the Midway Meeting House, but he later removed to Sunbury, a town whose streets have long since been obliterated by an ever-green mantle of Bermuda, but which in former times was no mean rival of its sea-port neighbor, the present beautiful metropolis of Savannah. It was at Sunbury that Governor Wright located the head of the Republican disaffection in Georgia, declaring that it came from the Puritan settlers, who had imbibed too freely the vicious principles of Oliver Cromwell.

Here Dr. Hall established himself in the center of a populous community of well-to-do planters. At the outbreak of the Revolution, he was the most influential man in the parish, one to whom the people instinctively looked for leadership amid the perplexities of an anxious hour. Button Gwinnett was also a resident of Sunbury, but having come from England only four years before, he was not so potent a factor in shaping opinion as Dr. Hall, who had been a resident of the district for two decades. To quote an eminent historian of our State (Charles C. Jones, Jr.):

"On the revolutionary altars erected within the Midway District were the fires of resistance to the dominion of England earliest kindled; and of all the patriots of that uncompromising community, Lyman Hall added stoutest fuel to the flames."

Time forbids elaborate details. I must, therefore, generalize. Georgia was not lukewarm in her opposition to the Stamp Act, neither was she laggard. The merchants of Savannah were a unit in protesting against unjust taxation. But until the Boston Port Bill was passed in 1774 there was little talk of actual separation from England. Matters reached a climax when the charter of Massachusetts was revoked. It then became evident, even in the remote colony of Georgia, that "blood was thicker than water." So far as the Midway settlement, at least, was concerned, the time for action was at hand. The Puritans in Georgia were one with the Puritans in New England. Supplies were sent to the Boston sufferers, while at home the cry was "Independence." On July 27, 1774, a Provincial Congress was held in Savannah; but only the lower parishes were represented. No radical steps, therefore, were taken; in fact, a vote was postponed even on a set of mild resolutions. At an adjourned session held on August 10, there were still a majority of the parishes unrepresented, due to Governor Wright's vigorous activities; and, though resolutions were passed, no drastic measures were adopted. On January 10, 1775, a radical faction elected delegates to the Continental Congress, but since the question of legality might be raised on minority credentials, these delegates did not repair to Philadelphia, but, in lieu thereof, dispatched a letter to John Hancock, president of the Congress informing him of the facts.

But there was one parish in Georgia which needed no further time for deliberation. It was the parish of St. John. Indignant because the most radical action was not taken by the Provincial Congress, Dr. Hall withdrew, followed by other representatives from the Midway district. On returning home, he persuaded his constituents to take independent action. Accordingly, a parish meeting was held;

and, on March 21, 1775, Dr. Hall himself was sent to Philadelphia. In due season, he took his seat in the Continental Congress as an accredited delegate from St. John's parish in the colony of Georgia. To me, there is nothing more dramatic in our annals than the heroic isolation of this great New Englander, who for months, with no colleague at his side, representing only a parish, sat there, in old Independence Hall, Georgia's sole delegate. He was not accorded the full voting power, since he represented only a fractional part of the province, but he lent the weight of his wise counsels to the deliberations of the Congress and was treated by his associates with great deference and respect. This leadership in the cause of independence taken by the parish of St. John is today memorialized in a county, which includes the famous Midway settlement, and which bears the sacred name of Liberty.

On came the battle of Lexington. Fought April 19, 1775, it sounded a cry of blood, to which Georgia returned an answering echo. Her conservatism was at last overcome. In the wake of this sanguinary engagement, a Provincial Congress was held in Savannah in which all the parishes were represented. It was Georgia's first secession convention. There was no longer any disposition to temporize. Down at last came the royal colors. The tie of allegiance was severed. Delegates were chosen to the Continental Congress; and Georgia was no longer a colony of England. According to Governor Wright, the Sons of Liberty, on this occasion, acted like drunken men. If so, they were intoxicated with the Pentecostal wine of the new freedom.

July 4, 1776, was a day never to be forgotten in the memory of man. It marked a turning point in human history. What its issues would be no prophet's eye could foreshadow. How soon a hangman's noose might be around each neck and an ignominious grave open its devouring jaws to receive them, not a man could tell. Nor did one of them hesitate, for the tenth part of a second, when the solemn moment arrived, to imperil all in the

sacred cause of freedom. It was a daring thing for a little handful of men, in the wilds of America, to defy the great throne of England. But the hour had struck. On that eventful day, Button Gwinnett and George Walton joined the great New Englander in signing for Georgia the Declaration of Independence. Sherman and Huntington and Williams and Wolcott were there to sign for Connecticut, but she was represented by a fifth delegate in Lyman Hall, a native of Wallingford. Thus was planted the seed-corn of our American republic. But the ultimate harvest of the Declaraton of Independence will not be realized until all the nations of the earth are one in a brotherhood of universal liberty.

Dr. Hall was not a military man. He took no active part, therefore, in field maneuvers. Serving in Congress until 1777, he then returned to Georgia, presumably to reengage in the practice of medicine. When the British troops over-ran the State, in 1779, both his residence at Sunbury and his plantation near Midway Church were destroyed, doubtless for vindictive reasons; and to protect his family he removed to the northern colonies, where he remained until 1782. He then settled in Savannah for the practice of his profession.

But the talents of Dr. Hall were needed by his fellow-citizens in the construction of a new commonwealth. Beyond most of his contemporaries, he was a man of vision; he could see far ahead. Accordingly, in 1783, Dr. Hall was elected Governor of Georgia. It was during his administration that an Act was passed confiscating the property of all who had sided with the British during the Revolutionary War. Important treaties were also negotiated with the Indians, incidental to which large tracts of land were acquired, in penal forfeiture for having supported the cause of England, and out of these tracts two great counties were formed, Washington and Franklin. But the crowning glory of his administration was the impetus which it gave to education, growing out of which came Franklin College—the first college in America to be supported by State aid.

Retiring from office at the close of his administration,

Dr. Hall reached again for his saddle-bags, but was again called to serve the public as judge of the Inferior Court of Chatham County, an office which he held until his removal to Burke County, in 1790, at which time he settled upon a fine plantation at Shell Bluff, on the Savannah River, preparatory to engaging in extensive operations as a planter. But his work was done. On October 19, 1790, at the age of sixty-seven years, Dr. Hall breathed his last. He was laid to rest in a brick vault, on a high bluff, overlooking the river. But, in 1848—more than half a century later—his remains were exhumed and taken to Augusta, there to rest beside those of George Walton, under a handsome monument erected by patriotc citizens to the Georgia Signers. It stands directly in front of the historic old court house. Efforts to find the remains of Button Gwinnett at this time proved unsuccessful; but the old patriot doubtless reposes in an unmarked grave in the Colonial Cemetery at Savannah.

Gwinnett was killed in a duel with General Lachlan McIntosh, at the outbreak of the Revolution. Dr. Hall was one of Gwinnett's executors and a warm personal friend. Incensed by the circumstances connected with his colleague's death, he brought the matter to the attention of the State Legislature and charged the officers of the law with neglect in failing to arrest McIntosh. The latter surrendered himself to the civil authorities and demanded a trial, the result of which was an acquittal. However, public sentiment was so aroused over the duel, that General McIntosh, at the suggestion of friends, applied to Washington for duty outside of the State, whither he removed until 1781, when he returned to aid in the recapture of Savannah from the British.

When the remains of Dr. Hall were taken from the old brick vault at Shell Bluff, the marble slab marking the vault was sent to the town authorities at Wallingford, Conn., to be preserved by the people of his birth-place in memory of an illustrious fellow-townsman, who slept in a grave far to the South. Dr. Hall left a widow and one son, both of whom died in a short time after his own demise. He is,

therefore, unrepresented at the present time by any direct lineal descendants.

In 1818, Georgia created three new counties, to bear the names of her immortal trio of signers: Lyman Hall, Button Gwinnett, and George Walton; and in numerous other ways she has borne grateful testimony to the fact that she has not forgotten them; but to Dr. Hall attaches a distinction which belongs only to the apostle Luke among the Christian evangelists. He will always be known in Georgia as "The Beloved Physician."

Citizens of Wallingford, to you all honor. In an age of sordid selfishness, you have not forgotten the prayer of Kipling:

> "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Nor have you failed to appreciate the fact that what constitutes our republic's real wealth is, in its last analysis, not money but men. For this reason you have met to honor Lyman Hall. More than a century ago, he fell asleep in a distant State, but his name is still musical upon your lips, his memory is still fragrant around your firesides. On Independence Day, in 1858, you erected to his memory, in your beautiful city of the dead, a cenotaph to which you attached a faded slab, the gift of Georgia. Today, you remember him again. But the sturdy old patriot deserves his memorial honors. There is no granite in all your mountains firm enough to bespeak his principles; no snow upon your cedared summits white enough to match his patriotism or to furnish him a winding sheet in the pantheon of the ages.

This monument will be a glory to your town, an inspiration to your children, beyond the towering piles of your palaces of trade; and, amid the tumult of the republic's Age of Gold, it will take you back to the finer things of the republic's Golden Age. Hither let childhood come with its rippling laughter, in the sunny glow of life's morning. Let

age here tarry, beneath its wintry locks, to muse at even-tide upon its yesterdays. Let youth here pause in its high career to gather promise for its bright tomorrows; and here let sweethearts catch from each other's eyes the rosy light of love's young dream.

Here toil will find a place of rest, patriotism a fount of inspiration, and weariness a balm of Gilead. The republic's safety in the years to come will here find its anchor and its guarantee. Stocks and bonds, deeds and mortgages, goods and chattels, lands and tenements are not America's best securities. These are but mere baubles, play-things of an hour—evanescent as a rain-bow's hue and brittle as a spider's web. Truth only is eternal. Character out-weighs coin. Principles out-last pyramids. Heroism and virtue will survive when Castor and Pollux are blotted from the constellations.

Sir, beside the sweet Savannah's winding waters, in the heart of a city famed for its chivalric people, sleeps all that is mortal of Dr. Lyman Hall. There, in a fond embrace, Georgia folds to her bosom the ashes of her adopted son; and there, in the tender arms of his foster-mother, beneath the arching blue of our Southern skies and amid the healing balm of our Southern roses, he will rest in peace until the sweet bugler of the dawn shall bid him rise again. Georgia loved him much. Throughout the ages she will hold him to her heart, and upon his glorious memory naught but her fondest smiles will ever linger.

Upon one of the great counties of our State his name has been conferred. In holy baptismal rites we have bestowed it upon our children at the altars of God. Woven into our history, emblazoned upon our map, written into our family bibles, and sounded in maternal music at our home firesides, it breathes to us an incense more precious than the spikenard of Mary and sweeter than the spice of the Orient.

Other favorites in the years to come will bask in the sunny smiles of Georgia. But Lyman Hall will not be forgotten. His sun will suffer no eclipse. His fame will wear no fading colors. Laureled in Georgia's love forever, his

memory is immortal. Each spring will renew its fragrance with the heather on her hills; each dawn prolong its echoes in the music of her valleys; and, mating itself in adamant with the eternal grandeur of her rocks, it will journey on, a pilgrim of the ages, till

> "Wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow
> And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

INTELLECTUAL PATRIOTISM.

[On the afternoon of the same day which witnessed the unveiling of the granite boulder to Dr. Lyman Hall, October 19, 1916, the address which follows was delivered at the corner-stone laying of the Lyman Hall High School, in the town of Wallingford.]

Fellow-Citizens of Connecticut, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The republic's future army of defense is today encamped in its public schools. Here, too, we find our coming captains of industry, our adolescent field marshals of finance, and our embryonic leaders of business. Knowledge is power. We no longer measure giants by cubic inches, nor compute what men are worth to the world in the paltry mathematics of mammon. The demand of the age is for trained intellects. Even the titanic engines of war are today propelled by brain; skill is at a premium, even in the brute empire of force; and, paradoxical as it may seem, a nation's deadliest thunder-bolts are hurled by its thinkers.

Our inheritance from the past and our mission to the future alike forbid that we should imperil the cause of liberty by neglecting its rightful and proper safe-guards. Too dearly have we purchased our freedom to leave it unprotected. We must continue, therefore, to look to our battle-ships; but the time is fast coming, in the cyclonic sweep of events, when we will no longer settle our quarrels in the arena of combat.

On the battlefields of Europe, the last struggle is taking place today between the effete despotism of the old world and the vigorous young democracy of the new thought. Militarism is staggering to its down-fall, drunk with the

wine of its own blood, and we can see its doom foreshadowed by the same finger of deity which wrote for Belshazzar upon the walls of Babylon. The rightful monarch, seated upon a throne of character, must wield a scepter of intellect and wear a crown of spiritual gems. The true majesty of man has been transferred to the realm of mind; and, even in republican America, we can respond to this sentiment with a lusty shout: "Long live the king."

Half of the world is today deluged in blood. The mightiest war of history rages beyond the Atlantic. The fateful hour of Armageddon seems to have arrived; and what its outcome will be, or when its carnage will cease, no prophet's eye can foresee. But peace broods today upon America. We are free to pursue our accustomed avocations with none to molest us or to make us afraid. Our vast territory is laved by the waters of two great oceans. Our western prairies feed the world. Our southern cotton-fields clothe its nakedness. Our eastern coal mines warm its fire-sides. But our wealth as a people is not to be found in our abundance; nor did our fathers lay in blood the foundation of this nation that we might minister alone to the material wants of mankind.

Ours, sirs, is a higher destiny—a holier obligation. We are at peace today because of the part which an all-wise God has fitted us to play in a great world-crisis. The last effort of divine providence in behalf of the human race is this government of ours dedicated to civic righteousness; and, if we fail to make good, the ark of liberty is once more afloat. But we will not fail, sir, if we are true to the principles bequeathed to us by our revolutionary sires, and true to these we will be, come what may. Not since time began has such a slaughter-house of human butchery been built for man's destruction, as the warring nations have built in Europe; but, after the conflict is over, humanity, surfeited with the sickening horrors of war, will turn to the beckoning angels of peace, and then will come America's opportunity—golden to the core, not only for

the expansion of her foreign trade, but to advance the cause of human liberty around the world.

"In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy,
Let us live to make them free—
While God is marching on."

Stirred by the memories which this day evokes, I recall a scene at the court of Paris. It was shortly after the surrender at Yorktown. One of the company present, a Frenchman, proposed this toast: "Here's to France, the moon whose resplendent beams diffuse light amid darkness." Next, the English ambassador proposed this toast: "Here's to England, the sun whose effulgent rays convert night into day." To both of which, with a ready wit, the American ambassador, Mr. Franklin, replied: "Here's to America, the young Joshua who commanded both the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him." What was then only a boast is today a fact. The Russian bear may growl and the British lion may roar and the German bull-dog may bark, but serenely above them all, in a cloudless ether, are poised the out-stretched wings of the American eagle.

Our primacy among the nations is explained by a combination of forces which have been at work on this continent for three full-rounded centuries. The first of these is religious liberty—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of an individual conscience. We have wisely separated between church and State; but since the wilderness days of our humble beginnings we have been essentially a Sabbath-keeping and a God-fearing people and we have rooted our greatness as a nation in the divine thunders of Sinai. The war of the Revolution was fought to establish the inherent right of a people to govern themselves. Taxation without representation was obnoxious to English subjects inheriting the traditions of Runnymede and trained in the school of the Great Charter. The second of these forces, therefore, is political liberty, a natural outgrowth of

liberty of conscience; and to these must be added still a third, which we will call freedom of intellect, a force represented in this magnificent high school building, the corner-stone of which we are here to lay—a force typified in what has ever been the glory of New England, her unique, unparalleled, and unapproached system of free public schools. Sovereignty in a republic is vested in the people; and if government in a republic be wisely administered the sovereign power must be educated. I could wish for my country, therefore, no greater blessing than a repetition in every hamlet throughout our land of what New England has done for the intellectual training of her youth.

Sir, it is quite the fashion in certain quarters to belittle the narrow-minded theology of the Calvinists. But when the last word has been spoken it still remains an established fact that the little republic of Geneva, at the foot of the Alps, was the foster-mother of all the modern democracies. Even our own proud bird of the mountains was sired by eagles that nested upon the crags of Switzerland. Calvinism prescribed a rigorous code, but it carved colossal characters—it moulded men. It rocked the cradle of infant liberty. It colored the current of our nation's history, beginning at its fountain-sources. It entered into the warp and woof of our government. It bore fruit in the Declaration of Independence. Its features were reflected in the frame-work of the Federal Constitution.

Nor do I fail to detect in the impress of Calvinism upon America the all-pervading influence of the New England fathers. The stern faith of the Puritan may not have conduced to a merry heart, like the gentle creed of the Cavalier, but it inculcated the principles which have made America great. In laying the foundations of his commonwealth, he looked to a city whose builder and maker was God. The Puritan may have been an austere type. He may have considered it a violation of the fourth commandment to kiss his wife on the Sabbath Day, but he stood for a robust Christianity; and his faith in an all-wise providence

brought peace to his pillow when he lay down to sleep beneath the stars—surrounded his cabin-home on the frontier with the viewless chariots of Jehovah—sent him forth unafraid into the perils of the wilderness—made him just in all his dealings with his fellow-men; and, binding him in prayer to a throne of omnipotence, gave him a giant's strength for all his battles.

Doubly equipped was the Puritan for his great work of giving an empire to freedom, since he not only received his discipline of faith in the school of Calvin, but his training as a soldier in the army of Cromwell. He belonged to a militant church. He knelt to a Lord of Hosts. I can see him now, trudging through the bleak snows of New England to the rude little house of worship, his bible under his left arm, his musket over his right shoulder, lifting upon the frosty air his paean to King Immanuel, but ready at any moment to meet the dusky minions of King Philip. In an argument with Indians, he found the logic of carnal weapons more convincing than the sword of the spirit; and, while he trusted in providence, "he kept his powder dry." Taught to defend the principles which he loved, he was a hero of faith, in our country's heroic age. Rocked in liberty's cradle, he despised a fetter, whether it enslaved a body or a soul, whether it bound an ankle or an intellect; and, breathing his spirit into our nation's history, he sounded the war-cry of freedom, until slavery on this continent was doomed, and Yorktown woke an echo in distant Appomattox.

New England's part in the making of America is not to be measured by her geographical area. It takes only a pinch of yeast to leaven a pound of bread. Skeptics may scoff at the statement, but our greatness as a people is not unrelated to the fact that when the Puritan landed upon our shores he began his career in America upon his knees. One does not need to be a prophet, sir, to behold the hand of God in history or to see the workings of divine providence in human events. It was not a mere idle chance, a blind caprice of fate, which thrust the Mayflower out into

the lightnings of the wild Atlantic. The same God who sent Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees into Canaan, there to find a soil for His chosen seed, likewise sent the Pilgrim to Plymouth Rock, on a mighty mission for the human race. He brought with him to America the seed of humanity's millennial harvest and he looked for wisdom to the guiding hand of the great Jehovah. Scarcely had he risen from his rude altar at Plymouth Rock when he began to plant in the wilderness three germinal shoots of liberty: the church, the town-hall, the public school. Shakespeare seems to have grasped this three-fold idea of the Puritan when, in Henry VIII, he makes Wolsey say to Cromwell (his servant):

> "Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
> Thy God's and truth's."

These, sir, embody the dynamic forces which have been at work in all the subsequent history of our people: freedom of conscience (God), freedom political (country), freedom intellectual (truth). I do not say that the Puritan alone typified these forces to the exclusion of the Cavalier; but he did stand for them courageously, consistently, uncompromisingly; and today his spirit, reaching down to the very roots of your life and permeating all your air, still calls to New England from every flower upon her breast:

> "Land where our fathers died
> Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
> From every mountain-side
> Let freedom ring."

Having laid the foundations of our government in the fear of God, and having achieved our independence of England with the sword of Gideon, it was the next problem of our fathers, while keeping church and State separate, to diffuse the gospel of knowledge among our people and to educate the sovereigns who were to govern America. But long before this, New England had been fostering schools. Five years after the settlement of Boston, the foundations of Harvard University were laid. "To the end that learning might not be buried in the graves of the fathers," one

of the earliest statutes of the General Court of Massachusetts provided that every township of fifty households should "appoint one to teach," and that when a community increased to a hundred families it should set up a grammar school. Thus, amid the rude conditions of life which then existed in New England, there was generated a culture which, according to Emerson, "made the elegance of wealth look stupid, which united itself by a natural affinity to the highest minds of the world, which nourished itself on Plato and Dante, Michael Angelo and Milton, and which gave hospitality in this country to the spirit of Coleridge and Wordsworth and to the music of Beethoven, before the genius of these masters had received a hearty welcome in Great Britain." The growth of our country in the coming years, the development of its latent possibilities, the conservation of its vast material resources, in a word, its continued supremacy among the powers of the globe, depends upon the extent to which we propagate learning and our standard of efficiency in educating the tender minds of the young.

Education is the universal solvent. It matters not by what name we call the malady from which we may be suffering as a body politic, it springs from some form of ignorance, the remedy for which is the mind's enlightenment. It matters not in what sphere of society we move, by what means we seek to earn a livelihood, to what profession, trade or employment we attach ourselves, or from what incentive to exertion our labors spring, we can best attain the goal for which we strive by training our brains to think.

Sir, we are beset with many difficult problems in the section from which I come. If you of the North wish to help us in solving these problems you can best do so with your tolerant and patient sympathy, remembering that in our section, as in yours, the great bulk of our people are patriotic, intelligent and honest, anxious only and eager always to do what is right. The negro has long been an

object of your solicitude. I do not ask you to make your benefactions to him any less; but along with the black man let me commend to you the child of the mountaineer in our Southern Appalachians.

Here, remote from the great centers of population, abides our primitive American stock. These children of the hills are Caucasian to the core—inheritors of an unmixed strain of blood, bequeathed to them from sires who marched and slept and fought with yours, in an ever-glorious struggle for independence. In the faces of these boys and girls are stamped the lineaments of gentle birth—the hall-marks of noble ancestral seats; and they are called by names which are found on the parish registers of the British Isles. Theirs is the old revolutionary blood of Cowpens, of King's Mountain and of Yorktown. Yet isolated from the currents of life in our growing towns, deprived of opportunities which are free to the meanest foreigner's child, adversity has forced them to tread the humble paths of the mountain violets; and, with out-stretched arms, they are pleading only for a chance to make good. Our public schools cannot reach them; private philanthropy alone must bear this burden.

Poor in worldly goods, few of the mountaineers of Georgia ever owned a slave; thousands of them, during our Civil War, were loyal to the Union.

It is not an appeal to charity, therefore, but to patriotism. Men of vision amongst us are preaching conservation —conservation of water-powers, of woods and of minerals. Let me plead for the seedlets of an Anglo-Saxon civilization. Today, when the scum of Europe, like an Egyptian plague, is over-running our shores, we must safe-guard our native elements of strength; and to reclaim these helpless little ones from the clutches of ignorance will mean more for the flag, in an hour of danger, than a hundred battle-ships of iron, thundering upon the seas.

The New England school teacher in the South has told us something of Connecticut. Let me today return his visit

and tell you something of the great empire State of Dixie. We are not Confederates down there—we are not even Democrats to hurt; but we are simon-pure, eighteen-karat, re-constructed, full-statured, whole-hearted, genuine Americans. Over our school houses today waves the same flag which floats over yours, and in our hearts the same love of country abides.

Georgia, with an area of 59,000 square miles, is the largest State east of the Mississippi River. It was the youngest of the colonies, but the first to establish an asylum for orphans (Whitefield's Orphan House at Bethesda). It was not a colony of jail-birds, but a colony of choice spirits, sifted from the debtor-prisons of London. The British government itself had taken stock in a colossal enterprise known as the South Sea Company, and when this great bubble burst, entailing financial panic throughout Great Britain, the debtor prisons began to swell. Individuals could not be censured for following an example set them by the government of England; but the cry of the remorseless creditor was "a settlement or to prison." It was from an impulse of benevolence, of right, and of justice, therefore, that the colony of Georgia was established. Its founder was the great Oglethorpe, not only the foremost humanitarian but the first soldier of his age in Europe. Relinquishing a life of ease and a seat in Parliament, to endure for a decade the hardships of a wilderness—extolled in verse by Alexander Pope, eulogized by Edmund Burke, beloved by Samuel Johnson, and painted by Joshua Reynolds, he was the most illustrious Englishman to cross the sea during the whole period of American colonization.

Strange as it may sound to New England's ears, Georgia was the only one of the original thirteen colonies from which slavery was excluded by statute, and from which rum was likewise debarred—precautions deemed most salutary in giving debtors a new start, but abrogated at length to put Georgia on an equal footing with the other colonies.

At Bloody Marsh, on St. Simon's Island, was fought a battle in 1742, the effect of which, according to Thomas

Carlyle, was felt upon all civilization. Says he, "Half of the world was hidden in embryo under this battle;" and he further adds: "The Yankee nation itself was involved, the greatest phenomenon of the ages." It was the work of a mere handful of men under Oglethorpe, but it checked the tide of Latin invasion, annihilated a powerful fleet of Spain, and confirmed America to the Anglo-Saxon.

At Savannah, the Wesleys rocked the cradle of infant Methodism; and, fifty years in advance of Robert Raikes, organized the world's first Sunday-school.

Our seat of learning at Athens is the oldest State university in America. We claim for Wesleyan Female College at Macon that it was the first institution in the world to confer a college degree upon a woman; and despite the rival claims of Jackson, of Wells, and of Morton, we credit to Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, the discovery of anesthesia (1842).

The first vessel propelled by steam to cross the Atlantic Ocean sailed from the port of Savannah in 1819; but, at least a generation earlier, crude experiments in steam navigation were made on the Savannah River in 1788, in which year the first patent ever issued for a steam-boat was issued to Longstreet and Briggs by the State of Georgia, one year before her ratification of the Federal Constitution.

Our cotton crop this year—worth sixteen cents a pound—will bring us one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. In the production of peaches Georgia leads all the States of the Union. Our marbles and granites rival in the world's market the far-famed output of your own New England hills. Is it not superfluous to me, even in Wallingford, to praise the Georgia watermelon? Our climate, neither chilled by the winter's cold nor parched by the summer's heat, is an idyllic poem of twelve stanzas—one for each month—all set to the music of song-birds and tuned to aeolian harps. But I forbear, lest I depopulate Connecticut. Is it any wonder, sir, that when I leave home I find myself humming an old tune?—

"The red old hills of Georgia,
My heart is on them now;

Where fed from golden streamlets,
Oconee's waters flow.

I love them for the living,
The generous kind and gay,
And for the dead who slumber
Within their breasts of clay;
I love them for the bounty
Which cheers the social hearth,
I love them for their rosy girls,
The fairest on the earth.

And when my course is ended,
No more to toil or rove;
O, may I then beneath those hills
Lie close to them I love."

Most appropriate is it, Mr. Chairman, that an institution of learning in the town of Wallingford should bear the name of Lyman Hall. This was the birth-place of the great patriot. It was here that his eyes were first opened to the light. It is here that his kinsmen still abide; here that his ancestors lie buried; here, too, that cherished friends, the play-mates of his childhood and the companions of his youth, are sleeping in the dust. It was here, in a modest New England home that the fires of liberty were first kindled in his heart; and here, at his desk in the village school, that he learned to write the name which, in after years, was to blaze on the immortal scroll of his country's freedom. He typified all the primal virtues of New England, but in a pre-eminent degree he was the friend, the champion, the exemplar of an educated intellect.

The University of my native State owes its inception to Lyman Hall. It was Wallingford's peerless son who recommended its establishment, when governor of the State, in 1783. He did not live to see its doors opened; but he was ever its warm advocate. It is not unmeet, therefore, that an alumnus of the University of Georgia and a kinsman of the revered Walton, his compatriot and his friend, should be your spokesman on this occasion; and in honoring your glorious son he performs a grateful duty for his alma mater.

This temple of learning, Mr. Chairman, not only attests the reverence in which you hold a great name but the emphasis which you place upon the education of American youth. It is not often that a town the size of Wallingford is willing to spend in erecting a high school the sum of money which this magnificent building when completed will represent. All honor to you, therefore, for the splendid example which you have this day set for the towns of America to emulate.

Long may this building stand—long may it breast the lightning's bolt and watch the ages ebb and flow. If it be animated by Lyman Hall's spirit, it will ever be a nursery of what is finest in American life; it will ever point the youth of New England to the shining ways of honor; it will ever give us men responsive to freedom's bugle-call; nor will America ever lack for volunteers when Hannibal is at the gates.

What, sir, are the lessons of Lyman Hall's life, to be remembered by the youth of Wallingford, to be pondered by his countrymen of both sections for all time to come? First, his courage. Without fear of consequences, he dared single-handed to represent a lone parish in the Continental Congress, and later to sign the great Charter of Freedom. But, while he feared not man, he feared God; and, while he loved not the mammon of unrighteousness, he loved the courts of liberty, and is today numbered among liberty's immortals. He cherished no bitterness; for like Ben Adham, whose name led all the rest, he loved his fellow-man. Rising up from the ground about us, there comes to us today a voice, clothed in the gentle accents of the seer of Patmos, and it says to us: "My countrymen, North and South, love one another—even as in the old days, be ye one."

Away with sectional estrangement. Down with the usurping Richard. Let us dethrone the old Plantagenet. Here, on this spot, where the cradle of Lyman Hall was rocked, let us rededicate ourselves to patriotism; let us

hand in hand march down the future, our glories interlocked, like the roses of England. Forgetting the issues which divide us in this presidential year, let us here and now, in a patriotic love-feast, proclaim the essential unity of the American people; let us clasp hands across the bloody chasm; let us bury in the grave of oblivion every darling trophy which perpetuates estrangement; let us blast with the fires of Etna every prejudice which brethren cannot harbor; and let us water with the dews of Zion every sentiment of patriotism which will make us love each other more and more, and our country best of all.

I come, sir, in the spirit of the great Lamar who, at Sumner's bier, exclaimed: "My countrymen, let us know one another and we will love one another." I come in the spirit of the immortal Grady who, at Plymouth Rock, entreated: "This hour little needs the loyalty which is loyal to one section, yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement." I come in the spirit of the martyred Lincoln, whose words of prophecy still ring like bells, hammered out of the pure ore of his own golden heart: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over our land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Invoking the spirit of seventy-six, let the watch-word of our national life be the motto of D'Artagnan: "All for one and one for all." Like the sisters of Bethany whom the Master loved, let Georgia and Connecticut, in all the years to come, reflect the kindred features of one common family, vying with each other only in love's sweet ministries.

Descendants of the Puritan, sons and daughters of New England, today I bring you Georgia's love—sweet with the autumn's breath among her hills and mellow with the old-time fragrance of the long ago. May I not take her yours in return? Then let our parting word be "Mizpeh."

In the heart of my native town stands a monument erected by a nation's gratitude to one of Georgia's gifted sons. Around its base, like ocean billows, the surging

waves of commerce break, while silently, upon its head, the silken sun-beams of old Dixie fall. Fronting the east, it reflects from its massive bronze the light of a better day which is dawning all over our land, to tell of the golden fruition of his work, the happy fulfilment of his dream. Deep-cut into its pedestal of granite is inscribed this sentiment—"and when he died he was literally loving a nation into peace." On his return to us, from his mission to you, twenty-seven years ago, he fell asleep. Standing in the shadow of Grady's monument, let us hear again the sweet bugle notes of his message to New England. Then, betaking ourselves to Plymouth Rock, let us there, at the landing-place of the Pilgrim, erase Mason and Dixon's line from the map; let us put North and South behind us in every sense which means discord and division; let us regulate Cavalier and Puritan to the departed shades of history; and, remembering only our common birth-right in an ever-glorious Revolution, let this be our choral anthem:

"A Union of lakes and a Union of lands
A Union of States none can sever;
A Union of hearts and a Union of hands
And the flag of our Union forever."

SCOTLAND.

[Extract from an address delivered at the dedication of the Burns Cottage, under the auspices of the Burns Club, Atlanta, Ga., January 25, 1911.]

Mr. Toastmaster: It was the boast of the gladiator that his ancestors came from old Sparta. On this nipping winter's night, when the clansmen of the north have rallied to the blast of Roderick's horn, you may wager the last sixpence in your pouch that I have not hastened hither without my pedigree. Like the average American, I am a miracle of strains. Some of my forebears were Huguenots who fought at Ivry and fell at St. Bartholomew. Some were Cavaliers, who followed Charles, and it may be some were Dutchmen, who toasted William in the stout old gin of Holland. But I would be a renegade and a traitor to my

fireside—I would deserve a halter in the Talbooth—I would merit a portion with the devil—if I did not glory in the fact that some of my progenitors wore kilts and bonnets, wielded the claymore, committed the catechism, danced to the music of the bagpipe and followed even unto death the old blue banner of the kirk.

Tonight I am all Scotch—ready for a highland foray with Rob Roy or for a highland fling with Annie Laurie. My name is Macgregor. I am on my native heath and among my brethren of the clan.

You may prate of your storied Danubes and of your castled Rhines, but I vote for Bonnie Doon. Old Tom Moore may keep his vale of Avoca, Byron may have his garden of Gul, and Shakespeare may burn his forest of Arden. Here is one whose "heart's in the highlands!" And, for the real balm of Gilead, for the power to soothe the fevered brow when the physician's touch has failed, give me—

> "Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
> Where early falls the dew."

It is something of a paradox, Mr. Toastmaster, that three of the smallest countries of the globe have exercised the most potential influence upon human affairs.

The first has given us religion. We cannot worship God without confessing in the very act itself our indebtedness to Palestine.

The second has given us philosophy. We cannot think without reasoning in the molds of Greece.

And when we come to note the third we are seized with an embarrassment of riches. It has given us romance in the wizard pen of Walter Scott. It has given us heroism in the martial swords of Bruce and Wallace. It has given us beauty in the ill-starred but still sceptered charms of Mary Stuart. It has given us civil and religious liberty in the blood of the martyrs of the covenant. And, last but not least, it has given us in the peasant's harp of Robert Burns a ministry of music which has been so omnipresent and so universal, which has met us on such terms of comradeship and which, in words that breathe and in thoughts that burn,

has so woven the witchery of the highlands into our variant emotions that we cannot laugh or weep, we cannot sigh or sing, nor feel in any way the power of sentiment, without owning the magic spell of Scotland.

Why sir, when I think of what this little Hercules with the Gaelic burr has done for the uplift of humanity—when I muse upon the leavening power of this little lump of intellectual and moral oat meal—when I think of what civilization owes to this little top-knot of the British Isles—I marvel at the Creator's power of compression.

At the same time, when I mark the thrifty Scot, I say to myself, Why go to mythology to find an Atlas who can bear the world upon his back?

It has been said of Scotland that, lacking the means of lateral expansion, she has lifted herself into the realm of ideas. Nor is it the language of obsequious compliment. There is something in her rugged molds which lends itself to the making of men. Out of her barren soil she has carved theologians and scholars, poets and authors, heroes and statesmen, and, stand where you will, sir, in any parliament of the English-speaking world, where leaders of thought are locked in the grapple of debate, and you cannot fail to detect, whether in accent or in idiom, some lingering echo of the highlands.

The greatest of the hymn writers was a Scotchman—Isaac Watts; and, notwithstanding the austerities of her Calvinistic faith, Scotland has given to our generation its favorite novelists—Maclaren and Barrie and Stevenson and Crockett—to say nothing of her gift to all time in "the wizard of the north." The foremost of agnostic thinkers and historians was a Scotchman—David Hume. So also was the father of modern political economy—Adam Smith. The task of molding the most colossal figure of the nineteenth century, in the sphere of British politics, was entrusted to Scotland, and the result was William E. Gladstone.

Who patented the stationary engine and heralded the dawn of modern manufacture? A Scotchman, James Watt.

Who blazed the way into the heart of the dark continent

and gave to civilization the last great empire of the savage? A Scotchman—David Livingstone.

Who accumulated the largest fortune ever built upon coal and iron and then proceeded to convert it into free libraries for two hemispheres? A Scotchman—Andrew Carnegie.

What philosopher and thinker of the nineteenth century embodied the most creative and original mind, in the realm of letters? A Scotchman—Thomas Carlyle.

Every school boy in America, sir, knows that it was Scotland who gave to history its glorious Bannockburn.

And Scotchmen it was sir, who, in the Westminster Assembly, in London, formulated the standards of the Presbyterian faith—who, fourteen months in advance of Jefferson's belated protest, drafted and signed the Mecklenburg declaration of independence—who, single-handed and alone, in the mountains of western North Carolina, defied the roar of the British lion—who, through the dominating personality of John Witherspoon, not only cast the deciding vote for independence in the continental congress, but gave the form of representative government to the government of the United States—and who, from the time of the Culdees, taught and exemplified the doctrine of the kirk that all just power is derived from the consent of the governed!

ROBERT BURNS.

[Extract from an address delivered at the dedication of the Burns Cottage, under the auspices of the Burns Club, Atlanta, Ga., January 25, 1911.]

But, sir, these things do not touch our hearts. It is not for achievements like these that we surrender our affections. Nor is it for the rugged race of men who, like the sycamores, will break ere they will bend, that we cherish Scotland. No, no! If she quickens the pulse beat in our veins—if she brings the tear drop to our lashes—if she kindles the nightly music of our dreams—go, ask the reason of the humble bard who has wrapped her in his rhymes—whose plowshare upturned the mountain daisy—

whose contempt for mere pride of place moved him to protest—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
A man's a man for a' that"—

who believed in nature's patent of nobility, which makes the humblest of God's commoners a prince among his peers —who lifted the cottage—who glorified the commonplace—who gave to love its tenderest lyrics, to comradeship its merriest tunes, to old acquaintance its best loved of airs—whose very faults have bound him to us in the fellowship of our infirmities, and whose songs of honest toil have carried old Scotland's dialect around the globe until every fireside clime is steeped in the heather of her hills and a' the world's—

"a field around
The castle of Montgomery."

More than a hundred years have registered themselves upon the calendar since this meekest of the minstrels fell asleep at Dumfries. The boundaries of empire have everywhere been changed. Electricity has superseded steam. Another civilization has appeared, whose censors are challenging the rights of sentiment. But the songs of Robert Burns live on! The busy world, which is all too eager

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile"

still pauses

"To tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

Tears still bedew the grave of Highland Mary. And while the remorseless years have laid the laurels of many a conqueror in the dust and made the star of many a statesman wane, they have stolen no echo from the hoofs of Tam O'Shanter's mare!

Time is a harsh exciseman, but he takes no toll of the immortals. The plowman's simple verses have been spared. Dashed with the morning's dew and sweet with the meadow's breath are the flowers of his genius. Nay, more. The tunes which a peasant piped for village ears have become the favorite lays to which a planet listens.

The secret of the poet's marvelous power lies in this:

He found his inspiration at his own ingleside. He did not wander, like Ulysses, into foreign parts. His wares were not imported. He caught the aroma of the soil around him; and, in simplest terms, he interpreted the life with which he was familiar. He sang of simple men and women. He extolled the primal virtues. He deplored the ancient vices. He tore the mask from sham. He gave the palm to truth. His theme of themes was love. He universalized his genius by phrasing the experiences which were common to all alike; and thus timing his music to the heart-beats of human brotherhood, he acquired the wondrous touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

It was not in a palace, sir, but in a manger that the Magi found the Prince of Israel's prophets; and in this hovel-born but heaven-tutored skylark of the fields of Scotland we find an example of the democracy of genius. It was not to the empurpled scion of the house of Brunswick that this child of the purple bent his knee—it was to the sovereign rights of man. In both the French and the American revolutions his sympathies were upon the side of freedom; and when, at some public dinner, a toast was proposed to William Pitt, he substituted the name of the Virginia rebel—George Washington!

Faults he possessed. But let us beware how we don the robes of the Pharisee to sit in judgment on the Publican. Strung, like an Eolian harp, to every wind, he often faltered in human weakness; but no arrant infidel was he —no scoffer at religion. He moralized upon the errors into which he fell; and to Voltaire's philosophy of skepticism he replied:

"An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended."

Over his failings let us throw the veil of his own sweet charity—

"Though we may gang a kenning wrang
To step aside is human.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Humanity's poet died in want. At the age of 37 his career was run. It was found that, like poor old Oliver Goldsmith, he owed the world an insignificant debt. But who can gauge what the world owes him? To quote the words of Bryant: "If we could follow the shadows of this night around the globe, we would find the whole circle braided with the heather blooms of Scotland; and if we could stand in the far southern hemisphere, under constellations strange to our eyes, we would even there catch the familiar airs of Burns."

Because he sang in plowman phrase of simple things, Ayrshire more than Avon has become the shrine of pilgrims.

Wherever love is tenant at the hearthstone, whether in hovel or in hall—wherever friendship seeks a comrade—wherever sorrow needs a comforter—wherever lovers beneath the clambering vines keep tryst—there sits enthroned the cotter-king. He charms alike the prince and the plebeian. He comes with an air of old acquaintance to Dives at his banquet board and to Lazarus in his rags. He grips both saint and sinner. He smoothes the white locks of old age. He holds the heart-strings of little children. To one and all he is gentle Bobbie Burns. Like another Orpheus, he charms the very rocks themselves. Birds and brooks suggest him. Every wild rose upon highland slopes, every violet in lowland solitudes, every heather-bloom is his memento. Yet not alone in minor keys are his praises chanted. Nature's cathedral voices sound his name. The rivers sing it to the sea. The south winds breathe it to the hills. Old ocean peals it to the stars!

Immortal Burns! Your crowning day has come! What if the windows rattled and the snowflakes beat about your couch of pain! What if your creditors refused to let you die in peace, up there in your garret! What if the gaunt fingers of famine unlocked for you the gates of life! You can smile upon these things tonight, for love has laureled you at last. Through meekness you have inherited the earth. Your "Afton Water" sweetens every clime. Your "Bonnie Doon" threads every landscape. The warring tongues of Babel have been fused by your harp's melodious

spell into a plowman's tender melodies. And, if the bard who sang of love be not an outcast from love's paradise, then, beyond the sycamores and the cedars, you have waked to an endless life of song in an evergreen arcadia, where the strain of the minstrel never dies. Aye, Bobbie,

"In the land o' the leal,"

where hearts are no more torn asunder, where the frost falls neither soon nor late, and where the braes are always bonnie, you have found once more the darling of your dreams; again, beneath the hawthorn's shade—

"The golden hours on angel wings
Brood o'er you and your dearie;"

and, for aye, and for aye—no wrinkle on your brow and no thorn in your breast—you have tuned your golden harp again

"To Mary in Heaven."

IRELAND.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Hibernian Society of Savannah, March 17, 1901.]

On this sacred anniversary, it is the custom of the sons of Erin to honor the memory of St. Patrick by recounting the traditions of the land whose early conversion was his labor's recompense and whose ancient religion is his noblest monument. Irishmen never forget this day. If destiny compels them to dwell in other lands, they gather about the banquet table or underneath the sanctuary's vaulted roof and waking the harp of old Tom Moore they waft themselves in spirit back to an isle of green, until they catch once more its smiles of welcome and tread its dear old fields again.

Distance cannot weaken nor oceans break the tie that binds them to the mother-land; and, wherever they may wander, they are Irishmen, loyal still to Ireland.

Nor can this sentiment excite distrust; for patriotism, in its last analysis, is the love of home and fireside and kindred.

Tonight the shamrock blooms in every land. Humanity itself puts on the green and smiles in sympathy with Erin, whose spirit belts the earth like the all embracing air and whose memories fill the field of vision, like the night's unnumbered legions. From every quarter of the globe her scattered children send her greetings; and here, on the banks of the Savannah, we draw her verdant scenes about us and think upon that far-off time:

"When her kings with standards of green unfurled
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger
Ere the Emerald Gem of the Western World
Was set in the crown of the stranger

I glory in the lineage—distant though it be—which takes me back to Erin and permits me in this circle of her children to exclaim: "We are brethren." But I do not need to be an Irishman to sympathize with Ireland. Born under the eagles of Columbia I cannot withhold from her my sympathies without forgetting Bunker Hill and Lexington and Concord. Remembering these, I bid her God-speed in her struggle to be free.

Touched by the story of her wrongs, my deepest tears have been hers, and I long for the day to come when freedom will reclaim her soil from the oppressor's heel and bring to pass her desire and her dream. With the clinging tenderness of an ivy-vine, my affections have entwined themselves around her Emmet. Foremost among the world's great statesmen rank her Burke and her Fox, her O'Connell and her Sheridan. Unrivalled among jurists towers her Erskine. Peerless among poets sing her Goldsmith and her Moore. Americans all and everywhere must love her, if only for the sake of Patrick Henry, our forest-born Demosthenes. But let me not forget to name another, whose memory associated with a Lost Cause—aye, embalmed forever with a Conquered Banner—still breathes, in Freedom's sweetest syllables, the name of Father Ryan.

Never in the epics of nations has greater fortitude been witnessed than heroic Ireland's. Her sufferings have made her history one long Gethsemane. But, never has she deserted her altars; never has she lost faith in her God.

What defence can England offer? Schooled in the religion of the Nazarene, how can she reconcile her treatment of unhappy Ireland, with the teaching of the Master, embodied in His great Sermon on the Mount? Matchless in many of her magnanimities, she must stoop to deeper penance yet, ere she can erase the stigma which the record of her wrongs to Ireland has put upon her scepter.

But something tells me—on this threshold of a new century—that the hour of her deliverance is at hand. Methinks already the spirits of her martyred children are gathering in the air to celebrate the jubilee of her emancipation. England cannot longer deny justice to Ireland. Lengthening her cords of empire, she must strengthen her stakes. Fate is at last fighting under Erin's flag.

On the tides which ebb from Tybee's shimmering light to break upon old Erin's distant shores, we send her greetings. Sweet be her dreams tonight, colored—not from her sombre yesterdays but from her roseate tomorrows. Ere many birthdays of St. Patrick shall have melted into memories may her dreams come true. God of Justice! Smile upon old Erin's cause! Speed the day when the breath of Liberty, revocalizing the harp on Tara's wall and swelling the folds of the flag of green, shall announce to the world that Erin's wrongs have been righted and that Emmet's epitaph can be written!

"ERIN GO BRAGH."

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Hibernian Society of Savannah, at the Hotel Screven, March 17, 1893.]

Hibernians, I congratulate you on this anniversary—this auspicious reunion of your brotherhood. For nearly a hundred years, you have met beside these waters to celebrate the deeds of Irishmen and to contemplate those rich associations which invest the Shamrock of your native land. You have every reason to be proud of your society—prouder still of those traditions which you hold as Irishmen and which, though living in a distant country, still bind you to the soft blue skies of Erin.

Would tonight, as I look in your faces, that more of my lineage were linked with yours among these Emerald scenes. For, while your blood was coursing through the hills of Ireland, a part of mine was nourishing your enemies across the Channel. The other, I am proud to say, was blushing for such tyranny among the vines of sunny France.

However, I am not disqualified to speak of Ireland. My spirit has often lingered in her sky; my tears have fallen with her heroes; my fancy wandered with her poets; my sweetest friends have been among her children; my sweetest hopes have been in dreaming of her liberty. I drink to the Ireland of old Tom Moore. I reverence the Ireland of Robert Emmet, but I love the Ireland of Irishmen.

Erin Go Bragh.

When oppression drove you into exile I rejoice that, across the deep, it was America that became the asylum of your sails. Here you have shown the world the spirit of emancipated Erin. Where is the skeptic who denies your chivalry—where the infidel who challenges your patriotism? I would point him to the great assemblies which have made the laws of Georgia—eloquent with Irish speech and luminous with Irish intellect. I would point him to the muster roll of Georgia journalists—to Grady and to Walsh. Having pondered the history of my country, I know full well the spirit and temper of your strain. We trace it amid the snows of Valley Forge, around the blazing fires of Trenton, and across the fields of Lexington and Concord. But ere the Revolution was baptized at Boston, there rang the cry "to arms," at Philadelphia, kindled by the eloquence of your immortal Patrick Henry. I stand upon the unimpeached and the unimpeachable record of truth when I assert that, from Maryland to Mexico and from Lexington to Appomattox, there is not a battle-field of this republic that has not been watered with the last effusions of your blood.

O, Ireland. Green island in a summer sea. Accept this tribute from a heart as loyal to thy land as the Shamrock to the soil it loves. Our flag is debtor to your sons, who,

driven to our shores, have taught these children of the west, the value of their own sweet liberty. In many a grave tonight, beside the mournful, solitary sea, along the winding waters, and in the silent meadows where the flowers are sleeping, repose the ashes of thy children, sleeping the sleep of valor's knighthood beneath the violets and the stars. O, Ireland. Would that I could wake for thee a song from the harp of thy imperial poets or call from its home beyond the cedars the voice of thy immortal Emmet that I might pay the homage of his eloquence to the matchless glory of thy sons.

Emmet. A million tears have wept thy going since Freedom folded thee to sleep in Ireland. A million lips have sung thy eulogy since from the streets of Dublin you soared to a martyr's crown beyond the starlight. What an ocean of pathos in the martyrdom of that young hero. Dying in the flower of his fame and all for liberty. The sweetest romance of the heart is the constancy of her who loved him to the last, who drew from the pen of Washington Irving the tribute of his "Broken Heart," and who, finding a grave on a sea-girt island, washed by the waves of the Mediterranean, inspired the muse of her lover's schoolmate to pen those immortal lines:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps
And lovers around her are sighing
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Each note which he loved awaking.
Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

For his sweetheart he lived, for his country he died
They were all that to life had entwined him
Nor soon will the tears of his country be dried
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow
They will shine o'er her breast, like a smile from the west
From her loved island of sorrow."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Hibernian Society of Savannah, March 17, 1901.]

We celebrate tonight an event in Erin's history, the significance of which has only deepened with the lapse of centuries. To Irish hearts throughout the world, this date upon the calendar shines like some unrivalled planet in the heavens. But an interest more than ordinary attaches to it, in this year of grace, since we begin tonight a new cycle, the completion of which, let us fondly hope, will witness the achievement of Irish independence.

Sixteen centuries have come and gone since Ireland received into her bosom the ashes of her great apostle, but, in her tribulations, she has not forgotten him. Nor has his memory grown dim in other lands. While the hand of time, with remorseless desecration, has not spared the shrine which holds his mortal ashes, it has only made his virtues shine with added brightness; and tonight his fame, blazing from the world's historic firmament, dispenses its radiance upon every clime, while it journeys forever with the stars.

When St. Patrick bore the Cross to Ireland, he found the Emerald isle a wilderness. But he labored to instruct the minds and to regenerate the hearts of her primitive inhabitants. With what success—is attested by the fact that, during the darkness of the middle ages, science, literature and art flourished in her universities. When the Goth and the Vandal, the Frank and the Hun, were overrunning Europe—when the fierce hordes of Attila were threatening to destroy every vestige of Roman civilization—it was her scholars and her priests who, in the cloistered calm of her monasteries, kept aglow the lamp of learning which was to light the world to modern times. But the hand that kindled it was St. Patrick's.

Content to imitate the Master whom he served, he sought to gratify no base ambition; and, spending his days in the austere isolation of virtue, he left to posterity no lengthened scroll of worldly honors. Yet History's ample

page, "rich with the spoils of time," contains no brighter treasure than his name; nor is there a child in Christendom to whom its syllables are strange or its associations unfamiliar. Venerated in every land—alike by Catholic and by Protestant—he is best beloved at home, where his spirit still pours the balm of consolation into the hearts of his afflicted countrymen. Never while the Shamrock grows upon her soil will she forget him; and when "Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below," it will find his memory as sweet in Erin's heart as the music in her valleys or the bloom upon her hills.

SAVANNAH.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Hibernian Society of Savannah, at the Hotel Screven, March 17, 1893.]

Savannah! To every Georgian, there is music in the sound. It was on these bluffs that Georgia's heart began to beat. Here that Oglethorpe—the knightliest Englishman to cross the seas—planted his humane experiment. Here that Tomo-chi-chi—the savage statesman of the forest—smoked his pipe of peace. Here that the Wesleys preached and prayed; here that Whitefield built Bethesda; here that Jasper and Pulaski fell; here that Nathanael Green lies buried; here that Jackson and Telfair and Tatnall and Troup and Berrien and Bartow dwelt. Invested with such memories—what spot on Georgia's wide map, from sand to cedar, can match Savannah;—what music in her woods or cataracts can wake the charm of Tybee's golden waters?

Sir, I am glad of the mission that brings me to the Forest City. I am glad to stand upon these bluffs where the miracle of Georgia's growth began—where, in yonder park, repose the ashes of colonial sires—where, in Laurel Grove and Bonaventure, sleep the dust of younger sons. Majestic, proud, imperial Savannah! The home of Georgia's aristocracy. The nursery of her splendid knighthood, whose record both in peace and war has shamed the lance of border chivalry and written the sequel of King Arthur's

Court. Here, by these music haunted waves, I tremble as I lift my voice untutored in this ancient hall; and, though my heart in grateful beating responds to the roll-call of the Present, my lips prefer to wed the silence that guards the glory of the Past.

"DIXIE'S DEAD IN KENNESAW'S SHADOW."

[Extract from an address delivered in the Confederate Cemetery, at Marietta, Ga., April 26, 1910. Here lie buried 3,000 soldiers, most of whom fell in the terrific charge upon Kennesaw Mountain. This same address was later delivered in substance at the unveiling of a Confederate monument in the town of Carnesville, Ga., Aug. 10, 1910.]

Forty-five years have passed since Appomattox. The raven locks have caught the autumnal frosts. Life's sunset fires are dim in eyes once bright; and stooped are the shoulders of the youngest veteran who looked upon Dixie's mornng star.

Most of the Templar Knights of the Southern Cross are sleeping, but the Spartan mother who bore them is not one who forgets. Closed are her marts of trade, and in her sky-lit battle-abbeys of the hillside she this day gathers—the April tear-drops in her eyes and the April roses in her arms—to testify that love still keeps her vigils above the graves of the Confederate dead and that immortally remembered the wearers of the old gray jacket are enshrined in Dixie's heart forever.

It is not from the field of battle that your message bearer comes today. Born since "the bugles sang truce," I have plighted allegiance to but one flag—"the flag of the free heart's hope and home." I love it, for every star is radiant with the glory and every stripe crimson with the blood of my people. But I also love the Conquered Banner. Around the blazing winter's fire and in the misty starlight of sweet summer evenings, I have listened to the story of the war until I could almost hear the roll of the Rappahannock and catch the voice of Jackson in the music of the trees.

To me the harp of heroism, attuned to the deeds of the Confederate soldier, is richer in the soul of song than ever was the border minstrel's; and believe me when I tell

you here and now that no higher inspiration to duty or to patriotism has ever come into my life than the consciousness that in my veins there flows the blood of one who followed the matchless plume of the immortal Lee.

We stand on consecrated ground. Before us looms historic Kennesaw. Yesterday a peak of death—wreathed with the brimstone fires of the inferno. Today a monument of peace. In the distance can be seen the knob where a cannon ball opened the breast of General Polk; but the batteries today are silent. Neither Hood nor Johnston is longer in command of the Army of the Tennessee.

Yonder sleeps Lester with his empty sleeve. Over there dreams Waddell. Beyond the hedge of green lies Phillips, waiting to rejoin his legion. On the neighboring hills—twelve thousand strong—stretch the laurel beds of the boys in blue. On this velvet couch—"outnumbered, but not outbraved"—press the crumbled hearts of the boys in gray.

Three thousand of the Dixie knights lie here; and between the two white camps of silence is the old ratio of battle—four to one.

For the victor a nation's gratitude stands sentinel, but woman's love keeps vigil for the vanquished.

Sweet must the slumbers of this bivouac be—happy these dreamers here. Surrender and defeat and reconstruction were words whose bitterness they never knew. They fell ere Dixie found an Appomattox. They were brought here from the gory fields. They died defending Georgia! Hundreds of these boys are strangers. They pressed the lips of beauty and took the vows of love in other states; and it may be that somewhere in the mountains the Highland Marys are waiting for them still. Not a few sleep in unknown graves—their names, like their keepsakes, buried with them in these mounds of earth. But some fond mother loved them once. Aye, some fond mother loves them now; for they lie upon no alien lap who lean on Georgia's gentle breast.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battle-fields no more."

Sleep till the bugles wake thee for thy crowning day. Sleep till

"the night is gone
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which you have loved long since and lost a while."

Perish the demon of hatred on this spot! We can cherish no bitter memories here, where

"The old bright wine of valor fills
The chalice of Romance."

Away with malice everywhere and forever! Blasted with the fires of Etna be every prejudice ungenerous and unkind; but watered with the dews of Zion be every fragrant recollection!

The South is loyal to the covenant of Appomattox. Nor is she truer to the tryst than when she gathers among her grass-green graves to hold communion with her deathless dead. In the willingness of Americans to die for principle are grounded the triumphs of the nation in the conflicts which are yet to come.

Twelve years ago, when the tocsin of war sounded, it was the blood of the old Confederacy that laid the first red rubies upon freedom's altar. Then instantly the world remembered that it was the South whose soldiership and valor wrested Yorktown from the British—the South whose Patrick Henry kindled the fires of the Revolution, whose Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, whose Washington commanded the Continental army, whose Madison framed the constitution, whose Marshall interpreted the organic law—aye, the South to whom the Union was indebted for existence; and if from 1861 to 1865 she drew her sword against the Union's flag, it was in defense of the Union's constitution!

Nor was it African slavery for which the South contended, but Anglo-Saxon freedom—the old Teutoic birthright of self-government and home rule!

These men did not die in vain. The principle for which they fought has been virtually sustained by the supreme court of the United States. Besides they live in a literature that loves a lost cause. Troy's downfall awoke the harp of Homer. Warsaw is embalmed today, not in the triumph of the allied powers, but in the fall of Kosciusko, who bled for the liberties of Poland. The Greek-sung glories of Thermopylae have sprung from the death bed of Leonidas. The triumph of Wellington at Waterloo has not eclisped the Marengo of Napoleon; and in the distant years to come, Fame's loudest blast will sound to all the listening world the name of Lee!

But the South makes no apoligies. Nor is her sincerity any longer questioned. The whole civilized world respects the Confederate soldier. Embalmed in the spices of his own heroic deeds, he needs no pyramid to lift him to the ages.

Wherever soldiership and sainthood are admired men reverence Stonewall Jackson.

The blameless life at Beauvoir, Miss., of the South's vicarious sufferer has wrung eulogiums from the lips of the bitterest foes of Jefferson Davis.

The spell of the Alabama is still upon the seas. From the equatorial waters to the northern lights, old ocean chants the viking's requiem, and underneath the English channel lies empearled no splendor like the sword of Raphael Semmes.

At last the citadel of the Federal government has capitulated to Lee. Side by side, in the nation's Capitol, he stands with the great Virginia rebel, Washington. Some of the G. A. R. have protested against the untrammeled right of the Old Dominion to put him there, but there he stands, in the majesty of his manhood and in the glory of his uniform, and he reflects upon his environment a fame as fadeless as the shining pathway of the stars!

Overpowered, but not outgeneraled, he led us to unshamed defeat over the Appian Way of victories; and even

in the crucial hour of surrender he wore upon his godlike brow an Olympic wreath of laurels.

It is when the world is wrapped in darkness that God unrolls the wonder-woven firmament, and we must stand in the gloom of Appomattox to know what an infinitude of glory starred the soul of Lee.

Hannibal upon the Alps was grand. Caesar beyond the Rubicon was grander still. But Lee at Appomattox was the grandest of them all!

I have been to some extent a student of history. But I challenge the chronicles for 6,000 years to surpass the fighting power of the Confederate soldier; and I doubt if the empires which have risen and fallen with the tides of time since Rameses ruled in Egypt can match the prowess of the little government which, without an army or a navy to make good its defiance in 1861, summoned its babes from the cradle and its veterans from the tomb, unfurled its flag of only eleven stars, and after four long years of splendid battle perished like an Atlas beneath an overpowering world. I never knew what a Babel of tongues was unloosed upon the South until I visited the Soldiers Home at Hampton Roads and found the inmates reading newspapers, it seemed to me, in every language under heaven.

I love to look upon the granite shafts. But the sincerest tribute—the loftiest monument—the most eloquent oration which the heroism of the Confederate soldier has ever called forth is found in the pension rolls of the Federal government. I know whereof I speak when I say that they contain the names of more disabled veterans of the other side than there were soldiers mustered in the Confederate ranks.

So terrifying to human flesh was 'the rebel yell" and so true to the mark was the rifle shot of the private soldier —outnumbered though he was by four to one—half-starved and half-clad yet exhausted by his victories—that I verily believe no power in this universe could have halted the onward march of this warshod child of Mars but the sovereign edicts of Jehovah's throne.

But no wonder he could fight—this descendant of the men who followed kings. His blood was the purest of the Norman strain. It was beauty's hand that buckled on the belt; and 800 years before his birth he was trained by his ancestors in the tiltyards of the tournament.

We were told some time ago by an eminent divine of New York that the South was virtually dead when the war began. Without stopping to ask how much of credit is due an adversary for defeating an enemy in whom life is already extinct, let me merely say that if the South was lifeless in 1861 she was represented on the battlefield by the most stubborn and robust apparition of which we have any account since the ghost of Banquo disturbed the peace of Scotland.

It has been said in certain quarters that the South's marvelous rehabilitation has been the work of the stranger within her gates. I challenge the assertion. To the stranger who brought his trunk and not his carpet bag we are indebted. Dixie's latch-string has ever hung outside the door. But let the truth be told. The close of the war found the South prostrate. She had lost her slave property, worth two billions of dollars. She had furnished nine-tenths of the battle-fields of the war. The whole section had been harrowed by the burning plowshares of battle, and there was still to be endured what to Anglo-Saxons was a reign of terror. Today—in spite of the enormities of reconstruction—the South is the richest part of the republic. A miracle indeed has been wrought. But the credit belongs to the men of gray who beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

The victory is the Confederate soldier's.

Without a dollar in his pocket he goes to work amid the ashes of his home—catches the sunlight into his tear-stained face—cares for his worn and helpless comrades of the battle-field—pays not only his own war debt but his proportionate share of the debt contracted to subdue him—sets the example of fidelity to the restored Union of his fathers—and day by day turns ashes into beauty until, lo!

the caterpillar of defeat becomes the butterfly of victory and the New South blossoms like a trophy on his bayonet.

Aye, the phenix has risen! On every side, the spires and domes are leaping skyward. But the very least of Dixie's riches is her material wealth. What makes her of real value to our reunited country in this hour of subtle dangers is her pure-blooded Anglo-Saxonism—her love of temperance—her hatred of graft—her faith in an orthodox religion—her devotion to the flag of the republic—her loyalty to woman—and her uncompromising allegiance to "Home, Sweet Home."

Veterans, God bless you! You served in the noblest army ever mustered upon this planet. Your scars link us to an immortal past. You have been heroes in peace no less than in war. You have taught us to be brave in danger, patient in trial, magnanimous in victory and undaunted in defeat. Would that we could keep you always, men of gray with hearts of gold! But the remorseless hour-hand moves round the dial. The voices of comrades call from out the west. One by one, Time is paroling the Old Guard, and soon the last of Lee's paladins will whisper to his mates beyond the starlight: "I am coming, boys, I am coming!" What a gathering at the river will the last reunion be—

> "Where falls no shadow, lies no stain,
> Where those who meet shall part no more
> And those long parted meet again!"

Mothers and Daughters of the Southland! Fare ye forth! Let the magnolia forsake its lofty bough! Let the violet quit its lowly bed! Let the lilies of the valley join the mountain laurels in beauty's pilgrimage to knighthood's holy land! Come, spirit of the Mother South! Come from the haunts of the storied past! Come from the mansion's pillared pomp! Come from the hovel's humble hearth! Take toll of the gardens where the roses bloom and squander the garlands where the loved ones lie! Bid the live-oak don her widow's weeds in the woodland's deepest solitudes

and make the wild rose wander to the farthest couch on which a warrior dreams! Zephyrs, sweep your aeolian harps! Rivers, chant your funeral requiems! Ocean, peal your organ thunders! Your theme today is Dixie's dead. Let the willows weep on every lowland plain! Let the cedars sigh on every highland height! And if an unknown grave be overlooked, O Dixie, round a dew-drop there and whisper in the south wind's softest breath:

"Thy mother loves thee still!"

THE DAUGHTER OF DIXIE.

[Extract from an address delivered, April 26, 1910, in the Confederate Cemetery at Marietta, Ga.]

Appropriate it is that Southern women should be the custodians of the graves in which Southern heroes sleep. The Confederate soldier loved them. Child of the Cavaliers, he was ever the champion of lady fair. It was the colors which she put into his hands or the pledge of constancy which she laid upon his lips that buoyed him along the march and that made him strong in battle.

"Did any falter? He but turned
To some brave maiden's eyes
And caught the holy fires that burned
In those sublunar skies."

To protect the unsullied honor of woman he was ever ready to fight, like the old Swiss Guard for the Bourbon lilies.

But the queen was worthy of her knight. In the days of Dixie's tribulation no truer hearts enshrined the cause and no purer patriots bore the flag. They knelt each night in Gethsemane's olive glooms. No music of the drum for them—no ecstacy of battle—no elbow-touch of comradeship around the camp fires. In an area of country exposed to the perils of invasion they suffered the severest ordeals and they endured the bitterest privations which the war

entailed; but be it said to the credit of the Southern women that they were the very last to surrender.

When the drum tap summoned the flower of the South to arms, the wife relinquished her husband at the altar and the aged mother faltered at the grave side: "Here is my only boy." No maiden smiled upon the youth who sulked at home. To nurse the child of battle, the patrician blood of Dixie bore ten thousand Florence Nightingales. Whenever Sir Launcelot was unhorsed on the field of combat there were fair Elaines without number to caress his fevered brow, and at every couch of suffering the beautiful Rebeccas bent over the wounded Ivanhoes. Throughout the whole of Dixieland, Cornelia pledged her jewels, Dorcas plied her busy needle, Miriam sang her battle hymns, and Mary watched while Martha served. When the flag went down at Appomattox the darkness found them weeping at the Calvary of the Southern Cross, and when the angel of the New South's resurrection rolled away the stone the earliest beams upon the hills brought them with incense to the sepulchers.

Nor have these true hearts ever wearied. Through the years which have come and gone they have reared the monuments and lifted the slabs and kept the hillocks green.

It was on Georgia soil that Memorial day was born, and on Georgia soil rises the first tribute of stone ever erected to the Confederate woman.

Well she deserves this shaft. In the lexicon of her love there is no such word as "forget."

Like the temple fires which were fed by the vestal virgins, the flames have never died upon the hearthstone at which she ministers. Unwithered still are the forget-me-nots in the rose jar of her memories—fragrant the spikenard in her alabaster box. The ivy leaves of her love still clutch the mouldering walls of the past, and though the splendor of the tabernacle of the old South has departed, the heart of the daughter of Dixie is still an Ark of the Covenant in which the ancient manna of the Confederacy is kept.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[Extract from an address delivered in Rose Hill Cemetery, Macon Ga., Memorial Day, April 26, 1917, also at Monroe, Ga., on April 21, 1917.]

There stands, in the city of Augusta, on one of its fairest avenues, a monument of snow-white marble. It commemorates the Confederate dead. High above dome and spire and turret, it towers, in its lilied whiteness, an exquisite model of the sculptor's art, the delight of every stranger and the pride of all Augustans. At its base, facing each cardinal point of the compass, are chiseled the effigies of four Confederate generals; but high above them, in the golden sunlight, poised upon its very summit, there stands, musket in hand, the figure of a private soldier.

Magnificent conception! Oftimes overlooked, in the fulsome tribute which this hour evokes, it was he who made our generals, who fought our battles, who won our victories, and who, in the last analysis, has made the Lost Cause of the South immortal. Like the heroic horsemen of Balaklava:

> "His not to make reply,
> His not to reason why,
> His but to do and die."

Without the heroism of the private soldier, his obedience to orders, his contempt of danger, his love of home, his fidelity to principle—where would be our Gettysburgs and our Malvern Hills, our Chickamaugas and our Kennesaws?

Coming from modest homes all over this land, with no thought of preferment, with no thirst for distinction, they responded to the tocsin's call in 1861, eager only to serve their country in its hour of need. Foot-sore and weary, half-starved and half-clad, they forded the streams and climbed the hills and fought the battles of the South, not to win glory for themselves but for this alone: that Dixie's cause might prevail. Many of them, in the daisied dust, are today sleeping upon the battle-fields—some, under wooden slabs, in country church-yards,—and some, alas, we know not where, in graves unknown. But the Great Shepherd knows them all, and they are all, all folded in the arms of Him who loveth every lamb.

If ever there comes a time when I covet for my tongue the divine thunders of Sinai, it is when I stand before an audience of Confederate veterans and think of the heroism with which for four long years they held at bay an embattled world and fought for principles of government as enduring as Horeb's desert rock. If ever there comes a time when, realizing the hollow emptiness of fine-spun phrases, I covet for these lips of mine the divine enchantments of Apollo—aye, the sweet music of David's golden harp—it is when I look upon a scene like this; when over the graves of Dixie's dead the unbought tributes of a land of memories are flowering into inarticulate speech; when she whose love has consecrated and hallowed this day stands forth among the flowers she has gathered,—herself the fairest flower of all the field.

"Forth from it's scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee
Far in the front of the deadly fight
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right
It's stainless sheen, like a beacon light
Led us to victory.

Forth from it's scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led, they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard, never hand
Waved sword from stain so free
Nor purer sword led braver band
Nor braver died for brighter land
Nor brighter land had cause so grand
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

But ever and anon there comes to my thought the silent figure upon the monument. It is emblematic. The private soldier was an exponent of the South's instinctive heroism.

He typified its love of home and of native land, its inherent sense of honor, its saving grace of patriotism. Like that gleam of light, on the cathedral's towering spire, his spirit was kindled from a heavenly torch. He calls us from a world apart—from its hum of industry and from its din of traffic—to muse upon diviner things, to ponder upon what is enshrined within the temple.

Type of the chivalry to which this land must look, if its civilization endures, if the home be kept inviolate, if the republic be saved! There, in the darkness, he tells the night that all is well. There, in the shadows, he keeps ward and watch, from his tower among the stars; and we can sleep securely upon our pillows because that figure speaks of a sentinel whose eyes are on every fireside and whose fidelity is guardian to all the future: THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

LITERATURE LOVES A LOST CAUSE.

[Extract from an address delivered at the annual state reunion of Georgia Confederate Veterans held at Americus, Ga., Aug. 24, 1916, also at Monroe, Ga., on Memorial Day, 1917.]

Veterans of the South, you did not fight in vain. Your comrades did not fall in an unavailing struggle. It was not in vain that you stood in the trenches at Chickamauga —that you followed Pickett's plume up the stony steeps at Gettysburg—that you faced the white smoke and the leaden hail on the plains of Manassas—or that, with tears in your eyes, you gathered about your great chieftain in the dumb silence of Appomattox. One never dies in vain who dies for principle. To sweep the harp of Father Ryan:

> "There's a grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom,
> For, out of the gloom, future brightness is born,
> As, after the night, looms the sunrise of morn;
> And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
> May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne;
> And each single wreck in the war-path of Might,
> Shall yet be a rock in the temple of Right."

To brand your cause with failure is to belie the truth of history. The principle for which you fought has been

virtually sustained by the supreme court of the United States. Besides you live upon the storied page, for literature loves a Lost Cause. Troy's downfall awoke the harp of Homer. The Roman Virgil was proud to trace the descent of his people not to the victorious cohorts of the Greek Achilles but to the vanquished arms of the Trojan Hector. The greatest of England's poet laureates, in his "Idyls of the King", goes back for his inspiration not to the triumphant Saxons but to the baffled Knights of the Table Round who followed the gleam of Arthur's shining sword. Failure was written upon the Cross of the Crusades. Warsaw is today embalmed not in the triumph of the allied powers but in the fall of Kosciusko who fell upon the heights of Poland. The Greek-sung glories of Thermopylae have sprung from the death-bed of Leonidas. The lays of Ireland have become the lullabies of liberty in every land. The triumph of Wellington at Waterloo has not eclipsed the Marengo of Napoleon and, in the distant years to come, Fame's loudest blast will sound to all the listening world the name of Lee.

Speak history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say
Are they those whom the world call victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst?
Or the Persians and Xerves? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

Loyal. Never was crusader more loyal to the plume of Richard—never did he fight for cause more sacred than did the Templar Knights of the Southern Cross. We are told that Douglas, encasing in gold the heart of Bruce, started for Palestine, to lay that relic of his king upon the sepulchre of Christ. Even as did our men of gray—he surmounted every difficulty, vanquished every foe, until he came at last within the sacred precints of the shrine for which he sought. Then, overpowered by superior numbers —weak from the loss of blood—he fell, the prototype of our Confederate martyrs.

"He drew the casket from his breast
And bared his solemn brow
O, foremost of the kingliest
Go first in battle now.

The casket flasked, the battle crashed,
Thundered and rolled away,
And dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay.

Loyal. Methinks the antique mold
Is lost, or theirs alone
Who sheltered freedom's heart of gold
Like Douglas with their own."

AN UNKNOWN GRAVE

[Extract from an address delivered in Atlanta, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 28, 1895, the exercises having been postponed.]

Far up, on one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge mountains, catching the earliest gleam of the morning light, is the grave of a Confederate soldier. For thirty years the stars have kept their watch upon the mountain and the flowers have climbed the rugged slope to bear him the greetings of the spring. Who is this lonely dreamer?

Alas, not even the soldier's name is carved upon the crumbling slab. No mention of the state from which he came—the regiment that missed his voice at roll-call. The record of his martial deeds is locked in the speechless silence of the soldier's shroud.

Perhaps, in some fond heart his image is enshrined. In some old faded book his name is written. In some treasured album his features are preserved. In some distant valley of his own sweet southland—wreathed by the honeysuckle and the rose—is the cottage home that wept for his departure and upon whose hearth the tears are falling still. In some old chest of memories is a packet of his letters neatly tied— letters sacred to the eyes of her who took his farewell kiss upon her lips and who still fondly in the gloaming waits to offer him those lips again.

Sleeping on the heights. How fitting that the mountain's brow should be his grave who fought in the pride of lofty principles. How fitting that the snow should be his mantle who perished for a righteous cause, and who, upon these heights, endured the pathos of a nameless soldier's martyrdom.

"DIXIE," THE REPUBLIC'S BATTLE HYMN.

[Extracts from an address, delivered at Dawson, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1913.]

The republic's battle-hymn today is "Dixie." For the first time since Appomattox the South is in the saddle. Entrusted by the American people with full control of the government—legislative, judicial and executive—the disinherited Cavalier has been recalled from exile and reinvested with the high insignia of an ancient birthright.

Both wings of the federal legislature are today soundly Democratic. The speaker of the national House of Representatives is a product of the Blue Grass Commonwealth of Kentucky. The Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court was a private soldier in Lee's ragged army, proud of the gray badge of his Confederate knighthood. The stainless scholar in politics who sits today in the nation's white house —born in Virginia—reared to manhood in Georgia—lent for a season to New Jersey— has added to the roll of Presidents the rythmic name of Woodrow Wilson. But to cap the glorious climax, the Army of Northern Virginia has crossed the Potomac, and, beneath the central dome of the nation's capitol, clad in his uniform of gray and bedecked with his immortal sword, stands the noblest Roman of them all—Robert E. Lee!

Sectionalism in America, thank God, is dead! "No North, no South, no East, no West",—is the watch-word of the hour, as, battling before the walls of Vera Cruz, the Blue and the Gray are today one for the flag.

The era of the bloody shirt has passed from our history forever! The reign of the olive branch has come to stay!

Beside the graves which we decorate this day the genius of American patriotism stands with uncovered head to honor the martyrs of constitutional liberty; and wherever a Confederate soldier today bends over the dust of his gallant comrades he can exclaim with Simeon, in the words of Holy Writ: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for he has witnessed the consolation of Israel."

VIRGINIA'S LEE AND LEE'S VIRGINIA.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Virginia Society, at the Kimball House, in Atlanta, Ga., January 19, 1895. On this occasion ex-Gov. Wm. E. Cameron, and Gen. Fitz-hugh Lee, also an ex-Governor, were the guests of honor.]

Mr. Toastmaster:

Permit me to express a Georgian's sense of the Virginia courtesy to which he stands indebted as your guest tonight. Though reared upon the Chattahoochee—if you please, a "Cracker"—I recognize the kinship which exists between us and I feel no stranger in Virginia's household. Pardon me, if in this circle of familiar faces, I speak what is in my heart. I honor the Virginia of Washington. I revere the Virginia of Lee. But I love the Virginia of Virginians.

Virginia and Georgia. Around the hearthstones of Old Dixie, these kindred accents blend in unison—each filled with a music of its own, but keyed to the melody of "Home, Sweet Home." Virginia, the eldest—Georgia, the youngest, of the original Thirteen. Both wedded to the fine ideals—both loyal to the proud traditions of an old South; no jealousy has ever strained their intercourse—no clashing of opinion has ever jarred their friendship. Since they first locked arms against the sword of England, in the deadly grapple of the colonies, they have not braved a foe that was not mutual nor faced a danger that they did not feel in common. Together they followed in the wake of Washington and lifted their triumphant shouts at Yorktown. Together they stood with Lee, in the bitter pathos of defeat, and mingled their falling tears at Appomattox.

Each boasting of her own proud heritage, has taught the children of her lap that patriotism, in its grandest growth, is rooted in the soil of home; and as the fruit of this instruction they have reared among their mountains and their valleys a chivalry that has never slept upon its shield.

What a Georgian has sung of Virginia, a Virginian might sing of Georgia:

"We thought they slept—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires
And slumbered while the darkness crept,
Around their vigil-fires.

But aye, the Golden Horse-shoe Knights,
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
But not a knight asleep.

Pardon me if I ignore the toast to which I have been invited to respond. I prefer to speak, not to the press, but for it. I feel the limitations of the toast, though broad enough for ordinary banquets; and I crave a larger liberty, —aye, the freedom of the eagle—when Virginians are my auditors and Virginia is my inspiration.

Not only Georgians of Virginia birth, but Georgians all, unite in welcoming to Georgia the two illustrious chief executives who honor us tonight. Marvelous conjunction. Each bears upon his shield an insignia of ancient days. One a Cameron, whose highland forebears signed in blood the covenant of Scotland's faith. The other a scion of the race of Cavaliers, a patrician of Virginia's purest strain, a dashing Prince Rupert of Confederate horsemen—renowned upon a thousand fields—who, from the cradle, was a foreordained leader of men; for, to the purple of a Fitzhugh, he joined the lineage of a Lee.

I neither stretch the truth nor wander from it when I say, in all sincerity of speech, that from boyhood to this hour I have ever cherished the heroic memories of Lee's own beautiful Virginia. Mother of states and of statesmen. Matchless in her proud names. Glorious in her history. Majestic in her isolation among the commonwealths of the

American union. We love her not only because in the charnels of Mount Vernon she holds the revered dust of Washington—not only because, on her bosom, she cradled a Revolution—not only because she gave to liberty a Henry and a Jefferson, a Marshall and a Madison—but, best of all, we love her for the battle-fields of a dead Confederacy which have left their immortal scars upon her bosom, and for the snow-white tents, all over her wide lap, in which the bivouacked armies of a silent south are sleeping. We love her for Manassas and Fredericksburg and Malvern Hill. We love her for historic old Richmond on the James; for there the Confederacy's brain was seated—there, too, its golden heart was shrined. We love her, aye, with an all-consuming passion, if but for Lexington alone.

To think of Virginia is to think of Lee—the Prince Imperial of the sons of men. He might have led the Stars and Stripes, and led them to a glorious victory; but love for his native state restrained him; and, prefering duty to ambition, he emulated Washington's example, and gave his stainless weapon to Virginia. See him, as he stands before us, in yonder pictured likeness. In stature, an Apollo. In courage, a Caesar. In courtesy, a Chesterfield. In all the graces of exalted character, a second Washington. As gentle as his own sweet mother. As true as the needle to the polar star. As brave as the Lion of Lucerne. This, and all of this, twice multiplied, was General Lee.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: this was a man.

O, Lee, the battle-fields of history were but the nurseries of thy genius—the heroes of the world have only pointed like prophets to thy coming! When the stern goddess fashioned Hannibal and led him to the Alps;—when she moulded Caesar and brought him to the Rubicon;—when, from the two, she carved the form of Washington and wreathed his shining sword at Yorktown, it was but the steady climbing, step by step, with which she toiled to the lonely heights of Lee at Appomattox.

Virginians. I almost envy you the birthright that links you to the shades in which that noble Roman spent his life —to the soil of the sweet Virginia valley in which his dust is waiting for the touch of life eternal. On this day of his nativity, Georgia reaffirms her love of Lee and renews her pledge to keep his memory green—as green as the laurel on her mountains and as fragrant as the sweet magnolia that blossoms by the sea. May the legacy of valor that his fame has left us nerve and strengthen us in every conflict. May the principles of honor which inspired his conduct in the hour of trial keep his countrymen above reproach. May the lessons of his life, as they admonish us from Lexington, still guide us in the path of duty, until they lift us from an Old Dominion, in which his dust is sleeping, to an ever green and beautiful Virginia, in which his spirit has revived.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

[Full text of an address delivered at the annual banquet of the South Carolina Press Association, at Greenville, S. C., Thursday evening, July 8, 1909, in response to the toast: "The Press."]

Mr. Toastmaster: From the sunset side of the Savannah river I bear you the greetings of your brethren of the press of Georgia.

Strange it may seem, sir, but it sometimes happens that faces into which we look for the first time possess the familiar charm of old acquaintance and that voices which we have never heard before ring with accents which somehow we seem to recall.

The explanation may be found in a kinship which takes us back to the other side of cradledom—which traces our habits of thought and our lineaments of expression to the same ancestral molds—which points us, it may be, to the portrait of some gentle mother of the Elizabethan age—perchance to the knee buckles of some pampered sire who feasted with Louis or who fought with Charles—and, which,

leading us to the bastions of the old manor, unites us in the hearthstone ties of some common fireside beyond the seas.

At any rate, in the fullest sense of the Anglo-Saxon's simple phrase, I feel at home.

Newspaper men are proverbial hosts. True to the instinct of comradeship, they are never strangers to each other's company, though they hail from the opposite reaches of the globe.

It is not alone the news on the Rialto that they furnish. They are the merriest of the king's jesters. They belong to the Order of the Open-Handed. The world in which they live is called by the name of Bohemia. The bank in which they discount their bills and negotiate their loans is the bank of Tomorrow. Wine may flow at their banquet boards, but they need it not; for the simple fellowship of such jovial lancers is more exhilarating than the vintage which inspired the songs of Horace.

Without either Rip Van Winkle's ale or Tam O'Shanter's dram, they can produce a cheer which Bacchus might have borrowed for his revels and which even Lucullus might have envied for his feasts.

To be the guest of the newspaper man of any state in the Union is an honor which might well flatter an earl of the line of Warwick; but to be the guest of the newspaper men of South Carolina—what is it, brethren, but to partake of the richest of the cream?

Yet the pleasure which I feel in being your humble guest is not due alone to the elbow touch of my fellow-clansmen. I am not only a journalist, but a Georgian. I come from the commonwealth of Toombs and of Stephens. I hail from the base of historic Kennesaw.

And, whatever may be lacking in the sense of comradeship which knits the brethren of the pen, surely no Georgian who knows the history of his state can fail to recognize the voices of his kindred when he treads the sacred soil of South Carolina.

Mr. Toastmaster, on an occasion like the present, it is

ıpting to speak of the influence of the press in dissemi-ting popular intelligence and in shaping public opinion.

But I am surrounded tonight by editors in whose pres-ıce it becomes me rather to emulate the example of the oung Athenian who sat at the feet of Socrates.

"To gild refined gold * * * * is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

So sang the dramatist; and, when the best ideals of the profession are not only suggested to the thought, but made incarnate to the eye of the speaker, I am reminded that, if it be coals which I fain would carry, it is Newcastle to which I have come.

Near the upper edge of South Carolina there lived a farmer of Scotch-Irish stock who, moving his modest household goods into Georgia, located at Gaddistown, among the peaks of the Blue Ridge. Some few years later his oldest boy, a youth of seventeen, lean and lank, is seen driving an ox cart along the mountain road. He is on his way to South Carolina, where he expects to sell his steer for enough to pay his first tuition, and he hopes to borrow the rest. The strange spectacle provokes a smile; but not since the penniless Gascon set out for Paris to become the marshal of France were greater possibilities ever linked to humbler circumstances. For this angular and awkward mountaineer, to whom South Carolina gave a birthplace and a schooling, was destined to become a senator of the United States, a railroad president worth his millions, a benefactor princely in his gifts and a statesman wise beyond his time, Georgia's war governor—Joseph E. Brown.

Two weeks ago, by one of the most dramatic turns in the wheel of fortune, the great seal of the commonwealth was placed in the hands of this man's son; and today he occupies the seat of his honored father.

On the walls of your state capitol at Columbia hangs the portrait of an illustrious citizen and soldier. During the dark days of reconstruction, when you were denied a voice in the councils of your country, he came to your rescue in the senate, with an eloquence of fire and with an

arm of steel, rushing upon the scene of action like the knight of Ivanhoe emboldened by the peril of Rebecca. He was the comrade in arms of your own gallant Wade Hampton. We call him the scarred hero of Appomattox and the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederacy—John B. Gordon.

At the University of Georgia was tutored the intellect of your gifted child of genius, Henry Timrod.

The poet laureate among our singers till "God's finger touched him and he slept" came to us from his boyhood home in Charleston and settled among the pines above Augusta. Paul H. Hayne.

The first of our governors, under the rule of the people, and the ancestor of our late president, was cradled upon the lap of South Carolina, Archibald Bulloch.

Nor can I fail to mention another patriot of the old Palmetto line who cast his lot in Georgia. It must be remembered that when oppression began it was chiefly in the veins of the ardent youth of the province that the fires of liberty were first kindled. This man's hair was whiter than our fields of cotton. Most of the disaffected colonists who defied the crown of England at the start were men of modest means. This man's wealth was enormous. Moreover, he sat in the king's council. Every consideration of self interest bound him to the throne. But there was no unction in the speech and no charm of magic in the gift of sovereigns to flatter this old patriarch of liberty, for his heart was wedded to the cause which was soon to raise a Washington. Twice he incurred the royal frown; and finally some one moved to expel him. But rising in lofty scorn from his seat, he exclaimed: "It is unnecessary to put the motion." And, turning upon his heel, he quitted the hall—Georgia's Pylean Nector of Independence, Jonathan Bryan.

Sir, if I were to call the roll of the counties of Georgia, you would recognize the music of many a familiar name.

There is one which summons from his grave in Charleston the shaggy haired old Nullifier of the Senate. He spoke and his voice was heard by a nation. He stood erect and his shadow fell across a continent. In the timber stretches

of South Carolina, tall landmarks have often pierced the skyline but not one has towered above the cloud belt or looked down upon the forest like Calhoun.

Another brings to mind the fearless mien and the heroic dash of Sumter.

Another memorializes the Swamp Fox of the Revolution; and, if there be a drop of Tory blood in our veins, watch it congeal and turn to ice when I whisper—"Francis Marion!"

Another wakes the bugle echoes of McDuffie's voice.

There is also one for Lowndes and one for Laurens and one for Pickens.

But let me not forget to tell you that still another bears the name of the gallant youth who, leaping upon the parapets of the fort at Savannah, seized his flag only to sacrifice his life, exclaiming when the fatal bullet struck him: "I have received my furlough. Tell Mrs. Elliott that I died supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment."

Georgia embalms him in her heart. And the dews of Fame will keep his brow immortally young; for no purer bead of crimson touched the field of Marathon or stained the pass of Thermopylae than leaped from the veins of this South Carolina youth whose name was Sergeant Jasper.

South Carolina and Georgia! Whether in the sisterhood of colonies or in the sisterhood of commonwealths, they have been equally respondent, equally true. Georgia, the youngest of the Thirteen—conceived in the philanthropic heart of Oglethorpe—given the Teutonic name of the House of Brunswick—made an asylum for the indigent but honest debtor—loath to quit the old allegiance, but prompt to obey the call of Lexington—splendid in her history—peerless in her citizenship—unrivaled in her resources—magnificent in her achievements—imperial Georgia! South Carolina, the haven of the oppressed protestant—chartered by the pen and christened with the name of the Royal Stuart—glorious in the Revolution—grand in the War of 1812—first in the quarrel of secession to espouse

the cause of constitutional liberty and to light the path to independence—the Harry Hotspur of the Union! Dear to every Southern heart must be the soil of South Carolina; for if Alabama supplied a cradle and Virginia a grave to the Confederacy, it was reserved for South Carolina to streak the horizon with the fires of dawn and in the twilight gray above Fort Sumter to kindle the Morning Star of Dixie.

Sir, from the earliest infancy I have been taught to revere the state which has given to heroism and to history the name of Fort Sumter. Illustrious among cities which have been the themes of song are Columbia—the phoenix of the battle fires—and Charleston—the duchess of the old regime. Familiar names to my ear have been the Rutledges and the Pinckneys; and often has the pulse-beat of my patriotism been quickened by the answer which the Charlestonian gave to Talleyrand: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" I have reveled in the splendid pages of William Gilmore Sims; I have been charmed by the cultured statesmanship of Hugh Swinton Legare; and I have gloried in the prowess of the youthful Hercules who smote the mane of Webster in the senate and roused the New England lion to his loudest roar.

South Carolinians! Yours is no common birthright. Inheriting the blended strains of Covenanter and of Huguenot—linked to the roistering Cavaliers who loved the saddle and to the dancing Troubadours who stroked the light guitar—represented on the muster rolls of the nobilities which reinforced the plume of Henry of Navarre and which flowered from the accolade of the conquering Norman—it is no wonder that your sons—polished in the parlor—fearless in the field—have exemplified "the chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound" and that your daughters—queens in everything but crowns—have distilled in beauty's alembic the roses of England and the lilies of France.

For the better part of two centuries Georgia and South Carolina have been not only friends but neighbors.

When Oglethorpe landed upon the bluffs of the Savannah river, South Carolinians were there to give him the welcome of the new world; and they helped to clear the forest and to fashion the beams and to lift the cabin homes. Together in the years which followed, they fought the Spaniard and the Indian. Together they wore the colonial gems of England. Shoulder to shoulder they entered the Revolution. Side by side, in the ante-bellum days, they spun the flax and wove the fleece; and, when South Carolina, in fealty to the constitution, quit the old homestead of the states, Georgia's footfall answered the tread of her gentle sister's. Together, in the iron grapple of arms, they contested the march of Attilla's legions until the spirit of battle made a garment of glory, for their fields, while smoke and flame became the ascension robes of their capitols. Today, under the old flag, they are touching elbows in the rivalries of peace. On every stream the wheels of industry are turning. The light of the New South is in their eyes. The strength of the New South is in their limbs. But the wine of the Old South is in their hearts forever!

Sir, did I say that the love which exists between South Carolina and Georgia began with the pulse-beat of civilization? Let me correct the statement. Before the dusky savage built his wigwam or wooed his dark-eyed damsel in the golden starlight by the winding waters, it began when the benison of God's deep peace brooded upon the virgin solitudes of an undiscovered continent. Sir, it even suggests the holy bond of wedlock. Naught but the tuneful waters of the old Savannah have ever come between them. For immemorial ages it has woven the bridal veil and chanted the marriage vow; and, from where it catches the shimmering lines of Tybee's light in the lowlands of the palm to where it kindles the organ peal of Tallulah's thunder in the highlands of the cedar, it seems to say to the unborn eternities:

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

ALABAMA AND GEORGIA.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Alabama Society, at the Kimball House, in Atlanta, Ga., October 10, 1894.]

Mr. Toastmaster:

Georgian though I be, to the manner born, I bow to the sentiment that rules this hour. The germ of patriotism is the love of home. The man who does not reverence his birthplace dishonors the franchise of a freeman and is an alien in a land of liberty. I honor the loyalty, therefore, that takes you back to Alabama—to the rivers that rippled at your feet—to the mountains that skirted your horizon—to the forest that resounded to your rifle—to the sweet old Southern home, beneath the oaks, in which your heart began to beat—to the Alabama girl who put to blush the maid of Athens—to the blue, bewitching skies that arched above you, like the poet's loved "Italia."

I judge you by my own convictions. For, should destiny compel me to give up the state in which my heart was quickened, I would "drag with each remove a lengthening chain." My spirit, ranging over moor and mountain, would not be at rest, until it reached the hills of Georgia and hovered in the air above the soil in which my sires are sleeping.

I am with you in this sentimental home-returning. It implies no slack allegiance, and I pledge you here tonight that, in this city, there is not a Georgian, worthy of his birthright, who will not discover in your love of home the highest proof of your devotion to the state in which you live, the surest guarantee of your fidelity to the flag of the republic. I, for one, sir, would not hesitate, for the tenth part of a second, to entrust to such fidelity Georgia's honor and Georgia's freedom.

Carved out of our western wilderness, Alabama is, in a sense, the offspring of Georgia, dowered with all the love of a daughter; but I prefer to think of them as co-equal sovereigns in a great sisterhood of states. Closer than Georgia and Massachusetts—closer even than Georgia and Virginia—aye, even as close as the sisters of Bethany—are these sister-states, one in the blood of the Old South.

Contiguous in territory—do not their landscapes blend and their beauties mingle in the same soft picture? Are they not bound forever by the iron chain of the Blue Ridge; and thus united, does not the lone spur of Yonah mountain claim kindred with the sturdy peaks that brow the waters and pierce the clouds of Alabama? Does not the sweet, winding Etowah mingle its ripples with your own bright Coosa; and does not the Chattahoochee, leaping from its cradle in the rocks, flow grandly westward, to sing its maturer hymn along your borders and to fill the breach that separates us with the song that makes us one?

Alabamians! I catch the ardor of your spirits and the glow of your enthusiasm, and I feel that we are brethren. I meet with you tonight in loving fellowship and I lift my voice with yours in joyful salutation. Glorious old State! Home of Yancey and Hilliard and Pugh and Morgan and Wheeler; birthplace of our own Dauntless Trooper. May prosperity enrich your marts, increase your harvests, sweeten your firesides, and multiply your cattle upon a thousand hills. Should the love of country elsewhere perish in the grasp of Mammon, there will still be found in the shadows of the Blue Ridge and on either side of the Chattahoochee enough of the lingering fires of patriotism to relight the torch of liberty and to redeem the world anew.

ILLINOIS WELCOMED TO GEORGIA.

[Full text of an address of welcome delivered on Illinois Day at the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta, Ga., November 11, 1895, on behalf of the press of the State. Governor Altgeld, Mayor Swift, Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Hon. Potter Palmer, Hon. F. B. Peck, Bishop Fallows and others occupied seats on the platform. Mr. Knight was introduced by Hon. A. S. Trude, chairman of the Illinois State Commission.]

Fellow Citizens of Illinois:

Born on the banks of the Chattahoochee, I bear you the greetings of the soil of Georgia and for my comrades of the press, in every town and village of the State—from Trader's Hill to Rabun Gap—I bid you a cordial welcome to this commonwealth.

Happy am I, sir, in the bearing of this high commission; and though I may twist the message of my colleagues I shall feel that I have faithfully performed my duty if I only point you to the welcome that flashes from every pen in Georgia.

Sir, the press is worthy of this recognition; it merits this distinguished courtesy; for, of all the implements employed in the recent struggle between the citizens of this republic, the pen— though sometimes dipped in gall—was still the first to dream of brotherhood. Even while the sword was dripping with the blood of human sacrifice and the smoke of fratricidal conflict was rising from the battle-fields of this republic, the pen was pointing to a serene future for our people—was bending the bow of promise above our fields—was playing the part of the peace-maker and of the prophet.

Accepting the arbitrament of battle, it cheered the Cavalier as he stood amid the wreck and ruin and ashes of his home, pictured to his vision the prophetic outlines of the future; rebuked the lingering memories of strife; poured sunshine down upon the hills of Dixie; and led the South, thank God, from tribulation into triumph, without the firing of a single musket or a solitary stain upon her banners!

Here, in the city of Atlanta, once paved with ashes, like your own brave city of Chicago, yet rising again in noble parallel to proclaim from the turrets of her great exposition the triumphant motto of the phoenix: "I have risen!"—here in Atlanta—that splendid sequel which the New South has written to the Appomattox of the Old, where the only banner over us today is Love, the pen has usurped the witchery of the magician's rod and made our history a march of miracles. It has builded highways, chartered railroads, founded chautauquas, erected schools and factories, promoted industry, multiplied looms and spindles, fostered science and religion and over a population of a hundred thousand souls, representing every creed of faith and every shade of political opinion, it has shed the spirit of the Heavenly Dove.

Nor does this complete the record. When the South had risen from her ruins and needed a tongue of fire to bear her message to the nation, it was not the pulpit nor the bar that furnished the appointed instrument. It was a knightly champion of the press who upon his lips carried her tender message to New England, made Plymouth Rock doubly glorious by his plea for universal brotherhood, put sectional animosity forever in the historic background and anchored fast the old ship of the Union beside the ancient moorings of the Mayflower.

Sir, the people of this nation are at peace with all the world, and what is better still, at peace among themselves. How has this work of reconciliation been accomplished? By what subtle magic has the breech of separation been closed between the North and South, and closed, thank God, forever? If you will pardon my temerity—that agency has been the press. The inspiration of this splendid gathering is found in the newspapers of Chicago and Atlanta and the sentiment of brotherhood which abides today in every section of this land is in great measure the patriotic offspring of the pen. Though here and there some embittered editor has violated the sacred obligations of his office and bartered a love of country for some ulterior end—though here and there some narrow-minded and bigoted partisan has flaunted the bloody shirt of sectional animosity, yet I rejoice to say that in every part of this broad land, North, South, East and West, the editorial pen, in the rightful interpretation of its mission, has been a symbol of peace, a herald of progress, an evangel of glad tidings to all our people. Between the grand old State of Illinois, with its gentle memories of Lincoln, and the proud old commonwealth of Georgia, with its noble traditions of Oglethorpe, there exists an abiding sense of kindred. The friendship which was plighted at the grave of Henry Grady is today renewed beside the bier of Eugene Field .

"Fades his calm face beyond our mortal ken
Lost in the light of lovelier realms above
He left sweet memories in the hearts of men
And climbed to God on little children's love."

Henceforth no political dissentions shall divide us—no barriers lift their heads between us save those of yonder mountains—the Blue Ridge and the Cumberlands.

The same love of country which abides today upon the prairies of Illinois inspires each patriotic heart among the hills of Georgia and above the dome of our capitol floats the same ensign that ripples in the breeze of your own beautiful waters. Beside your inland ocean repose the ashes of hundreds who are dear to us, whose chivalry is proclaimed in the noble shaft which commemorates in blended eulogy the heroism of the Southern soldier and the generous spirit of his Northern foe—but his foe, thank God, no longer. Under the sod of Marietta, in the silent fellowship of the dead, sleep the ashes of your own brave boys who fell on the field of Chickamauga and along the burning slopes of Kennesaw. Around these silent hills, now wreathed in the red splendor of autumn, more than one of your gallant boys fell speechless, dying with the name of Illinois upon his lips. Lovingly the skies of Georgia have arched above them for these thirty years and tenderly the old commonwealth has folded them each to her bosom, with a mother's tears for their martyrdom and a mother's love for their memory.

Indulge me for a moment longer. In vain have we met together in this patriotic love-feast and blindly have we read the lesson of this hour if in this mingling of Illinois and Georgia we fail to discern the sisterhood of all the States and idly have we shaken hands this day if in the greeting which Georgia gives to Illinois we fail to recognize the essential oneness of our people and the everlasting pledge of the republic. Citizens of Illinois, in rounding this awkward welcome of the press, permit me to leave with you this closing sentiment. Between the States and Territories of this Union no boundary lines exist except in the diagram of legislation. The vast domain of the republic reaches from ocean to ocean and the blood of nationality pulsates in every vein—throbs in every heart. Not a single State alone but the undivided area of the continent is the birthright and the heritage of every true American and whether

he be a citizen of Illinois, sojourning on the banks of the Chattahoochee, or a citizen of Georgia standing upon the borders of Lake Michigan, he is still at home in the land of his kindred and beneath the flag of his fathers.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

[Extract from an address delivered at a memorial meeting, at the Grand Opera House, in Atlanta, Ga., in the summer of 1902.]

It is no ordinary grief which brings us here today. Once more has the assassin's bullet, aimed at the breast of the nation's chief executive, accomplished its infernal purpose. Once more has it wrung from Liberty the cry of anguish: "how long shall this Republic be imperiled by miscreants from beyond the seas!"

On every hand, the emblems of bereavement betoken an unaccustomed sorrow. With eighty millions of our countrymen, we mourn today an illustrious leader. One who, in the exalted chair of President, guided with firm hand and clear brain and patriotic heart the destinies of this Republic; who, rising above the claims of party and the interests of section, became in fact the President of the people; who led us with increased prestige through the perils of an armed conflict, in which the Blue and the Gray clasped hands as comrades; who, stricken down in an evil hour lingered long enough to behold the North and the South, like the sisters of Bethany, kneeling about his couch; and who today, in Ohio's lap, at Canton, sleeps with the martyr's crown upon his brow.

Like our own lamented Grady, whose spirit hovers over us today, he perished upon the altar of his country that peace might reign in the hearts of his countrymen.

Is it strange, therefore, that to an impulse of bereavement we should hang our harps upon the willow while we gather in this place to speak of him who, higher than king or kaiser, towered in manhood's simple strength the Republic's foremost citizen.

Though reared in a school of politics, whose teachings have put me in a rival camp, it becomes me in this hour

of chastened animosities to say in candid utterance that the wisdom of statesmanship and the fervor of patriotism were united in the policies of his administration; and we are justified in applying to our martyred President the lines of England's laureate:

"Statesmen at his councils met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

Great in the attributes of genius which made him eminent among the favored sons of fortune, he was greater still in the amiabilities of character which brought him into sympathetic touch with all his kind—which enabled him with winning eloquence to advocate the petitions of the weak in the council chambers of the strong. If we search for the secret of the marvelous influence which he exercised upon the fortunes of his party and the conduct of his fellowmen, we find it in the spirit which made him like unto Sir Galahad—whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure. Of him it may be said, in language spoken of Lamar, "In the silken glove of courtesy, he mailed the iron grip of honor." No double code of morals was needed to reconcile his public with his private life, for in his personal relations, as in his party politics, he squared his conduct by the single standard of the Golden Rule. In the tender reverence which he felt for womankind, as embodied in the gentle helpmeet, who walked beside him for so many years, he bore himself with all the chivalry of a Horse Shoe Knight and today, at every fireside of the Republic, he is loved and honored, less because of what he wrought in statecraft than because he bore

"without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

Not unto Baal were his sacrifices offered. The faith which filled his heart when he stood upon the heights of the loftiest eminence on earth was the faith which, at a mother's knee, whispers from the lips of childhood "Now I lay me down to sleep," and which, upon the couch of death,

fashions the prayer of the departing saint: "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Bowed in the shadow of this great bereavement, our sense of loss intensifies our sense of brotherhood and more and more the conviction grows upon us that, while in politics our creeds may differ, yet in the basic elements of strength which underlie our government, we are one people and our destiny is one forever.

Happy are we, Mr. Chairman, that from our soil have sprung so many peace-makers, whose mission it has been to rebuke the animosities of strife and to heal the wounds of war. Over the bier of Charles Sumner, a nation's heart was thrilled by the tender plea of L. Q. C. Lamar: "Let us know one another and we will love one another." From the lips of Benjamin H. Hill, sectional hatred received a just rebuke when he exclaimed: "We are in the house of our fathers, and we are here to stay, thank God." Again the message of Grady is borne to our ears from Plymouth Rock: "Give us that broad and perfect loyalty which loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts, which endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union."

On this list of peace-makers, let us write McKinley's name. Out of a soldier's heart, it was this gallant son of Ohio who in a plea for peace destroyed the last vestige of sectional hate, when in Georgia's capitol he proposed that the federal government unite with the South in caring for the Confederate dead. We ask no such boon; but let us pray that the spirit which ennobled his utterance may animate his countrymen of every section until we shall learn, in the words of Holy Writ, that "love is the fulfilling of the law." Then will battle-ships no longer plow the seas and standing armies keep perpetual vigil on the shores. Peace will temple every clime. Peace will sweeten every breeze. Peace will hallow every hearth-stone; and then will Timrod's prayer be answered:

> "Peace, God of Peace, peace, peace, in all our homes
> And peace in all our hearts."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AMERICAN.

[Delivered at the Auditorium, in Atlanta, Ga., Sunday afternoon, February 9, 1919, at the Roosevelt Memorial Meeting, over which Dr. Knight, as chairman of the state committee, presided.]

Beside the waters of Long Island Sound, in the great state of New York, there heaves today a new-made grave. The tears of a nation have not yet dried upon its memorial flowers. It is one of millions like it, but around it the withered hopes of millions cluster; while the muffled tides which beat upon it tell of the grief of distant lands. All humanity feels an interest in that grave, for it holds in its keeping the heroic heart of Theodore Roosevelt.

In the hour of death, all rivalries are hushed. It is then that a sense of kinship binds us all, and we are conscious of the inherent unity of the race. The comradeship of a common sorrow is today felt by a continent. From ocean to ocean, there is mourning throughout our borders. It pervades all ranks and classes. On the ranch, it is felt among the cow-boys. At the workman's bench, there is weeping among the lowly; and in the marts of trade there is grief among the great. Every wind that sweeps the western prairies—every breeze that stirs the mountain pines—every pulse-beat of old ocean's billowy breast—

> "Sighs for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

On this ninth of February, moved less by official proclamation than by an impulse of bereavement, a great nation honors a great leader. Irrespective of political affiliations—unmindful of sectional boundaries—the American people have met today to honor one who, typifying the best elements of our national life, was best of all, an American.

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: this was a man."

His was the most unique, the most strenuous—perhaps, in many respects—the most fascinating figure of our times. The personification of restless energy, he was a humanized

Niagara. To the manner born, he embodied all the ste[illegible] realism and all the poetic romance of the American chara[illegible] ter. In his prodigies of strength, he made us think [illegible] Hercules slaying the Nemean lion, or of Samson lifting t[illegible] gates of Gaza. It was said of Hotspur that

> "By his light
> Did all the chivalry of England move
> To do brave deeds."

The idol of his generation in America was this adventurous knight of a later era. To the youth of his own country, he was, indeed, the glass wherein these boys did dress themselves, while the phrases which he coined became the accents of the valiant.

Whether on the slopes of San Juan or in the governor's chair of New York or in the stately mansion of power on the banks of the Potomac, he was the same restless and intrepid spirit. Compromise was a word unknown to his lexicon. He truckled neither to popularity nor to power. He was the foe of all tyranny and the friend of all freedom. He would not have flattered Neptune for his trident nor Jove for his power to thunder. Well may his country deplore his loss; for Ulysses has gone upon his travels and there is none in Ithaca who can bend his bow.

Reformer, patriot, scholar, soldier, citizen, explorer, critic, editor, historian. Not since Franklin's day, now a century behind us, have the annals of America evolved the peer of this many-sided man. All latitudes were comprehended in his breadth of vision, all climates fused in his genial warmth of temperament, all sects and sections, all creeds and cults, united in his generous catholicity of spirit. He blended the Huguenot and the Dutch, the Scotch-Irish and the English, the Cavalier and the Puritan, the North and the South.

Fitting it is, therefore, that we should meet to do him honor, fitter still that we should meet in Georgia's capital. Democrats though we be, trained in the school of Thomas Jefferson and of Jefferson Davis, there were thousands amongst us who followed his matchless plume, tens of

thousands who admired his dauntless pluck. He was one us. The ties of kindred bound him to our hearts and hearthstones. It was on the banks of the Chattahoochee that his mother spent her girlhood days and plighted her maiden troth in holy wedlock. It was from the loins of a Georgia patriot that he inherited his love of liberty. On the public square in Savannah, in 1776, Archibald Bulloch, his revered ancestor, then Governor of our State, was the first of all Georgians to receive the Declaration of Independence and to read with an old man's dying eyes the immortal scroll of freedom.

But let us not forget that here, in this very hall, glorified by the echoes of his eloquence, it was Theodore Roosevelt who rescued the Uncle Remus Memorial and doubly endeared himself to the childhood of the world.

It was one of the tragedies of our times that in the late war with Germany he was bound like Prometheus to the rock. Impatient of delay, he gloried in action. Had he been permitted to organize a division, thousands of Georgians would have followed him to victory. One blast upon his bugle horn would have made us spring from every hamlet. It was not to be; but he gave to his country four stalwart sons, one of whom today sleeps in the arms of France.

Critics have not spared him, but his hands were clean; his Americanism was simon-pure. He was the sworn enemy and the mortal foe of the Hun. He loathed a slacker. He preached a gospel of patriotism, red-blooded to the core. He lived above the cloud-belt, in an eyrie of his own; and there was no white feather in the plumage of this peerless eagle of the peaks.

But, O, fell death's untimely frost. We expected for years to look upon his face, to hear the music of his voice; but he is not, for "God's finger touched him and he slept." Snatched from the eyes of men, while yet in the vigor of all his powers; called to a higher sphere of service, while yet there were weighty problems to be solved, it is hard to realize that Roosevelt is no more. But there's a divinity that shapes our ends. It was not an ungentle providence

that fixed the time of his departure, that prescribed the manner of his going. To pass from the repose of sleep to the repose of death—what a boon for tired hearts to covet. Unwasted by disease. Unracked by pain. For the apostle of the strenuous life, no tottering decrepitude, no waning sunset for his splendid day. In our thoughts, he will ever walk the companion of strength. But his day's work is done. Let the bells in the minster toll. His tired hands are folded; his heart, the center of so much vital power, is hushed; his brain, the seat of so much restless energy, is stilled. Like the Iron Duke, he has won his rest. Then, let us speak no more of his renown, but

> "in the great cathedral leave him,
> God accept him, Christ receive him."

SUNRISE AND SUNSET—GRADY AND CLAY.

[Extract from an address on Henry W. Grady, delivered before the Fulton Club, at DeGive's Opera House, in Atlanta, Ga., September 10, 1897.]

On the 24th of April, 1850—the date of Mr. Grady's birth—the slavery agitation was at its height. The South bent upon preserving her peculiar institution, the North bent upon effacing it, were pitted against each other in remorseless argument. On the floor of the National Senate, the great triumvirate, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, sat for the last time.

In the hope of arresting the volcanic forces which were threatening to disrupt the Union, Mr. Clay, whose physical infirmities made it evident to every one that the presidential prize was now hopelessly beyond his grasp and that love of country alone sustained his failing strength, had just presented to the senate the last great measure of his life, known as the Compromise of 1850.

It was an old man's sunset hour. The debate to which he gave his farewell accents was prolonged and heated. But above its din rang out the clarion voice of Mr. Clay, in syllables which history has made immortal: "I know no North, no South, no East, No West."

Such was the storm amid whose throes an infant's cradle was rocked among the hills of Georgia. But none of its angry echoes found lodgment there. The spirit of brotherhood which, in after years, was to give this child a message —in accents rivaled only by a Clay's—was caught from the gentle lips of Kentucky's dying statesman.

Forty years later, like an antiphonal response from some cathedral choir, was Grady's impassioned plea from Plymouth Rock: "This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section, yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us that broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia, alike with Massachusetts, that knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love, every foot of our soil, every state in our Union."

Mr. Grady's mission was of a two-fold character: First, to rebuild a wasted Southland; and what magician with his rod ever wrought such miracles as did this wizard with his pen? Before the orator awoke within him, the creative spirit of the journalist brooded over the ashes of a prostrate Dixie, until at last on every hill the forces of a new life were quickened into play, and from the prismatic colors of his own genius the flush of a triumphant dawn was kindled.

But the crowning glory of his life was registered when, in the role of an inspired peace-maker, he sought to heal the breach between the sections. The New South today, therefore, is both his message and his monument; and meet it was that on Christmas Day this beloved disciple should have gone to meet his Master; that Georgia should have caught his dust into her bosom, while Heaven opened to receive his spirit, amid the ringing of the bells of Bethlehem.

Over the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in old St. Paul's is this inscription: "Circumspice si requiris monumentum." Well might it be Grady's epitaph. For, on the hills of Westview, he sleeps among a thousand trophies which his genius lifted; and there, in the golden sunlight—with kindred hearts around him—the New South lovingly enshrines her builder, where the hum of industry will chant his requiem, where the breath of incense will embalm his memory, and

where Dixie's arching skies, in perpetual benediction, will bend above the immortal dreamer.

ON A MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

[Extract from an address delivered under the auspices of Atlanta Chapter, D. A. R., at a Memorial Fountain, the gift of Mrs. James M. High, to the city of Atlanta, and located at the interaction of Peachtree and Fifteenth Sts., during the regency of Mrs. Chas. F. Rice.]

Madame Regent: It was a beautiful thought of yours, to assemble us today around this memorial fountain, a thought pierced to the very core with patriotism. We are glad to gather at this shrine—for such it is—the gift to our beloved city of your former chapter regent, Mrs. Joseph Madison High. It is a gift worthy of the giver; and it worthily commemorates the devotion of that noble twain who founded your chapter—Junia McKinley and Martha Berrien Duncan, names musical upon our lips and fragrant in our memories.

Dedicated to the public service, this fountain is a visible exponent of the fine things for which you stand. To all the landscape, it gives a beautifying touch; and, like Tennyson's Brook, it will ripple on forever. Its perennial waters bespeak the glad outgushings of our gratitude; and while it sings in plaintive measures of the absent ones, whose smiles we miss today, its happier music tells of her who is with us still—still young.

Long may she be spared to make this war-worn world forget its battles and to cast upon us all the lingering spell of an Indian summer. But, whether soon or late, the memory which she leaves behind her will be a benediction. It will ever haunt this spot, to kindle its refreshing anthems and to light the rainbows of its shining spray. Be it in the forest deep or on the mountain height, wherever we find the crumpled shell, it murmurs of its distant home in the ocean; and long after you and I and all of us are gone, this fountain will whisper of the mother-heart in which its crystal drops were cradled. It will set her life to music, and, in a thousand tender echoes, it will bring her back again.

MOTHER.

[Extract from an address delivered to the Graduating Class of Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., during the Commencement of 1896. It was afterwards delivered at Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga.]

Young Ladies:

"The greatest battle that ever was fought—
Do you ask me where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

What the republic of Washington owes to the women of America was strikingly attested, some few years ago, when a President of the United States, after taking the oath of office, turned aside from the vast crowd which had witnessed his inauguration and, on the lips of his aged mother, impressed the seal of his first official act. Tonight, I dedicate a tear to the memory of Garfield. I waft a greeting to his spirit in the land o' the leal. The lips of John Randolph, in the delirium of his dying moments, parted to pronounce the name of her who had been the preceptor of his youth. Looking across the stellar spaces, he must have seen her beckon to him, from the home over there, for he broke into a smile, whispered "mother," and was gone. But the experience of one is the experience of all; and he

"who fares the best may say
With him who fares the worst:
Man's truest sweetheart, after all,
Is she who loved him first."

Mother! In that name is condensed all the sweetness of earth and all the music of heaven. More delicate than silk is a mother's love, but it grips us like the cables which bind the continents. It never lets us go. That love adapts itself to every varying fortune. In prosperity, an ornament, in adversity a shield, in disgrace a mantle, in poverty a Klondyke, in sickness a balm of Gilead, and in death a beacon to a Better Land.

Perhaps she lingers. But time takes its toll. Her locks are whitening now. There are silver threads among the

gold. It costs us a pang to realize that she who bore us is no longer young. But Phidias never carved out of Parian marble for the Parthenon at Athens, palms more beautiful to us than mother's withered hands; while that wrinkled face of hers—furrowed by the plowshare of the years—is richer in divine beauty, aye, holds more of heaven in its smile, than any which Raphael ever painted for the Virgin.

Then let us wear a white rose for mother. Love's tribute to the pure in heart, let us pluck for her the fairest bud in all the garden. Let us wear it, not once a year, but always, summer and winter, day and night, an ever-blooming thought of her, woven into the milk-white flower of a life unspoiled; and let us wear it, till we meet her where the roses are immortal.

It matters not what riches we accumulate or what honors we attain, or how Dame fortune lavishes her gifts upon us, life's greatest debt we owe to her who twined her arms about us in our infancy and who, as night came on, beneath the tender benediction of the golden stars, taught us at her knee to whisper:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I may be an old fogy. But all the ballot boxes in Christendom cannot add one mite to her influence where it counts for most. Suffrage will not help her one iota to perform the sacred duties which God has given her to do. But I can tell you what will. It is **the discipline of a higher education.** This is the open sesame, the magic key, with which she is unbarring many a door. It has brought her recognition in the world of letters. It has enthroned her in the school-room. It has trained her for leadership in a thousand crusades of reform. Nor is there an aspect of her character, beautiful in the eyes of those who love her best, which an educated intellect will not ennoble and exalt. If mine were the power, our daughters would all be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace. If I possessed the means, I would multiply colleges for women all over this land until the humblest daughter of Eve might drink of the Fountain of Minerva.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

[Extract from an address delivered to the Graduating Class of Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., during the commencemnt of 1917.]

Equal suffrage is undoubtedly coming. The advocates of an unrestricted ballot have at last seated a woman in the American Congress; and I am glad that she could weep when she voted in opposition to war. It was the soul of the old regime distilling its dew-drops in the eyes of the new. I glory in every forward step taken by the gentler sex. Whenever I hear of a new victory achieved, I feel like hanging my hat upon the horns of the moon. But let me declare to you here and now that the subtle something which we call a woman's influence is not in any sense dependent upon her ability to vote nor can it be increased to any degree by her activities at the polls.

She already possesses, within her domestic sphere, a greater power to shape events on this planet than God ever gave to Napoleon; and if there is any force in this universe to which her influence can be likened, it is the force of gravitation—noiseless and hidden, silent and unseen, but reaching to the limits of the furthest star, and powerful enough to uphold an infinitude of worlds.

I admire the new woman. She scintillates like a star. But somehow I like the old-fashion girl the best. She holds my heart-strings; and, for me at least, hers is the spell that binds and the charm that lingers. She reminds me of what mother was in the morning of her loveliness. Unassuming, shy and modest, she makes me think of the violets in yonder belt of woods, sweetening the whole forest round, but hiding in the shadow of the oaks.

If a woman wishes to vote, let her do so. There is no constitutional reason for withholding the ballot from her. The difficulties are only those of detail. But it's all superfluous. "To gild refined gold * * * is wasteful and ridiculous excess." In rearing the childhood of this nation, she fashions our creeds, and fights our battles, and molds our laws, and fixes our destinies. It is hers, at the fireside of the world,

"To mold a mighty state's decrees
And shape the whispers of a throne."

Equal suffrage cannot add one cubit to her stature. It may detract from her charm of modesty—I cannot tell. It may dull the fine edge of that chivalry which a reverence for the gentler sex has ever inspired in a race of Cavaliers—I hope it never will. But there is a grim touch of irony, if not a sinister prediction, in the toast: "Here's to the women of America, once our superiors, but now only our equals."

"ICH DIEN"—"I SERVE."

[Extract from an address delivered at Lucy Cobb Institute, in Athens, Ga., during the commencement of 1896.]

Young ladies, I must close. In the great world whose lights are beckoning to you, there are dazzling opportunities for you to seize, great responsibilities for you to meet. All will not be smiles. Cares will encumber. Disappointments will come. Illusions, one by one, will vanish. Some of you will shine in the social realm; others will find in life an humbler lot. But in the ledger which the Recording Angel keeps, 'tis not what we have but what we are, that counts for the eternities. I would commend to you the motto of our great State—"not for ourselves but for others." Remember, too, with the cotter-king, that—

"If self the wavering balance shakes
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

Whosoever would be chiefest among us must be the servant of all.

On the battle-field of Cressy, Edward the Black Prince met in a hand-to-hand encounter King John of Bohemia whom he slew. But, underneath his plume, he discovered this legend: "Ich dien—I serve." Adopting the legend as his own, it has ever since been the motto of the Prince of Wales. There is nothing finer in this world than service —service for others. Mary's royal son, the Prince of Peace, relinquishing the glory of the Godhead and donning

the livery of a servant, came "not to be ministered unto but to minister;" and he alone is fit to govern who can stoop to conquer.

Freely ye have received, freely give—of your talents. Be true to the lessons imbibed from your alma mater. Cherish the good, the true, and the beautiful. Let duty be your guiding-star, not happiness.

> "Our pleasures are like poppies spread,
> We seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-flake on the river,
> A moment white, then gone forever."

Happiness, as an object of pursuit, is worthy only of worldlings; but keep this fact in mind; that, in seeking first the kingdom, we are sure to find happiness along the way and heaven at the end.

Remember what Christianity has done for woman; and, in choosing a vocation, choose also "that good part which can never be taken from you!" Be Martha to serve and Dorcas to sew and Mary to sit at the feet of the Master. Let your faith in the unseen realities be like the widow's cruse of oil—an unfailing source of supply in a time of famine; and let your zeal for the holy things of life be worthy of the tribute found in that beautiful quatrain:

> "Not she, with traitrous kiss, her Savior stung,
> Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
> Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

It will be yours to sip the sweets of the intellect. But do not let them entice you from the fireside. In this age of multiplied social centers, I sometimes tremble for the home, because I know what it means to society if our hearts are not anchored in its haven. There a woman's holiest empire lies. Young ladies—

> "Never sacrifice your kingdom, never abdicate its crown;
> Though your realm be but a cottage, keep it holy—'tis thine own.
> Let no trespasser invade it; from its door let strife be hurled,
> For the edicts of the fireside rule the forums of the world."

Take for your ideal the woman of the Old South. She

may have been a simple dame, measured by the standards of a later day. Her's too, a simple faith; but she graced an era, the like of which we shall never see again. She lived at a time when knighthood was in flower. Sired by a race of Cavaliers, she bore the hall-marks of nobility, and in an age which knew Elizabeth could have matched the virgin queen at Kenilworth. But she loved her home. To her it was the golden axis on which her little world revolved; and at her knee she reared a race of giant men. Do you scorn to be like her? Then, drain life's goblet to the lees. Wear the gaudy honors and butter-fly wings of society till the roses wither on the stem and the waters fail at the fountain. Let the soul be enhungered, if only the intellect is fed. Put the club above the home and substitute pleasure for religion, till apples turn to ashes; and then, at your hearth-stone, cold and desolate and dark, when wisdom comes too late, ponder the words of Owen Meredith:

"The mission of woman. Permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent and sweetly infuse
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse
The blessings which mitigate all. Born to nurse,
To soothe and to solace, to help and to heal,
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile.

Rising before me in imagination, there looms a structure of enduring marble. It towers above the shaft of Bunker Hill and dwarfs the monument to Washington. In its massive composition, I recognize the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, the Catskills and the Adirondacks, the Sierras and the Rockies. Every State, from Maine to California and from Oregon to Georgia, has contributed to its erection. Silently, from year to year, it climbs higher and higher into the unwinnowed ethers. On every block of marble is chiseled the name of some woman—most of them lowly and obscure—whose influence has helped to rear the masonry of this stupendous pile; but, high upon the mighty column, blazing in characters which all may read, there shines this luminous inscription:

"DEDICATED TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA—WHO HAVE INSPIRED THE PATRIOTISM, NERVED THE COURAGE AND

MADE POSSIBLE THE VICTORIES OF THE GREATEST REPUBLIC ON THE GLOBE—WHO HAVE BEEN THE POWER UNDERNEATH ITS FORUMS AND ITS BATTLE-FIELDS AND WHO, IN THE QUIET SECLUSION OF THE HOME RETREAT, FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD'S IGNOBLE STRIFE, HAVE REARED THE ALTARS OF A NATION'S FAITH AND KINDLED THE PERPETUAL FIRES OF A NATION'S FREEDOM."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

[Extract from an address delivered before the two literary societies of the University of Georgia, at Athens, during the commencement of 1895.]

What century of time, in the magnitude of its achievements, can parallel the Nineteenth? Steam has written its exordium. Electricity is about to conclude its peroration. The pressure of a button miles away now starts an exposition, gives an impulse of power to ponderous engines, and causes a myriad flames to leap into a carnival of light. A single wire, stretched along the highway, conveys its message, couched in the accents of the human voice. From hidden sources which the eye cannot detect, it furnishes power to the factory and speeds the progress of the locomotive, thundering upon its way as if in the exercise of its own volition.

Science has illuminated the night with her soft magic; and posting her wizard lamps upon the avenue has usurped the dominion of the stars. Like the moping owl, the moon herself has lodged complaint against the trespasser for molesting

"her ancient, solitary reign."

The glowing periods of the orator and the music of the prima donna have been preserved to charm admiring ears when the lips which breathed them into life have turned to silence and to dust. Miles have dwindled into shorter measures and distance is no longer dreaded. Oceans have been wiped away and continents united in a retroprocity of mutual interests, until the nation has become a neighborhood and the world itself a federation, governed by the

parliament of man. To sum its achievements in a paragraph the Nineteenth century has given to us the telephone and the telegraph, the linotype and the steamboat, the electric light and the sewing machine. It has discovered the twilight sleep of the gods and bestowed upon humanity the painless boon of anaesthesia. Beneath the waves of the sea, it has laid an iron cable. Around the gobe, it has woven an iron web; and, to cap the climax, in its closing hours, for a farewell feat, it has wrought the wonder of the wireless.

These achievements, save in a single instance, we must credit, not to Europe, whose glories are of the past, but to free, liberty-loving and self-reliant young America, whose restless life has caught the tenor of her cataracts and whose fetterless ambition, like the free-born eagle of the air, has spurned the miasma of the plain to cradle her off-spring on the mountains. Marvelous beyond all precedent have been the miracles of the past one hundred years; but with all these marvelous achievements the Ninteenth Century has merely journeyed in the imperial progress of the Queen of Sheba to behold in the multiplied revelations of the Twentieth the undreamed-of glories of the Court of Solomon.

SIDNEY LANIER.

[Extract from an address, delivered in Rose Hill Cemetery, Macon, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1916.]

Daughters of Macon. In a distant grave beside the Chesapeake—remote from the ashes of his kindred—sleeps one whom we must not forget. Every breeze from the Marshes of Glynn—every note in the Song of the Chattahoochee—every rustle of the wind amid the Corn—every flush of Sunrise in the East—is eloquent of Georgia's silent singer.

Dear to us all, who love the sweet music of our mother-tongue, he is doubly dear to you. He was only a Confederate soldier, a musketeer of Lee, but his fame fills all the space between the earth and the stars. Two years ago, I stood beside his grave in Baltimore and looked upon its

flowering ivy, green like his own fadeless immortelles of song. What then I felt in the silence of an unworded thought, I now voice in the accents of this tender hour:

"Can we not bring him back to Georgia?"

Is it not meet that, in the old mother's lap, with the encircling balm of her roses around him, where sleep the play mates of his youth and the comrades of his warfare, there, too, should sleep till the morning wakes him that prince-imperial of all our Southern poets—Sidney Lanier?

THE YOUNG SOUTH.

[Extract from an address delivered in Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta, Ga., April 28, 1895, the date for the exercises having been postponed.]

I bring to this occasion no recollections of the field of battle.

Born since the bugles sang truce at Appomattox, I have come in the spirit of the younger South to lay the tear drop of the living upon the still hearts of the dead; and, standing in the shadow of this granite shaft, the rising generation greets the old and the son of a Confederate soldier salutes the comrades of his sire.

This day is rich in the recollections of a Conquered Banner. To you, brave soldiers, it is doubly sacred. For, not only is it wreathed with those divine associations which make it a Sabbath of the week but to you it is fragrant with those martial memories which make it a Sabbath of the year. From the solemn roar of the Rappahannock to the muffled thunders of the Mississippi, the ashes of your silent brethren have caught the tribute of the noble women who inspired their hearts; and with incense breathing heavenward these graves today give back the sorrows of a people whose battle flag is furled forever but whose martial glory still remains undimmed.

In one sublime and star-lit battle-abbey, Georgia is today a green Westminster, stretching from the sand of Tybee to the furthest violet that pickets the solitudes beyond the Etowah.

Before I give utterance to this hour's tribute, permit me, on the impulse of the moment, to speak of one now silent whose tears have often fallen on this day—who has waited only for its flowers to come, to fall asleep among them. It was not an unkind providence—in this, to her, the sweetest of all months—to permit the April flowers to unlock for her the gates of Paradise, that, amid the perfume of the Southern roses, she might pass from the garlands that bedeck the warrior's tomb to the greener laurels that entwine the warrior's brow.

Sir, if experience in the shock of battle be the only test of patriotism, it is folly for me to speak in this heroic presence and in vain do I plead for the chivalry of younger Georgians. But, sir, it is not the scar that makes the soldier. Deeper than any wound—it is love of home and fidelity to principle. These, sir, have made your Gettysburgs and your Malvern Hills. These, sir, have glorified your arms upon a thousand fields; and these, today, animate the spirits of your younger countrymen. We drink at no alien fountains. Nurtured at the same breast, we have caught the inspiration of the same blue skies, reveled among the same sweet roses, and kept our hearts warm at the same fires of liberty.

But I hold a higher claim upon you—a soldier's passport to a soldier's heart.

On the brow of yonder hill lies one who shared with you the perils of the fight. Dearer to me his soldier's cap than all the relics of this earth. He carried the name of Lee like a shibboleth upon his lips. He loved the chosen leader of his people. Nor was the shield of Arthur's favorite knight more redolent of martial deeds, when it breathed in war's grim perfume to the fair Elaine, who kept it guarded in the tower, than is his dear old coat of gray, to me—the only shield he wore. Never while the sod of Oakland shall press upon the soldier's bosom of my father shall I cease to love his comrades or defend his quarrel.

I am loyal to the country's flag. But I love the South. I love every inch of ground over which her brave armies battled and over which today the daisies are marching.

Loving the South, I would carry the record of her soldiers into the school-room and from the pen of the unbiased historian I would teach our children to honor and respect their fathers. I would tell them of the achievements of Southern men—that it was Patrick Henry who inspired the Revolution—that it was Jefferson who penned the Declaration—that it was Washington who led the Continental Army—that it was Madison who framed the Constitution; that it was Marshall and Taney who construed the law; that it was Southern men under Jackson who won the war of 1812—Southern men under Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor and Jefferson Davis who planted Old Glory upon the walls of Mexico.

In the light of these great truths, I would teach them that Southern men could never have fought as they did at Gettysburg and could never have perished as they did at Crampton's Gap, unless they had fought for the love of principle, and higher than the Union of the States, they cherished the Union of the Constitution.

The young men of the South venerate the Confederate soldier. Ashamed of him who, for honor's sake, on the altar of home, sacrificed all? No, a thousand times, no. Let it never be said that the son of a Confederate soldier is ashamed of his father's old gray jacket. Never, till Kennesaw disowns her memories of sixty-four, and yonder mountain of uplifted granite dissolves in the drapery of its morning mist.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

[Extract from an address delivered in Chattanooga, Tenn., May 22, 1901, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Arch for the Confederate Cemetery gate, under the auspices of the local chater, U. D. C. Lieut. General A. P. Stewart introduced the speaker. The same address was delivered on Memorial Day, in 1902, at Danville, Ky.]

We meet today on consecrated soil. Scanning the horizon, every object which attracts the eye suggests the heroism of the Confederate soldier and makes us think of the inscription above the tomb of Wren in old St. Paul's

cathedral: "Monumentum si requiris circumspice." Except as an evidence of love upon our part it seems superfluous in this hallowed place to honor the Confederate soldier with monuments of art, where nature herself in tribute to his valor has reared her arches of commemoration more lasting than the pyramids and blended her unrivaled beauty in immortal wedlock with his fame.

Before us looms historic Lookout. Yonder stretches Missionary ridge. Softly down the valley steals the waters of the Tennessee. Just beyond the rim of the horizon lies the field of Chickamauga. Losing ourselves among the memories which crowd upon us, we feast our eyes today upon war's bloodiest drama.

Once more the earth is filled with bristling guns and the armies met in deadly grapple. Musket answers musket. Cannon thunders unto cannon. Again we see the forms of Hood and Bragg and Cleburne and Johnston riding through the smoke of battle. Hopeless but undaunted, the tattered regiments in gray sweep hurriedly across our vision. Matched against superior numbers, they still fight bravely on, upholding the cause whose star is slowly waning and lifting high the flag which floats above them like the rainbow in the storm. Such heroism may be overpowered in the years which are to follow, but it cannot be surpassed.

Catching the inspiration of these scenes, you will pardon my enthusiasm when I say that if I know my own convictions, I would rather be the son of the obscurest hero who fought beneath the stars and bars and through his blood claimed kinship with the men who sleep in yonder graves, than to trace my descent from the proudest captain who, marching at the head of his exultant cohorts, ever returned to Rome in triumph through the Appian way, wearing the laurels of Caesar.

Without parallel in the annals of war was the conflict which from 1861 to 1865 prevailed on American soil. No foreign invader from beyond the seas challenged the fire of our united guns, but Americans opposed Americans.

Both descendants of the men who fought at Valley Forge and Yorktown, both nurtured in the climate of free institutions. Yet while they were both Americans, they represented two conflicting ideas of government derived from the republic's cradle and two opposing civilizations transplanted from the old world to the new. In the clash of arms which closed at Appomattox, the stars and bars went down before the stars and stripes, but not until the conquered banner acquired from fame an immortality which made defeat forever glorious, and on knighthood's field of honor the Spartan's of Leonidas surrendered the record of the ages to the ragged legions of Lee.

But since the war is over and the sword is sheathed, why lift this arch, whose corner-stone we lay today? Why heap our garlands upon yonder graves? My answer is that the past, whose heroic sacrifices and whose glorious achievements we love to brood upon in memory contains nothing which we are not proud to remember as Americans; and we honor our immortal heroes with monumental shafts and with emblematic flowers because the law of God, written upon the tablets of our being, bids us honor the men who perished for our sakes in defense of cherished principles; because they illustrated American fortitude and American virtue; because "history's ample page, rich with the spoils of time," is powerless to match the chivalry which has immortalized them in defeat; and because if the past, which we love to think of, teaches anything, it teaches that in the willingness of Americans to die for principle are grounded the triumphs of the nation in the conflicts which are yet to come.

When the Cavaliers settled at Jamestown in Virginia, and the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, they established on American soil two opposing civilizations whose clash of ideas continued in the new world the antagonisms which estranged them in the old, and renewed on somewhat different lines the contentions which

prevailed between the Ironsides of Cromwell and the Loyalists of Charles. Though united in the struggle which resulted in the freedom of the colonies, they divided upon nearly every problem which the republic was called upon to solve; and from opposite sections of the union they stood ready to foster any issue which might bring them into conflict.

When the government of the United States was first established there arose within the union two rival parties; the one maintaining the supremacy of the general government and the other asserting the supremacy of the state government; the former contending that the union which was formed by the adoption of the constitution acquired the attributes of sovereignty and could not be dissolved, and the latter maintaining that the attributes of sovereignty, except where specially delegated to the union, were inherent in the states—the creators of the union—and that from the nature of the compact the union could be dissolved at any time upon the withdrawal of the states.

With two such double elements of discord ready to be fired into conflict whenever circumstances should array them upon lines of sectional division, it requires no microscopic eye to detect in this menace of opposing forces the germs of future Gettysburgs and Malvern Hills and Chickamaugas.

From the beginning the Puritan lived separate from the Cavalier, but for many years succeeding the birth of the republic the parties were not arrayed against each other upon lines of sectional division. On account of the firm hold which the principle of local self-government held upon the commonwealths just liberated from the yoke of England, the party of Jefferson became stronger than the party of Hamilton and derived its followers from Massachusetts and Rhode Island as well as from Georgia and Virginia. In the north as well as in the south the doctrine of secession was generally accepted, if not distinctly taught, and when the war of 1812 threatened to destroy New England's commerce it was New England's representatives in convention assembled at Hartford who first asserted the doctrine of

secession in threatening to leave the union unless steps were taken to suspend hostilities.

What caused New England's change of mind in regard to secession? Let us proceed carefully just here, because the answer to this question will explain the division of the parties upon geographical lines and show how it was that two sectional parties and two hostile civilizations were arrayed against each other in the irrepressible conflict of the sixties. In the beginning slavery was universal. North and South alike bought and owned slaves, and North and South alike engrafted upon the constitution the clause which legalized the system. However, there was this difference between them: The North, besides owning slaves, also operated the vessels which brought them to this country and landed them upon our shores.

But in 1808 the importation of slaves was forbidden, and then it was that New England's interest in the system began to decline. Slave labor could not be carried on with profit in New England because her rigorous winters were inimical to the health of laborers transported from the heart of Africa, and because her restricted farming lands offered no opportunity for extensive agricultural operations. So New England, for economic reasons, readily parted with her slaves, while the South, for economic reasons, readily acquired them. Both sections in this transfer of property were actuated by an eye to business, and moral considerations were not involved.

But having disposed of her holdings at good profit, New England's moral sense became strangely and suddenly aroused over the enormities of slavery; flagrant wrongs which she could not see when the institution flourished under her fostering care, became plainly visible when the stimulus of distance was imparted to the sense of vision, and moral crusades, which she never dreamed of starting so long as the system swelled her profits, she began to prosecute with amazing grace when her financial independence emancipated her compassion and regenerated her heart.

John J. Ingalls, in an outburst of candor, has well ob-

served that New England's conscience never hurt her in regard to slavery until her profit in the institution began to diminish. Such was her radical change of mind that it blotted out her past transgressions and caused her to forget that if slavery was wrong, she, too, was grievously at fault; and that if it constituted an offense against the laws of God to buy slaves and to hold them, it was equally wrong to sell slaves and to keep the price thereof. When the institution became riveted upon the South sectional lines were drawn between the parties and then it was that the division between the republic's rival forces was made eventually complete.

Opposition to slavery at the North engendered defense of slavery at the South, and whatever may have been the South's ultimate intentions with respect to slavery, she was forced to defend an institution which was at once her traditional property and her constitutional right. She was not blind to the fact that while slavery had its virtues, it also had its evils, nor was New England entirely of this persuasion until she mistook her climate for her conscience and proceeded to make war upon her off-spring.

Slavery may have been the occasion of the war, but it was not the cause. Less than 10 per cent of the men who fought the battles of the confederacy were owners of slaves, and if the question of slavery could have been adjusted without bloodshed, it would not have healed the breach between the parties nor reconciled the civilizations in which they were entrenched, and some other issue at some other time would inevitably have brought them into conflict. So the principles which actuated the Confederate soldier were just as pure and just as patriotic as the principles which inspired the Federal soldier who opposed him; and never while the sod of Oakland shall press upon the soldier's bosom of my father shall I spurn the cause for which he bled or be ashamed to honor his allegiance on the heights of Bunker Hill or at the grave of Washington.

When I declare that the South was not unfriendly to the

Union even in the hour when she severed her connection with it, I shock no Confederate sensibilities and I make no statement which history will not sustain. Prior to her withdrawal from the Union she preached no strange heresy and she made no exorbitant demands. She only insisted upon recognition of rights which, under the constitution, inherently belong to sovereign states She preferred to remain within the Union, but sectionalism at the North obtained possession of the government and in order to protect her property she was forced in honor to invoke the remedy which the constitution gave her. She left the Union, not in anger, but in sorrow and she carried the constitution with her when she went.

With her whole heart she loved the Union. Was it not her Henry who kindled the fires of the revolution with the altar flame of his inspired eloquence? Was it not her Jefferson who penned the Declaration? Was it not her Washington who led the army of the patriots and became the first President of the young republic? Was it not her Madison who framed the constitution? Was it not her Marshall and her Taney who construed the law?

Loving the Union, she loved the flag. Every stripe was crimson with her sacrifies, every star refulgent with her triumphs. She loved the flag in 1776, when it fluttered in defiance of the despotism of Great Britain; she loved it in 1812, when it symbolized the right of American commerce to enjoy the freedom of the seas; she loved it in 1845, when Winfield Scott and Jefferson Davis and Zachary Taylor bore it proudly westward and planted it in triumph upon the walls of Mexico; she loved it through sixty years of undisturbed supremacy in the councils of the government, when she furnished the country with its Presidents, its judges and its diplomats; she loved it when she multiplied its stars by the gifts of her territory out of which six sovereign states were carved; and if she found it necessary to oppose it with her guns, it was in order to preserve the constitution upon which it was established in the wisdom of the fathers.

When the issue of the contest went against her she accepted the decree of battle and returned to her allegiance

under the stars and stripes; and there she is today. In the recent war with Spain ex-confederates and the sons of ex-confederates have gloriously upheld the flag of the republic and today the question is not whether the South is loyal to the union, but whether there is any section of the country more loyal to the union than the South?

Soldiers, I come not here today to fan the passions of the conflict upon which the curtain of the past has fallen, nor am I here to exalt the heroism of the Confederate soldier by depreciating the courage of the foe. To cast contempt upon the men who wore the blue is to reduce the prowess of the men who wore the gray; while to credit the federal soldier with the virtues which belong to him takes naught from the fame of the Confederate soldier, but rather adds new luster to his laurels.

Born since the flag of Dixie was furled in defeat at Appomattox, it was not my privilege to share the privations of the veterans who honor this occasion, and my only passport to your confidence is that I inherit in my veins the blood of one who consecrated his life upon the altar of his couutry and who never soiled with cowardice the glory of the Confederate gray. But while my recollections do not reach into the years which were lit with blood and fire, I am no stranger to the memories which this occasion and this scene recalls. Beside the blazing hearth in winter and mid the perfume of the jessamine distilled through the starlight of sweet summer evenings, I have listened to the story of the past until through fancy's sight I have feasted on the scenes of Dixie's vanished days.

Before my eyes in many an hour's reverie has loomed the pillars of the old-time southern mansion and into my ears have sunk the croonings of the faithful negro mammy as she watched the slumbers of her infant charge and woke the lullabies which later upon fairer lips were destined to become my cradle songs. In contemplation I have seen the war cloud hover over happy homes; I have heard the summons of the bugle's notes calling over hill and valley

and waking the chivalry of Dixie into bristling regiments, and I have felt the fever of the conflict as the air grew dense with smoke and sulphur and the earth, charged with the electricity of combat, trembled beneath the tread of the artillery.

Surpassing the armored knights extolled by Tennyson in the "Idyls of the King," eclipsing the fabled warriors of whose prowess Homer has sung, our leaders have loomed upon my vision, Lee and Jackson, Stewart and Longstreet, Johnston and Hood, Cleburne and Forrest, while close behind them with defiant mien have swept the regimentals of ill-starred Cavaliers, whose multiplied victories at the beginning of the war, made almost every field a Marengo for the Southern Cross.

When I consider the South's meager resources at the beginning of the war and remember how overmatched she was in war's machinery, having no organized military or naval equipment and compelled to put into the field her babes and her veterans in order to oppose an army which outnumbered hers in the ratio of four to one, and which was made up of material collected from every source under heaven; when I recall such things I wonder at the spirit which induced her to defy the enemy, but I marvel even more at the endurance and the generalship which enabled her through four long year's to hold the enemy at bay.

From first to last the south put into the field less than 700,000 men, while the north mustered in 2,800,000. If the odds were not so overwhelming against her there is no telling what she might have done; for how skillfully the Confederate soldier used his musket is officially attested by the fact that the Federal pension rolls today contain the names of more disabled veterans of the other side than there were soldiers mustered into the confederate ranks, and still there are half a million whose applications have not been granted yet.

Recently an eminent divine of New York made the remark that the South was dead at the outbreak of the war. Without stopping to inquire how much of credit is due our friends at the north for taking four years to defeat an

enemy, lifeless when the conflict started, let me merely observe that if the south was dead at the beginning of the conflict she was the liveliest corpse on record and dismayed her undertakers to such an extent that they were powerless to solemnize her funeral rites.

Fitting it is that Southern women should be the custodians of the graves in which Southern heroes sleep. In the time of Dixie's tribulation no truer hearts enshrined the cause which led our armies into battle and no braver spirits faced the terrors of the four years' night of sacrifice. When our bugles sounded in 1861 they buckled the sword of Mars around the form of the Confederate soldier and bade him go forth in honor to fight for the liberties of Dixie. Throughout the struggle they nerved him with courage at the front by their own displays of fortitude at home.

When chilled by exposure to midwinter's storm they sent him clothes and blankets made from their own garments. When fever overtook him, they nursed him in the hospitals. When, at length, he fell in death's embrace they gathered up his mangled body from the field of battle, buried him beneath sweet heaps of Southern roses, carved his name in graven letters upon marble slabs and lovingly inspired the custom which has ever since preserved his memory green with garlands.

We admire the sentiment which inspired the President of the United States three years ago to affirm in Georgia's capital that the bitterness of war had sufficiently subsided to warrant the government in participating in the care of our confederate graves. We scorn no overtures which aim at reconciliation and we spurn not one sweet flower which the magnanimity of the republic may lay upon the graves of the Confederate dead; but we feel that the gentle spirits which have guarded the shrines of southern valor through more than thirty years of sectional estrangement are equal to this sweet task of devotion still.

This arch may crumble into dust beneath the touch of

time or be riven into fragments by some direful thunderbolt, but no corroding breath or elemental shock can ever harm the sentiment which it proclaims. Impervious to every hurtful influence no power can obscure the fame of the Confederate soldier, whose character resembles yonder mountain's massive fabric which defies the power of the ages to disturb it while it rises in colossal majesty above the clouds to wear the diadem of glory which it catches from the stars.

Defeated! Yes, defeated! But some of earth's sublimest victors have been defeated, too. Triumphs cannot be measured by successes nor can failures be counted by defeats.

"Speak, History, who are life's victors, unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst?
Or the Persians? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

SHALL OUR RECORDS BE LOST?

[Extract from an address delivered before the Georgia Historial Association, at its meeting in the Senate Chamber of Georgia, April 10, 1917. On the lines advocated in this address a Department of Archives and History was created for the State by the legislature, at its session in 1918.]

I am not an alarmist, but I come to sound an alarm. If the perishing records of Georgia are to be saved from destruction, the most vital need of our state at this time is a Department of Archives: not a temporary make-shift, but a permanent bureau of history, to constitute within itself a separate and distinct sphere of work and to correlate with other departments of the state government. The value of such a bureau will be infinite—its cost infinitesimal. To say that we possess a history worthy of preservation is not an extravagant boast. So rich indeed is the history of our state that in preserving it we should be second to no state

in the American union. The youngest of the English colonies, Georgia, has become the richest of the southern commonwealths, and for more than half a century has been called "The Empire State of the South."

But has the story of her marvelous growth ever been fully told? Is she given the recognition, either at home or abroad, to which she is rightfully entitled? Does she occupy in the literature of states that exalted station which her splendid history, her genius and her character, qualify her to command?

These are startling questions which few of us have stopped to consider, engrossed as most of us are in gainful occupations. But consider them we must, if we are worthy to be Georgians. Some of the records which are sorely needed at this time to supply the gaps in our history are lost to us forever. Not a few perished in our great revolutionary upheaval, when Georgia was overrun by the British; but—thanks to our first Secretary of State, John Milton, a man cast in the molds of Sparta—many were saved. In 1864, when Sherman blazed his fiery march to the sea, hundreds of priceless records disappeared, some escaping vandalism only to be carted out of the state to distant markets.

But a still further explanation of the present deplorable condition of affairs is found in a single criminating word: NEGLECT. This is not the fault of state officials, most of whom are burdened to the limit with the care of current records. It is the fault of the state. So rapidly have the various departments grown that, in order to meet the demands of current business, important records, vital to our state's history, have been relegated to corners where rats and roaches congregate and where the absence of light has served to augment the processes of decay. Present-day interests have filled our perspective—have monopolized our field of vision. It is time to call a halt. We have been indifferent too long to the immortal things of Georgia. We have allowed ourselves to forget that permanent values are not material but spiritual; and we have become so absorbed in temporalities that we have almost lost the sense of eternities.

It is an alarming fact, which I blush to record, that in the basement of the state capitol, not long ago, some rare papers were found in a lot of rubbish which the janitor was actually using for purposes of fuel. (Mrs. Cobb's paper.) What an indictment! I wonder if it would feed the patriotism of Georgia boys who are now enlisting—who will soon be on the firing-line of battle—to be told that the old mother state gives not the snap of her finger for records and that fifty years from today the documents which tell what they have done—a heritage of glory—will be treated as so much junk to feed the furnace in her state capitol? If the records of Georgia are to be consumed by fire, I rather it would be an enemy who applied the torch. I do not wish to appear in the role of prosecutor. I prefer no charges. I merely state facts. The past is beyond recall; but it may help us for the future if we will recognize our short-comings, and ere it is too late make the proper amends.

One reason why New England occupies so large a place in the life and thought of our nation is that she has cast into literary molds, as a permanent contribution to political science, the story of her part in the history-making of this continent. She has not failed to mark a single historic spot. She has placed the records of her Puritan ancestors within reach of her humblest child. With the greed of a miser, she has hoarded every shining atom of her dust. Here, then, we find an example to imitate. Georgia, for nearly two centuries, has been making history for America; but in doing so she has neglected the fundamental basis on which alone her history can rest. She has failed to create a Department of Archives. It is time for her to realize that such a policy is suicidal. Material wealth cannot embalm a state. Immortality is not the gift of trade. Rome was destroyed by her avarice; Greece was corrupted by her gold; and what we know today of these nations of antiquity we owe to historians. We are living in an age of materialism. It behooves Georgia, therefore, to profit by these lessons and to make her calculations for enduring greatness, less in the spirit of the age and more in the spirit of the ages.

Now is the time to strike. It is a moment of crisis. Patriotism is in the air. Events are putting a solemn emphasis upon the importance of records. We are looking to the past for guidance, for wisdom, and for inspiration. The nucleus for such a department exists already in the Compiler's office. It will be easy to build upon this foundation. There will be little additional cost to the state, while a vast amount of work can be accomplished for which no provision is made at present. I am not solicitous for an office. It is at a loss to personal interests that I am holding this position. But I love Georgia's history; and if I can rescue from oblivion one single name which but for me might be forgotten—if I can raise it out of the dust and lift it shining to the firmament—I shall be well repaid.

In the person of Old Mortality, the Wizard of the North has depicted a character beautiful to me, in some respects at least, above all the characters of literature. It was the custom of this simple-hearted man to visit each year all the burial-grounds in his vicinity, deepening the epitaphs of the martyred Cameronians. Where he found no headstone he erectd with his own hands a rude memorial, which he kept in beautiful repair. He loved these silent heroes of the kirk, and with the enthusiasm of a devotee he sought to keep their names bright and their memories green in Scotland's heart of hearts. The click of his chisel was a sound familiar to the ears of thousands. But one day its music ceased. On the roadside, near a village cemetery, he was found with his eye-lids closed. Old Mortality's work was done; but, in the stiffening chill of death, his fingers closed around his chisel and on his face a smile still lingered. There had come to him the balm of rest among the kindred spirits of his highland home. Others, if they choose to do so, may covet the seats of the mighty and the togas of the great. I covet only the chisel of Robert Paterson, the stone-cutter of Galloway, content if I can only do for Georgia what he did for Scotland.

APOLOGY TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[Full text of a statement made to the House of Representatives, of the Georgia Legislature, on July 30, 1918, when brought before the bar of the House, charged with a violation of its proprieties. The offence was in the nature of an interruption from the gallery, when Hon. Seaton Grantland, of Spalding, was on the floor.]

Mr. Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives:

From the bottom of my heart, I deplore the circumstances which have brought me before the bar of the House. It is needless to say that I love Georgia. There is not a beat of my heart that is not hers. For six generations, my ancestors have lived upon her soil. Twelve years ago, on an island in the Pacific Ocean—three thousand miles from home—I first gave my pen to the preservation of her memories. Since then, her history has been to me the very breath of life. It has been my pillar of cloud by day, and my pillar of fire by night; and now that we are in the midst of a great world war, when a tragic emphasis is laid upon the importance of records, it is the ambition of my life, to see her history preserved.

I respect the proprieties of this Hall. When its timbers were reared, I was a youth in school across the way, and from its balconies I have seen and heard the great Georgians of a vanished era. It was in a moment of forgetfulness and in the heat of excitement that I entered my protest from the gallery and made a denial, the tone and tenor of which I deeply regret. My only defence is that I am a Touchstone and a Hotspur. The warm blood of the Southland makes us sometimes lose our heads, but we can always find our hearts. I wish to make amends to the gentleman from Spalding, whose gray hairs I honor, and here and now, I wish to disclaim all unkind expressions used in the interview between us, when each misunderstood the other. I wish also to apologize to the House for violating its proprieties. It was unpremeditated and impulsive, an outburst for which I offer no defence, and which I will always keenly regret. If to err is human, to forgive is divine.

ALLEN D. CANDLER.

[Extract from an address delivered at the grave of ex-Governor Allen D. Candler, at Gainesville, Ga., June 8, 1913, when a monument to his memory, the gift of admiring friends, was unveiled.]

No ordinary patriot slumbers here. Single Oglethorpe stood on Savannah's bluff and swept the primaeval solitudes of an infant colony, there has not appeared upon the scene in Georgia one who loved the state with a more unselfish love or who served her with a more intense ardor of devotion. He wooed the historic muse of Georgia like a lover and he placed upon her brow a wreath which no frost of autumn will ever wither.

With Allen D. Candler patriotism was a passion. He loved Georgia with every pulse-beat of his great heart. There was not a foot of her soil, from the sea to the cedars, which he did not cherish as his own native heath, and there was not a page of her history that his own unwearied pen did not help to brighten. He bore a name illustrious in Georgia from the Revolution down, and the ties of a glorious ancestry bound him to the old mother-land. His friends and his foes alike were Georgia's. He knew no comrade in the ranks who could not pronounce the shibboleths of his faith and in the lexicon of his allegiance to principle there was no such word as surrender. He led these men of the hills in a hundred fights for Democracy, but he never sounded a truce, he never ordered a retreat, and never once, while he held it, did the old flag of his party droop in dishonor on the field. No tainted shilling ever rested in the palm of his hand and no dictate of self-interest ever swerved him by a hair's breadth from the path of right. Great and true man, honor was his shield; his golden motto duty without fear.

One of the most beautiful pictures, Mr. Chairman, in the annals of our State, is the picture of Allen D. Candler in his old age, devoting himself with the enthusiasm of a youth to the task of compiling the immortal records of Georgia. There he sits in a committee room at the State Capitol, bent with the weight of three-score years and ten. His strength is well-nigh spent. He is almost at the end

of his long journey. But he seems to wax young again at his work and to catch from the glow of Georgia's historic dawn some of the lost sun-beams of his own morning skies. Instead of enjoying a leisure which he has well-earned in the service of the State, he is toling away over musty files, often-times far into the night. It is no easy task upon which this veteran is intent. To use a familiar term, it is drudgery; but the sacredness of the task to him gives it a divine charm—the alchemy of his touch makes it golden; and, whatever some may say, he is giving the State a service for which coming generations will call him blessed. He is reclaiming, from the dark sea-caverns of forgotten yesterdays, many a radiant gem to sparkle in the crown of Georgia's history. He is deepening, on the hill sides and in the valleys, many a faded epitaph for Georgia's scroll of fame. He is doing with his pen for Georgia what Old Mortality with his chisel did for Scotland. Patiently, with an infinite regard for detail, he is sifting and sorting the records from which the future glorious history of his State is to be written. Page upon page, volume after volume, grows the splendid pile. But the pen at last falls from the nerveless grasp of the old man's hand, his eyelids droop, his lips close, and Allen D. Candler is at rest for ever.

It matters not in what aspect of his character or at what stage of his career we are pleased to consider him—he is always the same high-minded patriot, the same true man among men. On the floors of Congress, in the office of Secretary of State, in the exalted chair of Governor, and in the arduous role which was last assigned him of compiling the Records of Georgia, he was steadfastly true to every trust. Like an old knight of the tournament, he passed away in his armor of combat, with many a brave indentation on his battered shield, and with many a wreath of laurel on his wrinkled brow. He rendered the State no knightlier service than the one in which he was last engaged and no finer chivalry than his at seventy-six ever found an echo in the Arthurian legends. As Compiler of the State Records of Georgia, he literally immolated himself upon the

altar of his State; and to him belongs the crown of life, for he was faithful even unto death.

Sufficient time has not elapsed for the historian's final word concerning Governor Candler's work. The warmth of feeling with which we must approach him is melting to the ice of cold analysis. But this much is true: he was the stalwart champion of the plain people of Georgia. He was the yeoman's fast friend; and by every tie of kinship he was knit to the sturdy men of the mountains. If his speech was blunt, it was honest. He dealt in no innuendos. His foes always knew where to find him. In public speaking and in private discourse he called a spade a spade. He thought for himself. He wore no man's collar and he felt no party's lash. Sincerity mirrored itself in every action and in every utterance of his life. He scorned hypocrisy and sham and cant with the lofty scorn of the noble Cato. Whether spoken or written, the ring of the pure gold was in his words. They always rang true to truth; and they gushed from his soul like the limpid crystal of his mountain streams.

In his compassions he was as tender as a woman. In his charities he was as broad as a planet. In his convictions of right and wrong he was as fixed as a star in the firmament. Easy of access, by nature jovial, fond of boon companions, full of genial mirth, he was vine and flower in the sunshine, but he towered like Mount Yonah in the storm. Fighting for Georgia in the Civil War, he partially lost his sight, an infirmity which caused him in one of his heated campaigns upon the hustings to be dubbed "The one-eyed plow-boy of Pigeon Roost." But never was an epithet more happily bestowed. It swept him from triumph to triumph. In the race for Governor, it wrote victory upon his banners; and on every page of Georgia's history which records the public acts of Allen D. Candler it is written that he labored with an eye single to the welfare of his people.

Within the sound of my voice, in this beautiful citadel of the dead, there lies moldering in the dust more than one favorite son of this proud old State. Over there sleeps Longstreet, the beloved "Old War Horse of Lee." Not far

away lies Milton Smith, an honored Governor, above whose couch no marble minstrel sings. In one of the earliest graves to be made in this sacred area sleeps a pioneer doctor of the old school whose name is memorialized in the great county of Banks. Here too are Estes and Sanders. But the soil of Alta Vista cemetery holds no keepsake sweeter than the dust which here lies waiting for the eternal dawn to wake it; and underneath the violets of his native land he will slumber on till the morning breaks upon yonder mountains.

Georgia accepts this monument which loyal and loving hands have reared. She will ever guard it with her tenderest care; and hither, in an age of commerce, she will send her pilgrims to do honor to an old patroit for whom an eagle never glistened. In many an anxious hour of the future there will beam upon this tomb a star and there will come from out this sepulchre a message which will fire the hearts and nerve the sinews of men. But the most enduring monument to Allen D. Candler is built in the archives of Georgia. There his epitaph is written for the ages to come. No foe to Georgia's honor will ever scale her walls so long as the spirit of Allen D. Candler shall walk her ramparts nor will an unrighteous law ever stain her statute-books so long as the memory of this just man is enshrined in the granite of her capitol.

IN DEFENSE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES.

[While on a visit to Savannah, with Mrs. Knight, who had just lost an only brother, Dr. Knight chanced to read in an afternoon paper that his department in Atlanta was under fire of the Georgia legislature. On motion of Hon. Charles E. Stewart, of Atkinson, the general appropriations committee of the house had agreed to hold up the biennial appropriations bill, for the support of the civil establishment, until he could satisfy himself in regard to the sum given by the budget committee to the Department of Archives. It was only a play for time; but Dr. Knight's department was made the scape-goat. Returning at once to the capitol, Dr. Knight, when the committee met, on July 9, 1919, was accorded the privileges of the floor. He spoke for three quarters of an hour. On concluding his argument, he was given an ovation. The occurrence was almost without a precedent. Not only was he given the amount in question but was tendered a rising vote of thanks for his services to the state. All of the forty-eight members of the committee rose to their feet. In substance, the speech, as reproduced from the original notes, was as follows:]

I am glad of this opportunity to come before the committee. It is a matter of keen regret to me that in a bill which carries eight millions of dollars, my own department —the youngest in the state capitol—should be the only one on which action is delayed; a department to which the budget committee has given only $7,200 and which, at this crisis in the history of the world, is seeking to preserve the history of our state. After swallowing a whole caravan of dromedaries, this committee strains at one little gnat. The only department which needs to be investigated is the one which is dealing in the immortal things of Georgia. But, while I am sick and sore at heart, I can sympathize with the attitude of Mr. Stewart. He is entitled to this information and he shall receive it from me, in all the accents of courtesy and with all the candor of truth. I have suffered some discomfiture at the hands of Mr. Stewart. But when the storm is over and the rainbow comes, I hope to include him among my best friends. He bears the name of the Young Pretender to the Crown of England—a figure in highland history which charmed me when a boy.

I am not an advertiser but a recluse. Except for this official probe, which, I am sure, is kindly meant, the public might not know the facts. I must thank the gentleman from Atkinson, therefore, for turning the search-light upon my department, for bringing it before the public in such a conspicuous way and for giving it a prominence above all the rest. It entitles me, I think, to say with Poland: "I have been dismembered, but I'm now on the map."

Two surprises came to me on Thursday last. One was a letter from England. It told me that in recognition of my work for Georgia I had been chosen a member of the British Royal Society of Arts in London. The other surprise was an article in an afternoon paper. It informed me that a brother Georgian, a member of the legislature of my own state, could not vote me the amount in question until he could find out what I was doing. Great Caesar's ghost! Under these circumstances, could the spirit of mortal be proud? Not for a minute. I was like Fido at court. When the king patted him on the back, he wagged

his tail and felt like a member of the royal family, but when the flea bit him he remembered that he was still only a dog. Whatever may be the honors which come to us from a distance, life's best rewards must come from those at home, from those who know us best and who love us best.

Because of this injustice to the department of archives, it has gone abroad that I am drawing money from the treasury of the state for which I am offering no equivalent in value received—that I am trying to hold up Georgia, a state for which I would gladly surrender not only my little department but my life, if she asked it at my hands. Though not rich, in the plutocratic sense, I possess an independent estate, and there is not an office in your civil establishment from the governorship down, nor all of them combined, for whose salary I care a farthing. If I draw the salary, it is because the laborer is worthy of his hire, and for the additional reason that labor rendered without compensation is usually valued at what it costs.

For twelve years now I have been an Old Mortality, deepening the epitaphs on Georgia's monuments. Ten volumes of history have come from my pen, in addition to those which I have since edited for the state. In 1906, when suffering from a nervous breakdown and during a period of insomnia, I took up my residence in the far west. I went to the state of California. Going out to Catalina Island, twenty-seven miles off the coast, I made it my workshop. There with my books around me—note-books, scrapbooks, and books of every kind on Georgia, I lived in an atmosphere of Georgia memories, and wrote my initial work, in two volumes, entitled: "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians." On returning home, some two years later, to deliver the alumni address at the University of Georgia, I began to write my second work, in two volumes, entitled: "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends." I did this while editor of the Georgian, a position in which I succeeded John Temple Graves. Later, I wrote my Standard History of Georgia, in six volumes, in consequence of which the University made me a doctor of laws and the American Association for the Advancement of Science

elected me to membership. I was also, at an earlier period, honored by Princeton, and while there, was taught by Woodrow Wilson, now President of the United States. How true it is that if we love much we suffer much. It has been so since the days of the Master. It will be so till He comes again. In 1913, on the death of Governor Northen, without solicitation on my part, I was made Compiler of Records—out of which office has grown the present Department of Archives and History, but as different from its predecsesor as daylight is from darkness. I have never sought public office, never solicited a vote. If I can hold this position in honor and in self-respect, I shall do so, but otherwise it can hold no charms for Lucian Knight.

This sum of $7,200 for my department has been fixed by the budget committee of which your governor is chairman. I asked for $9,000. I needed not only a fund for publication, but also for an additional stenographer. I received only $7,200. This means that if I pay for two volumes which are now in press, I must do without extra help. I must sit at the typewriter myself, as I have done unremittingly for months.

Now how is this $7,200 to be spent? Not a penny of it can be used, without the approval of your governor. Each month a statement of all expenditures is submitted to him, with accompanying vouchers, and when this statement is approved, he draws his warrant upon the treasury for the expenses of the month. Who constitute the governing board of this department? Your governor is its chairman; and with him on the board is your secretary of state, your attorney general, your commissioner of agriculture, your state superintendent of schools, your pension commissioner, your tax commissioner, your commissioner of commerce and labor, and your state librarian. If the state's money is wasted, the reflection is not upon me alone, but also upon them.

But how was this department organized and for what? It was found last year that an old department did not rest upon a constitutional basis. Accordingly a bill was introduced to create a Department of Archives and History for

the state of Georgia. It passed the senate without a dissenting vote. In the house, there was some opposition, in deference to which, on the last night of the session, save one, an amendment was accepted, putting a time-limit of three years upon the department. It was wholly at variance with the spirit and purpose of the act but was accepted under the circumstances, and with only eleven votes in opposition was enacted into law. There is now pending before the present general assembly a bill to remove this time limit and to leave the department unhampered to perform its great work.

Under this act, all of the archives of the capitol, not in current use, have been transferred to this department; and to provide adequate quarters in which to assemble these records, a sum of $2,000 was voted, by the last legislature, in addition to a maintenance fund of $6,000. This department is now the authorized custodian of these records, most of which have been arranged on shelves, supplied with light and protected by glass. The arrangement is systematic, and convenient for ready reference by investigators. Four rooms on the top floor of the building are now occupied by the department. It is charged not only with the care of these records, but with the preservation of Georgia's history since the landing of Oglethorpe.

The reasons for such a department were manifold. Every department in the capitol was crowded. So great was the demand for space for current records that old records were crowded into dark corners. Some were dumped into the basement where the janitor was using them for the purposes of fuel. In these trash heaps were found papers for which the W. & A. Commission was long in search, involving title to the state's property. The Secretary of State's office was literally inundated by the automobile tax; and if he possessed the inclination he lacked the time needed to search old records; and this was likewise true of the other departments. Another reason was found in the deficiences of Georgia's history, as heretofore written. Due to the fact that records have not been preserved, there are great gaps in Georgia's history

which can never be filled, because the records are lost. We have splendid histories for the colonial and revolutionary periods, like those of Jones and Stevens and McCall. But to cover the period from 1785 down to 1861 no adequate history can ever be written. Another reason is found in what other states have done. Alabama, a state carved out of Georgia's territory, has been equipped with such a department for eighteen years. The Old Senate Chamber of the Confederate government is now a museum of Alabama history. The entire basement and a large part of the second floor is occupied with the state's historical collections, and now it is proposed, at a cost of $500,000, to erect a separate building for the Department of Archives and to make it Alabama's memorial to her boys who have fallen in the world war. Mississippi has had a department of Archives for fifteen years. It occupies the entire basement of the new capitol, but will soon be housed in the old capitol, where it will occupy every room from dome to cellar. North Carolina has likewise a department of this character; and she keeps her records in a magnificent structure of granite, known as the Hall of History. Wisconsin, a state on the Canadian border line, appropriates $30,000 per annum to her department of Archives. She has a copy of every known Georgia book in existence, some of which cannot be duplicated in Georgia; and she also has Georgia relics, pamphlets and papers, some of which no doubt were a part of Sherman's loot. Thus I might run through the entire list. We keep splendid records for our convicts and for our lunatics. We exercise a parental guardianship over our cattle. But when it comes to those who have lifted Georgia into the eternities, we balk. Millions for schools. Splendid. But who, more than our children, need a true history of Georgia? Millions for highways. Splendid. But in building highways let us not forget the greatest of them all, the highway of the ages. What constitutes the soul of Georgia is the divine something which, when we are gone, lives, and can live, only in her records.

Now what has this department done? I wish that every member of the legislature would do me the honor to visit

these quarters in person. We have compiled a roster of the general assembly, from 1752 down to the present time. We have compiled biographical information for the legislature of 1917-18, and for the legislature of 1919-20, giving not only names but useful data. Heretofore, only the names of legislators have been preserved, detached from the measures which they advocated, or buried in old journals on which the rats have feasted; and what they did has long since been forgotten. Mr. Stewart has added a great county to the map of Georgia. It will be the pride and pleasure of this department to preserve the record of how this county was formed; and to tell how other counties were created. As the first representative from the new county of Atkinson, Mr. Stewart will head a long and luminous roll of honor. We have compiled a roster of state house officers, judges of the supreme, appellate, and superior courts, United States Senators (in the Gunn line and in the Few line), members of Congress, Governors, etc. We have compiled a roster of Georgia troops in the revolution, a work of great bulk and of priceless value, including not only those who entered the service from Georgia but those who settled in Georgia, after peace was declared, under grants of land, known as Head-rights, including not only officers but privates, those who fought in the militia as well as those who fought in the continental ranks, and including not only soldiers but seamen, sailors and marines. We have been enabled to do this by reason of certificates found in the Secretary of State's office. These were formerly bundled together in packages, and kept in bins where some of them had almost crumbled to pieces, but now each certificate is kept in an envelope by itself and in a file alphabetically arranged, and furnished with every safe-guard for protection. These are the records of your ancestors who fought in the war for American independence —precious beyond calculation.

We have edited a volume of the Candler manuscripts. There are still some twenty volumes in the custody of this department, awaiting publication. These, at some cost to the state, were procured by Governor Candler from the

British Museum, but copied in pencil, since pen and ink were not allowed; and there should be no unnecessary delay in putting these manuscripts into print. Otherwise, in the course of time it will be difficult to decipher them; for some are already blurred.

We have grouped, classified, and, in systematic order, assembled together thousands of the archives which have been turned over to us for preservation. It will take months to assort them. There are perhaps five hundred packages, the contents of which are unknown. Some of these have not been opened in fifty years. But as far as the work has proceeded everything is arranged in strict chronological and topical order, all letter-files together, all minutes-books together, all journals, commissions, receipt books, etc., in spaces appropriately assigned to each; and in one entire corner are gathered together all of the registration books of Reconstruction.

But, in the main, our activities have been concentrated upon Georgia's part in the great world war. In five great manuscript volumes, we have compiled a list of casualties —nearly 5,000 in number. Each boy has been given at least a page, some more, and, in addition to his official record, we have underwritten whatever we could gather in the way of local information, from home newspapers and letters. The bulletins from Washington have contained many errors, which in this way have been discovered. We have established communication with every county in the state and have partially completed a list of those boys who have made the supreme sacrifice. We have compiled a scrap-book dealing with the terms of surrender, the Peace Conference and the League of Nations and have procured a file of the Literary Digest covering the entire period of the war, besides a file of the War volumes published by the New York Times. Other lines on which we have gathered or propose to gather information are as follows: letters from the front, individual feats of bravery, promotions, honors, citations; a list of nurses, a list of chaplains, honor families, patriotic activities, the part played by colleges

and universities, by rural communities and cities, by chambers of commerce and boards of trade, proclamations, posters, resolutions and advertisements, showing how Georgia prepared to enter the war; her attitude toward the draft act, how liberty loans were subscribed, how other war funds were raised, and information of every character showing the effect of the war on Georgia's social, religious, political, educational and economic conditions. If we are permitted to carry this plan into execution, no state in the union can boast of better records and its cost will be only a minimum.

All that we can hope to get from Washington is a bare list of drafted men. It will not include the volunteers, to whom no questionnaires were sent—volunteers who enlisted under foreign flags, before we went to war, volunteers who enlisted under our own flag before the draft act went into effect. The adjutant general's office is not charged with this duty. It has never at any time in our history furnished even muster rolls. Else why are we paying a roster commission thousands of dollars to compile our Confederate records—some of which are lost to us forever? Why have we no rosters of 1812, of 1845, of the Indian Wars, of the Civil War, and of the war with Spain? The truth of the matter is that, like New England, we ought to have busied ourselves in this matter a hundred years ago. We ought to have had a department of archives from the very beginning. Such a department would have saved Georgia many a dollar, and what is better still, many a record. But while the past is behind us the future is under our control. Rip Van Winkle has slept too long in the Catskills! With the blast of a trumpet let me warn you that Georgia's history can never be written unless Georgia's records are preserved.

Now all of this work has been accomplished with only one stenographer. Occasionally, the historian's wife—one of the sweetest little patriots alive—has helped him at his work, especially in the compilation of ten great scrapbooks, to which I have not yet alluded. These constitute

of duty I shall ever endeavor to travel, fearing no evil and dreading no consequences."

It is a law of physics that opposites attract. Who of us today can think of Mr. Stephens without recalling the leonine figure of a kingly Georgian, to whom he stood in polar contrast but for whom he entertained a life-long friendship—Robert Toombs. With apparently little in common between them, these men were bound together by hoops of steel. Damon was not more firmly bound to Pythias, nor was David more closely knit to Jonathan. In the mythology of Georgia politics, they may not inaptly be called our Castor and Pollux; and my contribution to this hour's program is a contrast between these two marvelously endowed but wholly different personalities.

The most striking antithesis between the two men lay in the outward contrasts of physical attributes. Toombs was muscular, full-statured, deep-chested, and imperious. He was a tower of strength. His veins were swiftly pulsed by vigorous and warm blood of the richest quality of red. His veins were wrought of steel. His muscles were spun of oak. His head was leonine. His dark brow, over which clustering waves of hair fell with cloud-like effects, seemed to be the abode of lightning and the home of thunder. Stephens was fragile, sickly, wan, and emaciated. He wore the typical look of an invalid. His eyes were bright, but they beamed like lanterns in the windows of a charnel house. His cheeks were sunken. His features, contracted by suffering, were overlaid with a deep enamel of sepulchral whiteness. He seemed to be hovering upon the borders of another world and to be taking his last view of earth. Nevertheless, his voice possessed a melodious ring and a most extraordinary power of penetration; but whereabouts in his slender body the force lay hidden which expelled these musical harmonies is one of the inscrutable mysteries of finite existence.

Both men in the early glows of political campaigning in Georgia labored under peculiar difficulties begotten of

physical handicaps. The difficulty with Toombs was in lifting his hearers to the highwater levels of enthusiasm which his picturesque personality inspired. The difficulty with Stephens was in overcoming the depreciated estimate of his powers created by his slight figure. It was the boast of Mr. Toombs that he did not taste the wares of the apothecary's shop until he was thirty-four years of age. It was the misfortune of Mr. Stephens to be literally dieted on drugs. Mr. Toombs gathered the commonwealth with bated breath about his sick bedside only once. But Mr. Stephens was at least three times the center of such melancholy scenes. Thrice the newspapers of the State were striped with black columns. Thrice the salty lachrymals were filled. Thrice the flag above the Capitol drooped and sighed at half-mast.

But the outward and obvious differences between these two great Georgians were only the external flowerings of a contrast whose taproots ramified the hidden subsoil beneath. Mr. Toombs was by nature impetuous and impulsive. His fiery temper subsided somewhat when the air was tranquil; but it slept like knighthood stretched beside its lance and pillowed on its shield. Mr. Stephens was calculating and deliberate. He made abundant drafts upon caution. He was not without spirit; but like the disciplined charger he was trained to the bit. Mr. Toombs argued with volcanic eruptions; Mr. Stephens in higher mathematics. Both were eloquent; but the eloquence of Mr. Stephens was that of fine spun-fabric, the eloquence of Mr. Toombs was that of molten lava hurled from the heated cauldrens of Vesuvius. As an orator, Mr. Toombs when fully aroused was far more impressive than Mr. Stephens. The latter found his model in the cultured Cicero. The former chose rather the dynamics of the bold Demosthenes. Mr. Stephens swayed the judgment; Mr. Toombs the passions. Under the spell of his torrential eloquence, Mr. Toombs held his listeners enchained. They seemed to be witnessing some splendid storm at sea or rather some angry cataract of the Alps, hurling its organ thunder against the battlements of basic rock and flaunting its

diamond plumage in the sun. Mr. Stephens carefully conserved his great thoughts. Mr. Toombs lavishly scattered his great pearls. He preserved none of his speeches; and while the records of men less gifted are preserved in tablets more enduring, the trophies of his collossal leadership are fading with the generations which applauded them, vanishing like splendid vapors and leaving no indellible impress upon the landmarks of history except the memorials of his destructive passage.

Both men were tenacious of conviction, but Mr. Stephens was the more tolerant; and while he was not disposed to temporize in any sense which implied surrender or compromise of principle, he was more disposed to treat with his adversary in the hope of finding some common basis of agreement. Both men were industrious workers, but Mr. Toombs with temperamental impatience worked spasmodically, while Mr. Stephens with steady stroke worked continuously; the one like the woodsman hewing down the forest, the other like the oarsman plowing up the stream. Ruddy Toombs, with the vigor of mountain granite in his frame, produced little or no literature; while delicate Stephens, with insistent and steady toil, wrote volume after volume. Both were princely givers and royal entertainers; but Toombs by wise investment accumulated two fortunes and died rich; while Mr. Stephens lived narrowly within his income and died poor. On political issues Toombs was at one time a Democrat and Stephens a Whig. Equally loyal to the South, Stephens opposed while Toombs advocated secession; and when the war was over Toombs resisted while Stephens tolerated Reconstruction. Such differences as these appear to leave little room for friendship; but differences sometimes face each other in the friendly smile of supplements rather than in the hostile frown of contradictions. At the provisional Congress of the Confederate States at Montgomery in 1861, it was Mr. Toombs who advocated the election of Mr. Stephens to the chair of Vice-President. Though an uncompromising secessionist it was Mr. Toombs who arose at the close of his

friend's great speech before the Legislature and said "Fellow-citizens—We have just listened to a speech from one of the brightest intellects and one of the purest patriots alive. I move that we now adjourn with three cheers for Alexander H. Stephens." Frequently when Mr. Stephens was ill, it was Mr. Toombs who represented him in court.

But the last tribute which the kingly Georgian ever paid his cherished friend was when he bent like the shade of an old forest giant over the mortal ashes of the Great Commoner. The pathetic figure of the old man as he sobbed his simple eulogy in the plaintive accents of the dying swan, was one never to be forgotten. It was the last appearance in public of the glorious Mirabeau. Two lonesome years followed, and then two glorious Georgians met again. Mr. Stephens felt for Mr. Toombs the same rapt and tender admiration which Mr. Toombs felt for him, and his eloquent estimate of the great Touchstone's genius has long been famous. Said he of Toombs: "His was the greatest mind I ever came in contact with; and its operations, even in its errors, reminded me of some mighty waste of waters."

Both died in the faith of an "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." There let us think of them today, with the dews of the morning land upon them. Under the boughs of these overhanging oaks of Liberty Hall, they often held sweet converse in the old days; and now, "life's fitful fever o'er," may they not have met again in a green country, where boundless horizons stretch before them in an infinite expanse of beauty and where, no longer fettered by the limitations of time and flesh, these master minds can commune in an unbroken fellowship at the eternal Fount of Truth.

GEORGIA'S STATE FLAG.

[Full text of an address delivered in the new Fulton County Court House, Atlanta, Ga., December 9, 1913, on the presentation of a State flag to the county authorities, to be unfurled over the building. The exercises were held under the auspices of Piedmont Continental Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. R. P. Brooks was regent.]

Georgia's history, for more than a hundred years, has been a romance of two flags. It may sound a bit overdrawn, but there has never been a time, since she marched through the smoke of the Revolution, that she has not loved this old rainbow of battle—the Star Spangled Banner. She loved it in 1776 when it smiled on the cradle of Independence. She loved it in 1812 when it stood for the rights of American sailors to sail the unobstructed seas. She loved it in 1845 when her picked battalions bore it westward and wrested an empire from the clutches of a Mexican tyrant. She loved it in 1898 when her own Joe Wheeler donned the uniform of a Federal soldier and did for the Spaniards at San Juan what he did for the Yanks at Chickamauga; and, last but not least, she loves it today, when there sits in the White House a stainless scholar in politics who, reared to manhood upon her lap, has led the cohorts of Democracy to a victorious Marengo and linked with Washington's the name of Woodrow Wilson.

I believe in the widest of horizons. I plead for a patriotism which knows no North, no South, no East, no West. But I also believe in transmitting to those who come after us the unvarnished facts of history; and, if there is any section of this broad land which, more than another, is privileged by inheritance to love our nation's starry ensign, it is the section in which we live.

Then let us teach our children that it was the South whose soldiership and valor wrested Yorktown from the British—whose Patrick Henry kindled the fires of the Revolution—whose Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence—whose Washington commanded the Continental armies— whose Madison framed the Constitution —whose Marshall interpreted the organic law—whose Andrew Jackson fought the battle of New Orleans—and whose Winfield Scott planted Old Glory upon the walls of Mexico.

Aye, let us teach them that it was the South to whom the Union was indebted for existence and that if, from 1861 to 1865, she drew her sword against the Union's flag, it was in defence of the Union's Constitution.

"She's up there, Old Glory! No tyrant dealt scars
No blur on her brightness. No stain on her stars
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars
She's the flag of our country forever."

But there is still another flag whose folds we love. Not the Confederate flag, which we furled at Appomattox. Not the Colonial flag, which we lowered on the eve of Revolution. But a flag which we are now to lift to the turrets of this Court House—the flag of imperial Georgia.

When the soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, it was not the country spread out upon the map to which his feverish fancy wandered back, but the vine-clad hills of Bingen on the Rhine. There can be no love of country without love of home. First the fireside and then the frontier. The ivy green will in time hide every crumbling rock of the old castle. It will bloom at last upon the battlements; but first of all it must have some fertile spot in which to grow.

Whatever is purest in our home life—whatever is holiest in our Christian religion—whatever is best in our Anglo-Saxon civilization—these are symbolized in Georgia's flag.

It stands for local self government—a principle bequeathed to us by our Revolutionary sires.

It stands for a State of whose history we can never be ashamed—whose founder was the knightliest English gentleman of his day—whose existence as a colony was conceived in the purest dream of benevolence—whose sponsors were the first noblemen of England—whose motto, emblazoned upon her earliest seal, was a text, to which her whole history has been a sermon: "Not for ourselves but for others."

It stands for a State which was the first in the Union to bestow a diploma upon a woman—which was the first to establish a State University—which was the first to build a monument to the women of the Confederacy—which annually appropriates from her treasury the largest sum of money expended for Confederate pensions.

It stands for a State, in extent of territory, the largest east of the Mississippi River; in wealth of resources, the most richly endowed of any State in the Union; whose mountains are stored with precious minerals, whose fields are clothed with golden grain and with cotton snowy white, whose forests are robed in perennial green, whose skies in tender sunshine rival Italy's, and whose soil, rich to the water's edge, mounts on a stairway of velvet from the sea to the cedars.

It stands for our Georgia marbles—unrivalled in the quarries of the world.

It stands for a cotton crop of two million bales, worth a hundred and twenty million dollars.

It stands for a watermelon crop which has made our State the wonder and despair of a continent.

It stands for a peach crop which—like Ben Adhem's name—leads all the rest.

It stands for a population—3,000,000 strong—whose progressive enterprise is set to the music of the New South, but whose ideals of self-respect, of courtesy, and of honor, are in keeping with the best traditions of the Old.

It stands for a State which leads the South in every field of industrial and commercial rivalry, but whose richest contributions to the republic's life are her pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon stock, her hatred of graft, her love of temperance, her faith in an orthodox religion, her devotion to the flag of the republic, her fidelity to woman, and her uncompromising allegiance to "Home, Sweet Home."

It stands for brave men—the pride of our nation's chivalry.

It stands for fair women—the light and life and crown of our civilization.

It stands for what constitutes a State—

> "Not high-raised battlement or labored mound
> Thick wall or moated gate;
> Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
> Not bays and broad-armed ports,
> Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
> Not starred and spangled courts,
> Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
> But men—high-minded men."

It stands for schools and for churches, for towns and for cities, for mines and for marts, for fields and for forges, for flocks and for herds, for homes and for hearts.

It stands for truth and for justice, for law and for liberty, for right and for truth, for light and for love.

It stands for—

> "Lakes where the pearls lie hid
> And caves where the gems are sleeping."

It stands for—

> "The red old hills of Georgia,
> So bold and bare and bleak,
> Whose memory fills my spirit
> With thoughts I cannot speak.
> They have no robe of verdure,
> Stripped naked to the blast
> And yet of all this varied earth,
> I love them best at last.

Madame Regent, for the State of Georgia and for the county of Fulton, I accept this flag—hallowed to us not only for what it represents, but because your gentle hands have touched it and made it "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." From the roof-tree of this court-house, where justice is dispensed, it is fitting that the flag of Georgia's statehood should be unfurled—unfurled by the hands of Georgia's women, who have ever been the guardians of Georgia's Court of Honor. There let it wave before the eyes of our people, a silent but not a speechless sentinel. It will point us to the ancient ways; and, in keeping us true to freedom's altar fires, it will nerve us to heroic deeds when Hannibal is at the gates. We cannot love our country without loving our homes; and if we are true Georgians we will be true Americans.

GEORGIA'S OLD STATE CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE.

[Full text of an address delivered at the unveiling of a tablet on the walls of the old State Capitol at Milledgeville, under the auspices of the Nancy Hart Chapter, D. A. R., Nov. 23, 1915.]

The wizard of the North has given to us no finer character than Old Mortality. Chisel in hand, it was his custom annually to visit every burial ground in border Scotland, marking graves and deepening epitaphs for the Cameronians. Click, click, click—wherever he went, went the sound of his chisel. Not a hallowed spot was forgotten; not a cherished name was left uncarved. His master-passion—his sole object in life—his one occupation, was to keep these martyrs in remembrance; and unweariedly he toiled away—click, click, click.

But one day the music ceased; and lying by the roadside, near a village churchyard, Old Mortality was found. There, too, was his chisel, which in death he still clutched.

His work was done; but Scotland's breast was strewn with his memorials.

The spirit of this rare old Scot is today amongst us, multiplied an hundred fold. What an aged devotee could do for Scotland, fairer hands and fonder hearts have found to do for Georgia. Madame Regent, to the daughters of Nancy Hart Chapter, all honor. For keeping the memories of our State green—for marking its historic spots—for preserving its ancient landmarks—all who love Georgia must love you.

What means this splendid spectacle? To say that we are here to unveil a tablet upon these walls is to answer this question only in part. I voice the deeper meaning and the fuller spirit of this hour when I say that, turning our backs upon Georgia's age of old, we are here to commune in spirit with Georgia's Golden Age; that leaving behind us an age of commerce whose music is the jingle of the guinea we seek an age of men in whose eyes a guinea never glistened. I do not know to what extent I may be influenced by the illusions of distance and by the magnifying power of time, but I speak deliberately when I say that it required no ordinary civilization to produce the peerless men and the glorious women of Georgia's ante-bellum days. It will amply repay us to delve into these former times, if only to meet that rare Sir Philip Sidney of his day and time: the Georgia gentleman of the old school. Alas, I

fear it must be said of him as it was said of Hamlet's father, "we shall never look upon his like again."

There is a disposition prevalent among us to decry the backward look. "Remember Lot's wife"—"Let the dead past bury its dead"—"Forward march"—these are some of the slogans which we are wont to hear. Naught can be said in praise of an industrial age to which I will not fervently respond. I believe in progress. Factories—forges—fields—these make a people prosperous. But these things do not constitute a State; nor in them can we find the soul of Georgia's immortality.

Forget the past? Such a philosophy of life would teach us to despise the only commandment with promise. We enjoy these fruits of toil, these rewards of industry, these blessings of liberty, because of what other men have done in other days. These things are because our fathers were; and we can boast of no achievement which is not rooted in the soil and is not watered with the blood of an immortal past. Show me a State which is not proud of its heroic and splendid yesterdays and I will show you a State which can find nothing of which to be proud in its barren tomorrows!

Standing upon this high place of Georgia's history there comes to me a voice like that which spake to Moses from the burning bush—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." What can I say—what need I say—upon this hallowed spot, where Georgia's proudest memories cluster. To speak in this assemblage of what occurred upon this hill is to carry coal to Newcastle.

Here—of all spots in Georgia—should the tongue of eulogy be silent while the voice of memory speaks. Not in the forum of Rome and not on the bema of Athens was sweeter music ever laid on mortal lips than when, in cloven tongues of fire, the demi-gods of our heroic days here rivalled the senatorial thunders of the mighty Webster and even revived the coronal accents of the old Demosthenes.

On June 16, 1802, at Fort Wilkinson, two great bodies of land were acquired by treaty from the Creek Indians. One of these, to the south of the Altamaha, was formed into the old county of Wayne; the other to the south and west of the Oconee was organized into two great counties: Wilkinson and Baldwin. The State at this time was clamorous for a new seat of government. The tide of population was moving rapidly toward the foot-hills. The old town of Louisville had developed malarial symptoms. Accordingly, in the act of 1803, under which these newly acquired lands were distributed by lottery, it was provided that at the head of navigation, on the south side of the Oconee river, in the county of Baldwin, a tract of land containing 3,240 acres should be laid off for a town to be called and known by the name of Milledgeville, a compliment to the great patron and friend of education, who was then Governor of the State, John Milledge. Nor was the distinguished Georgian for whom this county was named any less a champion of education: Abraham Baldwin. It was he who drafted the charter of Franklin College, America's oldest State University, founded in 1785; while it was a gift from John Milledge which enabled the trustees to purchase a body of land on which the whole city of Athens is today built. Thus it will be seen that the future capital of the State was conceived in an educational spirit, since both the town and the county bear the names of men who were apostles of learning. Not an inauspicious omen for a town which, after losing the State capitol, was, in years to come, destined to possess what was better still: two great intellectual nurseries in which to train the flower of Georgia's youth.

But let us go back. The commissioners appointed under the act of 1803 to locate a town were: John Rutherford, Littlebery Bostwick, A. M. Devereaux, George M. Troup, John Herbert, and Oliver Porter. The town was located; and on December 12, 1804, Milledgeville was designated as the permanent capital of the State. It was next in order to sell some of the town lots; and we find the same commissioners appointed to perform this duty, with Captain Howell Cobb's name added to the list. Out of the proceeds

arising from this sale were derived the funds for building a State House, the cost of which was not to exceed $60,000. On an eminence well suited for the purpose a large square was reserved for the capitol grounds. To General Jett Thomas was awarded the contract; and in the fall of 1807 the handsome building, Gothic in design, was occupied by the General Assembly for the first time.

Twenty Governors of our State held office while the capitol remained at Milledgeville, to-wit: Jared Irwin, David B. Mitchell, Peter Early, William Rabun, Mathew Talbot, John Clark, George M. Troup, George R. Gilmer, Wilson Lumpkin, Charles J. McDonald, George W. Crawford, Herschel V. Johnson, Joseph E. Brown, James Johnson, Charles J. Jenkins and General T. H. Ruger. One of these, James Johnson, was a Provisional Governor. Another, General T. H. Ruger, was a Military Governor. Both of these officials were forced upon the State by an external power. In the extraordinary language of the latter's appointment he was "detailed for duty," to act as Governor of a sovereign commonwealth!

On March 13, 1866, when the Legislature, amid the desolations of war, adjourned sine die, it adjourned to meet no more in Milledgeville. As military headquarters for the Federal Army, Atlanta became the new seat of Government. But during the fifty-nine years which elapsed from 1807 to 1866 the most eventful era of Georgia's history had come and gone; and Milledgeville was immortal.

It seems difficult to credit the statement, but to the pioneer settlers at Milledgeville in 1807 there was no such thing as a percussion cap, a stove, a lucifer match or a steel pen. All of the cooking of this town, famed for its hospitality, was done in an open fire-place from which a crane was suspended. This capitol was finished twelve months before Fulton's steamboat plowed the Hudson and twenty years before Stevenson's locomotive first trailed its smoke in England. The invention of the sewing machine, the discovery of anesthesia, and the countless marvels of

the electric spark have all transpired since this capitol was built. In 1807, Georgia's population numbered only 200,000, of which number approximately one-half were African slaves. Florida belonged to Spain and Texas was a part of Mexico. The territory of Louisiana, but recently purchased from Napoleon, stretched from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the shores of the Great Lakes, while the region west of the Rocky Mountains was an unknown wilderness, penetrated only by the sandals of the Jesuits.

Milledgeville, in the early days, was reached solely by stage lines from Augusta and Fort Hawkins; but what vast throngs were wont to gather here? Back in the dim historic distance, I can see slowly moving up this hill the bent form of an old paladin of liberty, escorted by a brave remnant who fought with him on the gory fields of independence. To greet the illustrious visitor, all the homes of Milledgeville are opened, all her windows are illuminated, all her firesides are ablaze; and even to this day she cherishes sweet memories of the great LaFayette.

It was on this hill, in the great tariff debate of 1833, that two of Georgia's mightiest intellects, Forsyth and Berrien, met in an argument which for three days enchained the multitudes. It was on this hill that the Dauntless Troup defied the encroachments of the Federal government, closing his message to the Legislature with that bold ultimatum: "The argument is exhausted; we must stand by our arms." It was on this hill that the great William H. Crawford plucked his maiden laurels, a man for whom in after years the Presidential chair of this nation was not esteemed too high an honor and from whom the great Napoleon is said to have twice bent the crown of France.

It was on this hill that the great secession convention of 1861 assembled, a body of intellects worthy of the Ampictyonic Council of Greece. These walls, until time has crumbled them to dust, cannot forget the Olympian thunders of that great debate. Once more we listen spell-bound to the fiery Toombs, to the prophetic Stephens, to the inspired Benjamin H. Hill, to the eloquent Eugenius A. Nisbet,

whose pen wrote the ordinance of secession; to the impulsive Francis S. Bartow, to the superb Herschel V. Johnson, to the impassioned Thomas R. R. Cobb.

Ye gods, what men they were! If Georgia could have stemmed the tide of Cobb's eloquence she might have remained within the union; but the fiery spell of his genius was upon her. We can almost hear those lingering accents yet: "Speak no uncertain words, but let your united voice go forth to be resounded from every mountain top and from every gaping valley; let it be written in the rainbow which spans our falls and read in the crest of every wave upon our ocean shores, until it shall put a tongue in every bleeding wound of Georgia's mangled honor which shall cry to heaven for 'Liberty or Death!'"

But not alone upon this hill are the glories of Milledgeville enshrined. On every tree is laid the whispering music of some minstrel's harp. At every fireside lingers the memory of some glorious feast. Her very streets breathe memory's incense—like fragrant aisles in some old cathedral. In yonder silent city of the dead sleeps the great Judge Lamar. Near him lies entombed the master-craftsman, who built this capitol. Not far removed from either is Governor David B. Mitchell. Richard Orme and Seaton Grandland—two of Georgia's greatest editors—are there; and there is General George P. Doles. Nathan C. Barnett —for forty years Georgia's Secretary of State—who hid the great seal of the commonwealth to preserve its sanctity untouched when usurpers seized the State capitol—he too is there. Iverson L. Harris and Augustus H. Kenan and Tomlinson Fort and Thomas P. Carnes and Leonidas Jordan and Zacharia Lamar, and E. H. Pottle and Daniel B. Sanford and Harris Chappell—all these are there, with others whom I cannot mention.

Whatever may be the future of Milledgeville, her past at least is secure; and not while the ashes of these men shall sleep in her bosom and not while the memories of which I speak shall cluster ivy-like around these mouldering walls,

will Georgia lack a voice to counsel her in wisdom or a beacon light to keep her in the ancient paths of honor.

Ten years ago I stood upon the Capitoline hill at Rome and with reverent gaze beheld the eternal city of the Caesar's. It was the dream of a life-time come to pass. There rippling at my feet rolled the tawny Tiber; and before my eyes in a splendid pageant moved the panorama of her vanished days. I thought of the divine poets who had sung of her renown to distant ages and of the conquering legions who had planted her victorious eagles among the eagles of the Alps. I tried to picture her in her imperial pomp when she "sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." But all of her seven hills combined had no such power to stir me as dwells in the magic of this single hill among the hills of Georgia.

To be a Roman in that elder day conferred more honor than to be a king; but there was then no Georgia on the map. Italy may hold the inverted heavens in her limpid lakes; and Switzerland may wear the stars upon her pearly peaks; but no other spot for me while Georgia spreads her robe of green from the cedars to the sea. Not for all the glories of the Tiber would I exchange the nightingale which sings for me in the Oconee's golden waters. I scorn all birthrights but my own. Let him be duke who craves a dukedom; let him be king who courts a diadem; but I can lift my head above them all if I am just a Georgian.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT OF THE GEORGIA FOREST.

[Full text of an address delivered in November, 1913, on the site of old Herod Town, near Dawson, in Terrell County, Ga. The exercises were held under the auspices of Dorothy Walton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Wm. A. McLain, was then regent. On this occasion a handsome boulder of granite was unveiled to mark the site of the old Indian Village. The speaker was introduced by Judge M. C. Edwards, of Dawson.]

The last of the Red Men, who inhabited the Georgia wilderness, have vanished into the Golden West. First the Creek and then the Cherokee relinquished, within the

borders of our State, the fertile acres of an imperial heritage. To find the seeds of this pathetic exodus we must go back to the arrival of the Spaniard. On the 12th day of October, 1492, when the Santa Maria sighted the shores of the New World, there trembled back across the waters a wireless message, in which one of the great epochal facts of history was announced. It changed the despair of Europe into hope. It put the kingdoms of the Old World on notice that, beyond the seas, there lay a vast continent whose free soil knew no tyrant's heel. It lifted the pall of centuries from an oppressed Democracy, galled by the yokes of the Caesars, and to the most distant nations, dwelling in darkness, it proclaimed the dawn of modern times.

But the ships of Spain brought no wine of comfort to the aboriginal tribes of this continent. The discovery of the Western Hemisphere was an event fraught with direst evil to the native inhabitants of North America. In the white man's scheme of civilization there was no place for the Indian. He saw his doom prefigured even in the Cross which the Spaniard planted. To the blessings of liberty which this great boon conferred upon mankind, he was the sole exception. Above the Indian alone, there bent no bow of promise in the sky. He alone, on the lap which bore him and which held the bones of his dead, was denied an asylum —he who first called this old land, Mother, whose untamed spirit was formed in the likeness of his cataracts, and whose love of liberty made him one with the eagle on his mountain crags!

The resounding axe of the pioneer was the death-knell of the American savage. Gradually but irresistably, as the cabins of the white settler crept further and further inland, he retreated deeper and deeper into the voiceless solitudes of his green Arcadia. He took his toll of crimson as he went, for, though he was red like Esau it was not for a mess of pottage that he was willing to barter his birthright. With fire he desolated the fields and with blood he stained the brooks of Georgia. But there came a time at last when the advancing lines of the powerful invader held him in a

cordon of steel; and, submitting in dumb silence to the grim law of conquest, he bade adieu to the graves of his kindred and left behind him in a mist of tears the forest empire over which he had ranged a freeman and a prince for immemorial ages.

Today, the trails of the Red Man have widened into splendid highways. The screech of the locomotive engine and the honk of the automobile resound along his ancient paths. Magnificent steel bridges span his creeks and rivers. Majestic cities supplant his silent villages, while from the slumbrous glades of his once unbroken forest there swells the choral song of contented millions. Scarcely a wreck survives by which we may call him back to mind. His cataracts have been harnessed to feed electric dynamos. His mountains have been opened to furnish coal and iron and marble to commerce. His hunting-grounds have been devastated by lumber barons to supply timber to the world's market, and even his cemeteries of the dead have been upturned by the ruthless plowshare of progress.

It is not for me to impugn the wand which has brought this miracle to pass. I am an Anglo-Saxon. I am proud of every trophy into which the civilization of my race has flowered. But I must say and I do say that we cannot properly appraise our inheritance as Georgians without taking a deliberate inventory of what it has cost. To our revered and honored ancestors who braved the perils of the wilderness we owe a debt of gratitude which time will not diminish. But let us be just to a brave foe whose voice is silent in these woods forever, and let us remember that no small part of the price which we have paid for these fertile lands of Georgia—a responsibility for which a just world will demand of us a strict account—is involved in the extinction of a noble race of native Americans.

But the memories of this hour take us back to crude beginnings. The pageant vanishes; the palace disappears; the pomp of artificial life dissolves in air. Once more the wilderness recalls her banished sons and daughters, while

lulled to rest are the discordant sounds which issue from the iron throats of Industry and from the myriad tongues of Trade. Instead of these snowy fields of cotton, we look upon long rows of Indian corn, standing like tasselled warriors in a plain of battle. Among the tall forest trees bristle the antlers of the stag. The wigwam fires of the little village known to an earlier map as Herod Town play by reflected light upon the swarthy brows of stern but not unfriendly chieftains, while yonder on the frontier clusters a group of cabins in which the wondrous possibilities of the white man's civilization lie cradled in embryo, just as the music of the moon sleeps in the eggs of the nightingale.

From this time on, the smoke of the settler's cabin will rise higher and higher and float further and further upon the breeze, until a thousand proud cities leap from the wilderness to sparkle like gems on the breast of Georgia, while the fires of Herod Town will burn lower and lower until naught shall remain but lifeless ashes to tell where the Red Man lived and loved in the historic Long Ago.

Madame Regent, it was a tender thought of your chapter to memorialize this village of a vanished race; and nothing could better typify the heroic virtues of the noble savage than this exquisite boulder of stone, quarried from his own hills. It is also most appropriate, for the purposes of this unveiling, that you should have chosen a day in this beautiful season of the year: when the foliage of the trees is deepening into russet, emblematic of the dark-hued warriors who once roamed these woods; when the reddening sunsets recall his council fires; when the mellow musk bespeaks his harvest fields of maize; when the plaintive wind, like a wandering minstrel, tells the pathetic story of his conquered tribes, or, in a softer key, sings of his wooing in the golden moonlight, by the winding waters; when the hazy air is reminiscent of his pipe of peace; and when the oaks and the maples are trembling in the soft vestments of Indian summer. We can think of him now without an unkindly recollection, for the icy touch of the frost-king has softened the steel-like glitter of his eagle eye, and, on this

autumn day, we can come to this place of his former abode, with tears for his fate and with laurels for his fame.

This scene, Madame Regent, is rare, if not unprecedented, in the annals of commemoration. It is not to honor our sires of the white race that we are here. The historic muse, on many a well-conned page, has told us of what metal they were made. We are here to inaugurate a new departure, to establish a new precedent, in the line of patriotic memorials. The Anglo-Saxon conqueror here extols the Red Man whom he conquered; and on the face of this stone is carved a tribute from the victor to the vanquished. The minister of the gospel is here to do honor to a man of blood and to a pagan worshipper of the sun. The scholar is here to pay tribute to an unlettered savage who traced his records upon the bark of the trees. And last, but not least, the Daughters of the Revolution are here to honor a people who gave our ancestors no succor in the great struggle for independence.

Then why this memorial stone to the plumed knight of the Georgia forest? Is it merely because these gentle women honor courage, as did their mothers who inspired the feats of chivalry when knighthood was in flower? Nay, more. They recall the fact that, if once our foes, the warriors of Herod Town became our friends. They have not forgotten that, when the Seminoles arose in Florida, these Indians under Andrew Jackson were the faithful allies of the whites. They have not forgotten that under the lead of the brave McIntosh these Indians peaceably relinquished every foot of soil which they possessed in Georgia. They have not forgotten how and what these Indians suffered, in order that from the chrysalis of a dead race there might leap the golden butterfly of a new life.

But I can read a still deeper and subtler meaning written into these exercises. The Daughters of Dorothy Walton chapter would teach the youth of this republic to love justice and to show mercy. They would safeguard the principles of the immortal Declaration by leading the future citizens of this land to the fountain springs of patriotism. They would keep ever before the minds of Young America

the heroic deeds of the Georgia Indian; and they would kindle in them an abiding love for our free soil by reminding them of the earliest patriots who loved these hills and valleys and who today sleep folded in the lap of the old Mother-land.

At the beginning of the last century the greater part of Southern Georgia was the home of the Muscogee Indians. They also dwelt in large numbers along the upper tributaries of the Alabama. But the original habitat of these tribes, according to tradition, was among the mountains of ancient Mexico; and, when Hernando Cortez, after landing at Vera Cruz, in 1519, pressed toward the interior of the country, he found the Muscogees forming an independent nation to the north of the Aztec capital. In the course of time they migrated eastward, spreading themselves over the green woods where they were found by Oglethorpe; and from the countless streams by which these new lands were watered they acquired the English name of Creeks.

This powerful confederacy of Indians was, subsequent to our Revolution, divided into two great factions: the Upper Creeks, who dwelt in Northern Alabama; and the Lower Creeks, who lived in Southern Georgia. The former were sometimes called Red Sticks, a name which they acquired from the painted poles which they carried when on the war path. These Indians were hostile to Georgia. They opposed removal; they refused to cede an acre of land; and they planned the brutal murders which avenged the treaty of Indian Springs. The Lower Creeks were friendly to the whites. For the great sacrifice which they made in peaceably relinquishing their homes, they deserve the lasting gratitude of our State; nor will there cease to rest a blot upon the escutcheon of Georgia until she suitably honors with a monument one who befriended her even unto death: General William McIntosh.

Herod Town was a village of the friendly Creeks. Here, on the 12th of March, 1818, General Andrew Jackson,

en route to Florida to quell the Seminoles, pitched his camp. Traces of the Jackson trail from Cheraw to Herod Town and from Herod Town to Fort Gaines are still in evidence. Re-enforced by the warriors who lived here, the victor of New Orleans resumed his journey toward the south. To quote an eminet historian (W. G. Brown, in his life of Jackson, p. 90): "He marched rapidly to the scene of trouble, crossed the border into Florida and, in a few weeks, crushed the Seminoles. Of fighting, in fact, there was very little; what there was fell almost entirely to the friendly Indians; and not an American soldier was killed." The friendship of these Creek Indians for the State of Georgia is attested by the fact that the Seminoles against whom they fought were kinsmen, whose bold resistance in a subsequent uprising under Osceola inspired the famous poem known to every school-boy, called "The Seminole's Defiance:"

"Blaze with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee,
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls ye well may dread the lightning of its blow;
I've scared you in the city! I've scalped you on the plain.
Go, count your chosen where they fell, beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty, the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and Blood my battle-cry!

Think ye to find my homestead?—I give it to the fire.
My tawny household do you seek?—I am a childless sire.
But should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have and good;
I live on hate—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath its wave!"

In the lexicon of our Democracy there is a much-abused word with which we love to juggle. But, though fond of its sound, we are often strangers to its sense: justice. It is customary for us to prate of treaty agreements. But the fact remains that we acquired these lands for a mere song, and that, in reasoning with the savage, we employed the logic of weapons to which his bow could offer no rejoinder. Before the bar of history, we must answer for the

two-fold injustice to the American Indian: first, we despoiled him of his lands; and, second, we changed by our attitude toward him the racial character of the Red Man himself. We aroused in him a desire for revenge; in exchange for pelts we gave him fire water, by which his strength was enfeebled and his lust was inflamed; we imparted to him the vices instead of the virtues of our civilization; and then, having wrought in him this unhappy change, we bade our historians and our artists paint him, not as he was when the curtain rose upon this continent, a warrior to the manner born, but as he was when contaminated by contact with the settlements, a thief, a marauder, and a fiend.

But let us not judge him by these unfair portraits. Let us go back before this time of decadence and, in the depths of his native woods, measure him by the standards of his tribal law. If he was sometimes brutal to captives, it was due to superstition. He was taught to believe that the spirits of his slaughtered kindred were appeased by blood; and he acted in this respect less from the instincts of revenge than from the dictates of religion. If, in the school of nature, he learned to be cunning, it was only in self-defence. His enemies were the wild beasts. He was forced to match his wits against the fangs of the serpent and to meet in deadly encounter the powerful mammals, equipped with horns and tusks. Is it strange, then, that, in a clash with the European, he should have found the same weapons convenient, especially when the unwelcome stranger came with modern guns to dispute his birth-right and to enslave him upon his native heath?

It was only from the Crowned Heads of Europe that the colonist received his charter, while the Red Man traced his patent to the King of Kings.

For generations before Oglethorpe landed at Savannah, he heard the footsteps of the Great Spirit walking at noonday through these ancient groves; he caught the cathedral music of our waterfalls, bursting into rainbows upon our rocks; he breathed the sweet air of our fragrant fields when the violets and the buttercups were young; and,

without a care, he slept at night upon the velvet bosom of our green woods and under the golden silence of our evening stars. How well he loved these haunts of beauty, let the zephyrs tell. But

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse him from his lowly bed."

For, in the silent stretches of the woodland, yonder—

"Where heave the mounds in many a moldering heap
Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the forest sleep."

We of the white race inherit from our Norman ancestors the traditions of gentleness. To us, through the favor of a benign providence, belong the refinements of the Christian religion. Yet how often, in our dealings with the simple child of the forest, have we set him the example of pillage, of barbarity, and of slaughter? Underneath the smooth veneer of our boasted civilization, how often have we betrayed the savage from whom we, too, have sprung, manifesting in the strong traits of heredity our descent from wild and warlike men who, out of the skulls of their victims slain in battle, drank to the health of their heathen gods? Even today when our prestige among the nations gives us the power to awe and the right to tutor mankind, how often do we come short of the ideals which we profess to cherish?

It is manifestly unfair to apply to the Indian the standards of an Anglo-Saxon code of ethics or to expect of the savage a higher degree of virtue than we dare claim for the children of light. Yet one of the noblest characters in our history was a Creek Indian of the full blood, whose tawny but gentle hand rocked the infant cradle of Georgia. In the heart of the beautiful city of Savannah, he sleeps, where he longed to be buried, among his brethren of the white race; and, lettered upon the granite boulder which marks the spot, is a name which Georgia will ever wear in her heart's core, while the Savannah ripples to the sea—Tomochi-chi.

To the credit of the great humanitarian who founded Georgia be it said that, in dealing with the Red Man, he exemplified the Golden Rule of kindness. So far as Indian troubles are concerned, the whole Colonial period of our history was bloodless; and such was the charm which our knightly Oglethorpe cast upon these children of the forest that the outbreak of our Revolution in 1776 found them inseparably welded to the Crown of England. The forfeiture of lands at the close of the long struggle for independence and the spirit of discontent engendered among them by traders, some of whom intermarried with the daughters of chiefs, marked the beginning of bloodshed upon our borders.

The policy of the State toward the Indian was by no means gentle. When she deeded to the Federal Government her western lands, it was with the understanding that what remained of her territory was to be cleared of Indian titles; and she held the Government rigidly to the compact of 1802. If some of the tribes dwelling in Georgia were friendly to the State, it is more of a tribute to the forbearance of the Red Man than to the magnanimity of the Whites.

But I forbear. Whatever his faults or his virtues, the Indian can trouble us no more. His light canoe of bark has vanished from our streams. Scattered are the ashes of his council fires. Obliterated are the graves of his dead. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a foot of ground which bears the print of his moccasins.

In vain we listen for his war-whoop on the evening air or search among the relics of the past for the ruins of his former habitation. Now and then an arrow-head upturned by the plowshare discloses the secret of some bloody errand, but, save for these alone, the past is voiceless and silent. He left no books. He built no arches of triumph. He reared no rude memorials, except in the pathetic mounds on which the trees of a century are growing.

Uncelebrated and unsung are his deeds of prowess; but they are worthy to be embalmed with Hector's and to be commemorated by the same harp which has given us the

immortal song of Troy. His tomahawk, though stained with the blood of the white man, is not disparaged even by Saladin's scimitar and it deserves to hang upon the walls of chivalry with the battle-axe of the lion-hearted Richard.

Time has written "Ichabod" above his tent. But the brave and splendid epic of his race is not forgotten. It lives in the lore of a thousand legends. It survives in a myriad names upon our map. It sweetens with a flood of liquid melody the familiar accents of our English speech. It mingles with the roar of our cataracts; it blends with the chant of our rivers; it thunders in the storm-cloud above our mountain-peaks; and it mourns in the surges upon our ocean-sands. Set to the music of the Aeolian harp, it breathes in every sigh of the Blue Ridge and floats upon every breeze from the Mexican Gulf.

Our morning and evening skies reflect him. The wild-flowers of our woodland solitudes are his mementos; and when this structure which we dedicate today crumbles into dust, his requiem will still be hymned in the murmur of the crystal waters and in the plaintive music of the pines. The waxing and the waning moons will tell the pathetic story of his rise and fall. But the changeless stars of the Georgia firmament which ages ago bent over his humble wigwam will still keep ward and watch over his fame. He will come again in the night watches to our children, no longer a foe but a friend; nor will there be lacking a memorial to the dusky hunter while the constellations of the Great Bear glisten or the beads shine in the belt of Orion.

Peace to his ashes! Over every mound in which he sleeps today may the looms of summer weave a bow of sweet forget-me-nots; and, though, amid these Georgia woods, he will woo his dark-eyed mate no more, let us hope that in a land beyond the sunset he has found an undisputed forest, at whose fountain springs he has drunk of life's elixir and beneath whose whispering emeralds he can bend his bow forever.

FORT HAWKINS: THE CRADLE OF MACON.

[Address delivered at the unveiling of a tablet, on the site of Fort Hawkins, under the auspices of Nathaniel Macon Chapter, Mrs. T. C. Parker, Regent, during the Annual State Conference of the D. A. R., Feb. 17, 1914.]

Madame Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To the noble women of our State who are here assembled I bear the felicitations of all who love Georgia. Our commonwealth owes you a debt, for the full payment of which, she is a hopeless bankrupt forever. In an age of avarice, you have hoarded the pure gold of her memories. In an age of forgetfulness, you have remembered the immortal things of her past, and pondered them like Mary in your hearts. There is not a page of her history—from the Revolution down—which your patriotic activities have not glorified anew; and there is not a foot of her soil—rich in the associations of renown—to which your touch has not imparted a sweetness and a charm. Our state is strong in her men; but the soul of Georgia is her womanhood.

We stand today on historic ground. Before us in an epoch-making series of events the Muse of History unrolls the splendid panorama of the past. Once more the wilderness recalls her banished sons and daughters. Once more upon the sentient air resounds the axe of the stalwart pioneer; and, rubbing the bronze of History's magic lamp, we find ourselves in the Arcadian Georgia of a century ago. The Ocmulgee's tuneful waters are no longer tawny; but, winding in song through solitudes of emerald, it mirrors the starlight on its silvery breast while it prates of the crystal purlieus of its mountain's home. The bristling spires of yonder city melt dreamily into the twilight's purpling mist. Thin lines of smoke bespseak the settler's cabin. Men dressed in buckskin move noiselessly along the forest trails. Night will soon descend upon the Valley, but the inmates of these little homes can sleep in peace, for above them in the darkness loom the friendly ramparts of Fort Hawkins.

Over the door of the settler's cabin hang his trusty fire-arms. The shooting-irons of an earlier day provoke a smile, for compared with the modern rifles of our own time these guns were primitive weapons of protection. But Saratoga and Lexington and Yorktown were fought with "Brown Bess;" and, to the old-fashioned flint-lock musket of our sturdy sires let us lift our hats, for it sentineled the Georgia forest when our civilization was at stake and it won for us the crucial combat which has made this fair State an Anglo-Saxon's heritage forever!

Like the Tower of Babel, in the plain of Shinar, the structure which overlooked these heights was the scene of a confusion of tongues, and the spell of enchantment which this occasion weaves about us is cast in the magic accents of three different languages: Spanish, Indian and English. Here, in 1806, by order of President Jefferson, was built a stockade fort on what was then the extreme western frontier of Georgia; and here in embryo was cradled a civilization whose mature flower is nestling upon yonder hills. The authentic records begin with the English occupation. But where History halts her pageants, Tradition starts her Caravans, and reaching back into the dateless centuries of an unrecorded past, we find the suggestive fragments of many a forgotten drama.

In quest of a fabled land of gold, the mail-clad followers of De Soto here tarried, according to tradition, in 1540. When the journey was resumed, an escort of eight thousand Indians accompanied them to the Savannah River. In this immediate vicinity the rite of Christian baptism was for the first time in America, administered by one of the priests who accompanied the Spanish adventurer. Here, too, for the first time on this continent was fired a cannon. According to the Spanish narratives, DeSoto brought with him as far as this point a piece of ordnance, but finding it burdensome and of little service, he decided to leave it with the cazique or king until his return. To give the natives some idea of how to use the cannon, he ordered it to

be loaded and pointed at a tree without the village. In two shots, we are told, the tree was laid prostrate, to the infinite amusement of the savage onlookers.

Oglethorpe, in 1739, on his famous visit to Coweta Town, is supposed to have crossed the Ocmulgee River at this point, where an Indian town of some importance must have stood. The Muscogees, a powerful nation of Red Men, nomadic in character, and of Mexican origin, are said to have established themselves for the first time in a permanent home upon these heights, where every proof of a fortified town of great antiquity is still in evidence. From the appearance of long cultivation which the slopes here presented, they received from the earliest settlers in this region the name of Ocmulgee Old Fields. William Bartram, the renowned English botanist, spent several days on the site of Fort Hawkins, studying the flora of this region. Some of the specimens he sent home to his father, then President of the Royal Academy of Sciences in London. The extraordinary mounds in this neighborhood furnished conclusive proof to him of the existence here of a once powerful empire whose seat of government occupied this site before the time of the Spaniards. As a meeting place between the whites and the Indians, this strategic spot is co-eval with the birth of our nation; for here, in 1789, commissioners appointed by President Washington met the artful intriguer, Alexander McGillivray, at which time both the Shoulderbone and the Galphinton treaties were rejected. But the event, in a special sense, commemorated by this tablet was the erection upon this site of a fortification destined to play a most important part in the pioneer history of our government and out of which in the course of time, like the Goddess of Wisdom, from the brain of Jupiter, was to spring a seat of learning and a metropolis of trade: the imperial city of Macon.

When the ground was broken for this fort, Georgia's entire population numbered barely more than 200,000 souls, of which number approximately one-half were African

slaves. Where Macon now stands was then only a verdant plain encompassed by an amphitheater of hills. The map of our country was in the making. Florida belonged to Spain and Texas was a part of Mexico. The territory of Louisiana, then but recently purchased from Napoleon, stretched from the mouth of the Mississippi River to the shores of the Great Lakes, while the region west of the Rocky Mountains was an unknown wilderness, penetrated only by the foot-prints of the Jesuits.

It seems difficult to credit the statement, but to the pioneers of 1806 there was no such thing as a percussion cap, a stove, a lucifer match or a steel pen. Fort Hawkins was built twelve months before Fulton's steamboat plowed the waters of the Hudson and twenty years before Stevenson's locomotive announced the advent of the Iron Horse. The invention of the sewing machine, the discovery of anaesthesia, and the countless marvels of the electric spark have all transpired since this pioneer fort was erected; and if the intervening distance of time be measured by these vents how far back into the past recede the iron days of Fort Hawkins!

Less than two decades measured the brief career of this renowned fortification. In 1802, under a treaty of cession made at Fort Wilkinson, near the site of the present city of Milledgeville, we acquired part of the lands embraced between the Oconee and the Ocmulgee Rivers. The United States government was represented at this council by three eminent commissioners, all of whom were veterans of the Revolution: James Wilkinson, Andrew Pickens, and Benjamin Hawkins. The Creek Nation was represented by its most distinguished head men, chiefs and warriors. Subsequently, at Fort Lawrence, on the Flint, in 1804, and at Washington, D. C., in 1805, similar treaties were made, confirming the original grant made at Fort Wilkinson.

In the terms finally agreed upon, there was reserved to the Creeks a tract of land some five miles in length by three in width stretching along the Ocmulgee River and forming a part of the famous Old Fields; but the right to establish thereon a military fort and a factory or trading

post was reserved by the United States government. In each of these treaties, Mr. Jefferson, on the recommendation of Col. Hawkins, insisted upon establishing some adequate means of defence; and when the terms were finally ratified, instructions were issued to the commissioners to erect at once thereon the necessary fortifications, including a store house or factory for purposes of trade. The site for these buildings, on an eminence overlooking the river, was selected by Col. Hawkins, under whose immediate supervision the preliminary surveys were made and the building of the fort prosecuted to completion.

One hundred acres of ground were reserved for the uses of the fort; and of this number, fourteen acres were enclosed by a strong stockade, formed by driving into the ground stout posts of hewn timber, fourteen feet long by fourteen inches thick. These were sunk into the ground four feet, and port holes, one in each alternate post, were provided for muskets. Within this enclosure, at points diagonally facing one another, were built two block houses, the design of which was somewhat peculiar but well adapted to defensive purposes in Indian warfare on the frontier.

These block houses stood each upon a parallelogram twenty-eight feet square, but they were each much larger at the top than at the bottom. They were two stories in height, the lower of which rested upon a rock basement, while the upper of the two was surmounted by a water tower. The second story of the building projected over the first story for a distance of three feet, on each side of the square, and in the floor of the projecting area were cut holes, so that, in the event of an Indian attack, if the savages reached the block house, and tried to scale the walls for the purpose of setting the woodwork on fire, they could be shot down through the holes in these protruding balconies. The basements were built of stone blocks eighteen inches thick and the height of the walls was ten feet above ground. Each of the stories which rested upon this solid masonry was twelve feet in height, while the

water tower on top was eight feet, making the total measurements of the structure some forty feet from base to battlement.

Besides these block houses, there were four long buildings, one in the center of each side of the stockade. These were occupied by the soldiers, and used also for the factory goods sold to the Indians in exchange for pelts. In the center, encompassed by oaks, were the quarters of the officers. Within the immediate neighborhood of the stockade, ninety-six acres of land were cleared, except for a few trees near the fort, which were left to furnish shade to the troops when off duty. The object of this clearing was to afford an outlook in every direction and to furnish an unobstructed range for the guns.

As soon as the stockade was comleted, it was garrisoned by troops removed from Fort Wilkinson. But scarcely was the flag lifted above the ramparts when, in the spring of 1807, there appeared upon the scene one day a stately figure on horseback. He arrived under guard and in a violent downpour of rain. On peering into his face, this new comer proved to be a former Vice-President of the United States and one of the great intellects of his time, brilliant but ill-starred—Aaron Burr. The arrest of this noted prisoner, on a charge of treason against the United States Government, occurred near the Tombigby River in Alabama. It was claimed that his secret purpose was to form an independent empire west of the Mississippi River, to which end he sought an alliance with Mexico. Burr was afterwards acquitted; but in the popular mind the taint of outlawry has always attached to his name, due largely to the fatal outcome of his duel with Alexander Hamilton.

During the Indian outbreaks, incident to the War of 1812, Fort Hawkins became a strategic point for the rendezvous of troops. At this time, Captain Philip Cook, afterwards a Major, was in command of the fort. But here more than once, was seen the towering form of Andrew Jackson, while frequent visitors at the fort were John

McIntosh, John Floyd, David Blackshear and Ezekiel Wimberly, all of whom were famous soldiers of an earlier day in Georgia. Here, in 1814, having crushed the insurgent Creeks, General Jackson made a treaty with the Indians under which a rich belt of territory between the Altamaha and the Chattahoochee, in what was afterwards the wire-grass region of our State, was acquired.

On Monday, January 26, of the year following, news of General Jackson's brilliant victory over the British at New Orleans was brought to Fort Hawkins through a line of runners and in honor of this signal event, a salute of nineteen guns was fired. The last important business transacted at Fort Hawkins was in the summer of 1817, when over 1,400 Indians assembled here to receive a stipulated payment from the United States government, through ex-Governor David B. Mitchell, who succeeded Col. Hawkins as resident agent. Several days were consumed in this transaction. During a frolic—so the story runs—one of the warriors, second in rank to General McIntosh, became intoxicated and killed his own nephew. According to an Indian custom, the murderer was instantly seized and executed within an hour after the crime was committed.

The earliest white settlers in the neighborhood of Fort Hawkins, were Roger McCall and Harrison Smith, who settled on Swift Creek in 1818. The former afterwards brought a colony to Georgia. He also sent North for his brother, Eleazor, to engage with him in the building of boats for the navigation of the Ocmulgee River. In 1820, a double-log house was built a few hundred yards from the fort, and this became the first hotel in what was afterwards the county of Bibb. Population began to swarm; and here, from a printing press owned by Matthew Robertson, was issued the first newspaper published in Central Georgia. It appeared on March 16, 1823, under the name of the Georgia Messenger, a pioneer sheet which afterwards flowered into the Macon Telegraph. Just here I pause to drop a tear upon the grave of the renowned editor who has lately

fallen asleep upon the banks of this river, as valiant a knight as ever put spear in rest or unsheathed a pen in defence of the liberties of a people: Colonel Charles R. Pendleton. Peace to his ashes! Nor can I forbear to lay a flower upon the bier of Georgia's silent Senator. The courts of Europe are in mourning for him; while the tears of millions point to a vacant seat in our Nation's House of Peers. For nearly half a century he made this beautiful metropolis his home; and today, without a stain upon his toga, he is coming back to Macon to sleep in peace among his people. May his dreams be sweet!

But the doom of Fort Hawkins was sealed. In 1821, an extensive tract of land between the Ocmulgee and the Flint was acquired from the Creek Indians, after which most of the Indians in this belt of Georgia removed to the West. As the settlement across the River waxed stronger, the settlement at this place began to wane. It retained the name of Fort Hawkins until 1821, when the name of New Town was adopted. But the days of New Town were numbered. The property on which the fort stood, including the original one hundred acres of land, was sold in 1822 to a Mr. Thomas Woolfork; and by an act of the Legislature in 1829 was incorporated into the town of Macon.

Just a word in regard to Benjamin Hawkins. On the staff of Washington, in the great struggle for liberty, his knowledge of the French language made him the latter's interpreter in communicating with the French officers. When the upper house of Congress was organized in 1789 he was chosen to represent his native State of North Carolina in the American Senate. But, by a strange decree of Providence, the peculiar mission of this man of letters was to the unlettered savage of the forest. At the close of the war for independence, the adjustment of relations with the various Indian tribes became a problem of the first magnitude. In this crisis of affairs, the eagle eyes of Washington fixed themselves upon Benjamin Hawkins. As early as 1785, his name was signed to important treaties. We find

him negotiating with the Indians at Hopewell, at Galphinton and at Coleraine.

But in 1801 came the crucial test of his life. He was importuned by his old commander-in-chief to accept the post of resident agent among the Creek Indians, with jurisdiction over the entire country south of the Ohio River. It involved an acute sacrifice but like an ancient lawgiver of Israel, he relinquished the seats of the mighty and renounced the luxuries of the court to guide a wandering people in the wilderness. But he only stooped to conquer and to build in human hearts a sepulcher which was destined to survive the pyramids.

As a mediator of peace between the whites and the Indians, he was fair alike to both races and rendered a most important service to the government, extending over a period of thirty years, half of which time was spent at the old agency on the Flint River, where he established his headquarters. Here, on a magnificent scale, he applied the principles of science to agriculture and taught the Indians many useful arts. In a fire which destroyed his splendid library most of his manuscripts were consumed; but happily some of his writings were rescued from the flames and these, including a "Journal" of rare value, are preserved by the Historical Society at Savannah.

Inflamed by the eloquent harangues of Tecumseh, the Creeks as a nation, took the part of England in the War of 1812, in the hope of forming an independent empire. But those under the immediate influence of Col. Hawkins remained neutral; and when he saw his friends crushed by the misfortune of war and made the victim of a policy which knew no distinction, he went down with them in sorrow to the grave. He literally died a broken-hearted man; but his example of unselfishness still lives in story, as pure as the sacrifice of Iphigenia and as full of love for humanity as the martyrdom of Paul.

On a green knoll, overlooking the waters of the Flint sleeps the noble patriot in whose honor this fort was

named. For nearly a century, "no lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered stone" has marked his grave in the bosom of the wilderness. But he sleeps in peace; for the children of the forest whom he loved are lying in the dust around him; and while these guardians of his fame are sleeping near, no malice can assail, no envy can belittle, no slander can soil, the heroic name of Hawkins. In the keeping of these feathered knights, his memory is safe forever. The man who relinquished ease, who renounced society and home and kindred, to spend his days in labor and to close his eyes in death amid the savage wigwams of an alien race, needs no eulogium which studied phrases can bestow. The whole forest is a sea of incense to the memory of such a man; and not a rose can sigh unseen upon the midnight air without breathing his name in fragrance to the fields. Some day a grateful government, in justice to itself, will lift above his grave a snow-white shaft of marble. For our country's sake, God speed the Hour! It will lift a stigma from a nation's brow. But until then, let the song-birds twitter in the trees above him. Let the tuneful waters chant his requiem while they wind in tears around him. Let the honeysuckle and the violet haunt his place of rest; and let the south wind breathe upon the shrine which his kindred have forgotten!

Fort Hawkins is no more. But Macon—Matchless Macon—still survives. Here lies the chrysalis of a dead past—the dusky caterpillar gone. But yonder soars the butterfly of a living present, with the sunbeams of the morning in her eyes and with the tints of the rainbow on her wings!

THE MEANING OF MONUMENTS.

[Extract from an address delivered at the unveiling of a Confederate Memorial, at Buena Vista, Ga., under the auspices of the Marion County chapter, U. D. C., August 23, 1916.]

Daughters of the Confederacy—To you all honor. This memorial, reared by loyal and loving hands, will keep us in

touch with the iron days when knighthood was in flower. It will ever remind us of woman's pure devotion. The spirit which has reared this monument will rear for us a nation of heroes, ready to die for the Stars and Stripes as our fathers died for the Bonnie Blue flag. It will keep the fires of patriotism forever burning at the shrines of freedom.

In a sense, the Confederate soldier needs no monument. His fame is a thing of the ages. There is no granite in all our hills firm enough to bespeak his principles—no snow upon our cedared summits white enough to match his loyalty or to furnish him a winding sheet in the Temple of Fame. But, while he needs no monumental shaft, we owe it to ourselves to build him one; and if we fail to build it, the wrong done is not to him but to us. Memorials, it is true, embalm the virtues of the dead; but they also bespeak the gratitudes and voice the ideals of the living.

This monument will be a glory to your town, an inspiration to your children, beyond the towering piles of your palaces of trade, and amid the tumult of Georgia's age of gold it will take you back to the finer things of Georgia's golden age. Upon it, let the sunlight fall. Hither let childhood come with its rippling laughter, in the sunny glow of life's morning. Let age here linger, beneath its silvery locks, to indulge at eventide in tender recollections. Let youth here tarry, with its budding hopes, to nourish high ideals of duty and to read the future in the rosy light of love's young dream. This monument will keep our feet in honor's shining path. It will rebuke all sordid selfishness. It will lift us above the things of time and fix our thoughts upon eternity's enduring landmarks. It will teach us to be true to God, to country, and to truth. It will outlast us all; but when the winds have scattered it abroad —when not a rack survives—its imperishable sentiment will link itself in immortality with the everlasting stars.

SECESSION.

[Extract from an address delivered at Greensboro, Ga., April 26, 1900, at the unveiling of a monument to the Confederate Soldier, on the court house square.]

It was not at the South, sir—not in the great empire of slavery—that the right of a state to secede from the Union was first openly and boldly asserted. It was at the North, in the very heart of New England, at the famous Hartford Convention, of nearly a century ago. The War of 1812 was its precipitating cause. New England's commerce upon the high seas was threatened; and when the conflict approached—in spite of Bunker Hill and Concord and Lexington—it evoked from the Puritan no martial emotions. He trembled, not for the palladium of liberty but for the commercial supremacy of New England. It was not with the patriot's love of country but with the miser's greed of gain that he met the issue; and when Andrew Jackson was fighting the republic's battle at New Orleans, New England was exclaiming: "Let us secede."

How prone are we to forget the facts of history, and, in taxing a neighbor for his faults, to overlook the mote which is in our own eye.

Secession, therefore, was of Northern birth. Connecticut was its cradle. It was under the elms of New Haven that John C. Calhoun, when a student at Yale, imbibed his doctrine of nullification;—a doctrine which, in 1861, brought the sections into armed conflict. It was New England's slave-ships—some of them owned by Peter Faneuil—that brought the African to our shores. It was the cotton gin, invented by a New Englander, that riveted slavery upon the South, and with it, secession.

Not in anger but in sorrow—not in haste but with reluctance—the South quit the Union. She loved it. She helped to make it. On a thousand fields of battle, she sealed it with her blood. Its Yorktown was fought upon her soil. Its Washington was cradled upon her lap; aye, too, its Henry and its Jefferson.

In none of the states—not even in South Carolina—was there a headlong rush into secession. It was only by a slender vote and after a prolonged debate that Georgia

adopted her famous ordinance; and then, in many a home, the shutters were closed, while the inmates wept. Not even in New England was the love of Union any stronger or deeper. It glowed with all its pristine fire in the breast of Georgia—even when, at Milledgeville, the die was cast.

The Georgian was an avowed Unionist, not one whit less in 1861 than in 1776. But reared in the school of Jefferson, he was taught to respect the sovereignty of the State. When the hour of separation came, there was but one highway of honor, but a single path of patriotism, for him to tread. It was in obedience to Georgia's sovereign voice of command. So, in the hour of stress and travail, he clung to her, not in the frenzy of a mad infatuation, not in the self-delusion of a blind devotee, but with the pure passion of loyalty that stirred the heart of Ruth when she whispered to Naomi, under the stars of the East: "Entreat me not to leave thee. Where thou lodgest, will I lodge; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

THE VETERAN AND THE SPONSOR.

[Extract from an address delivered in the great auditorium, at Piedmont Park, in Atlanta, Ga., on the occasion of the great reunion of United Confederate Veterans, on July 22, 1898.]

My task upon this platform is to represent the sponsors. But if I rightfully interpret the commission which this hour lays upon me, I must first pay tribute to the battle-scarred survivors who fill this hall of heroes. We have met tonight —not to revive a Lost Cause—not to unfurl a Conquered Banner—but to honor the memory of the grandest army that ever glorified the field of battle.

From boyhood, I have reveled with enthusiasm in the prowess of the Greeks at Marathon—in the immortal heroism of the Spartans at Thermopylae—in the gallant charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. But I am constrained, in the mature judgment which has come to me with man's estate, to declare that, in resolute fidelity to principle, in sublime contempt of danger, in brilliant feats of soldiership, performed in spite of hunger, rude equipment, fever and

exhaustion, the record of the South's defeated but undaunted cavarliers is wholly without parallel in the chronicles of arms.

What higher tribute can I pay to our illustrious captains than to say they were worthy of the cause which they were called upon to lead? But the same is not less true of the heroic men who followed them through splendid victories to Appomattox. I challenge the annals of recorded time to produce the equal of that hero who, inheriting in his veins the crimson of the South's warm blood, went forth at the drum-tap in 1861 to pale the exploits of the Horse-shoe Knights and to render commonplace the legends of King Arthur's Court.

Through the twilight of the years, I see him quit once more the old baronial home in which from childhood he was trained to chivalry and found the spring of that allegiance which made him the sworn knight—the doughty champion—of Lady Fair. When I remember the circumstances in which fortune reared him, I wonder at the spirit to endure privation which this pampered child of luxury displays, fighting with undiminished courage when he knows that in the vaults of the Confederacy there is not one dollar to reward him and clinging with increased devotion to the old flag when the prophecy of Appomattox is already stamped upon its folds.

To borrow the lines of England's laureate:

> "His work is done
> But while the races of mankind endure,
> Let his great example stand
> Colossal, seen of every land,
> And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure
> Till, in all lands and through all human story,
> The path of duty is the way to glory."

Though written of the Iron Duke, these words apply no less to the Confederate soldier.

But from scenes of heroism at the front, I turn to scenes of heroism at the fireside; and I feel contrained to say that if the record of achievement made by our boys in gray, at

the cannon's mouth and amid the battle's smoke, was surpassed at all, it was surpassed only by the South's heroic women who, unsustained by the excitements of the field, partook, through four long years, of the bitter anguish of Gethsemane. There was diversion for our soldiers at the front. In camp, the strains of music and the jests of comrades beguiled them into sweet forgetfulness of war's realities. Hope buoyed them along the march. In battle, the exhilaration of the fight was theirs—the field of conflict, lit with the splendors of the flag. But there were no agencies like these to soothe a mother's heart, or whisper to her spirit: "Peace, be still."

The Southern woman of the sixties. Where can we find her counterpart in any land but ours? She is with us still, thank God, in the regal beauty of the olden time. Like the prisoner of Chillon, "her hair is white but not with years;" and when I look upon the crown of glory which adorns her brow, I am reminded less of Time's soft silver than of the purity of that devotion with which she laid her heart on Dixie's altar.

The sponsors whom I represent upon this platform have not been tried in the crucible of war; but I am warranted in saying that from the same mothers who have bequeathed to them the legacies of beauty they have also derived the spirit which has been the glory of Dixie in the past and will be the glory of Dixie in the future. They are loyal to the memories of the old gray jacket and they are here tonight, an unbroken sisterhood of the Confederacy, to attest the love in which they hold these veterans of Lee.

Here is fair young South Carolina. We name her first, for the star of her native state was first upon the flag. Here is radiant Alabama, in whose capitol at Montgomery the cradle of the Confederacy was rocked. Here is beautiful Virginia, the soil of whose state is sown with the ashes of glory, and who brings to us sweet memories of the past—from Lexington in the Valley and from Richmond on the James. Here is rosy Mississippi, to bespeak her pride in the lion of Beauvoir. Gentle Georgia, too, is here, and close beside her, regal Texas, who comes to represent her

Lone Star. Here, too, are winsome Arkansas and lovely Louisiana; proud Missouri and bewitching Maryland. From the land of the sky comes stately North Carolina and from the home of the Blue Grass comes sweet Kentucky. Here is sunny Florida, in the orange-blossoms of her golden clime and here is bright-eyed Tennessee, with her gem-lit clasp of beauty, to complete the circle of this radiant sisterhood.

Soldiers of the South, is it not sweet to know that you are lovingly enshrined in such tender hearts as these and that you are dearer to them in defeat than all the conquering legions of this earth combined; that while you live you have hearts like these to love you; and that when you die, these golden hearts will cherish you forever?

THE BLACK KNIGHT OF THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

[Extract from an address delivered at the unveiling of a Confederate monument, at West Point, Ga., April 26, 1901.]

His eyes are now dim. To kindle them again it will take the miracle touch of the Morning Light. His hair, once dark like his skin, has gathered the cotton for the last long journey. He must carry the staple to the valley-downs beyond the hills. For his heart still beats between the furrows; and perchance he will be all the happier, in his heavenly robes, if he can still bear the fleece of his native fields.

The past is his empire. Out of touch with the dusky generations which are growing up around him, he turns with home-sick eyes from the slavery of the new freedom to the freedom of the old slavery away back on the sun-bathed and plenty-filled plantations of Dixie. Upon the unfortunate scions of his race who have never known the good old times before the war he looks with a kingly contempt.

Today may be dark, but not yesterdays; and, wrapping himself in warm recollections, he hastens from cheerless Nows and hurries to golden Long Agoes. He never knew

what it was to be hungry then. If sick, the doctor always came; but now the step upon the door-sill means the tax-man or the sheriff.

Living the old days over again, he once more clutches at the fiddle. He wakes the old time dance. He revives the ancient tunes; and yonder, perched upon a shuck-pile, he dispenses music like Orpheus mounted on Olympus. He repeats again the old stories which rapt and eager childhood could never hear too often. He wends his way again to the big house on Christmas morning. He does not wait for spring to come to decorate his master's grave; but underneath December skies, he keeps it fresh with memory's April bloom.

Faults he possessed. He was not an ideal at best; nor, on the other hand, was he an unregenerate at worst. Without the sense of ownership which the Anglo-Saxon has been centuries in acquiring, and has not yet fully acquired, it is not surprising that the barnyard population was sometimes reduced or the watermelon patch too often thrust itself in the path of temptation; but these predatory excursions were inexpensive and harmless and they were palliated, if not excused, by the logic that the booty in question helped to make muscle and the muscle helped to make cotton.

It is doubtful if human labor ever clothed itself in such carols as the ante-bellum negro sent up from between the furrows. Burns himself was not more skillful in running sonnets with his plowshare or in turning songs with his shovel. Taught only by the tuneful warbler of the trees, he smote the very battlements of heaven with song and literally wrote oratorios of the soil.

He was a born humorist—a prince of story-tellers. Aesop could not surpass him in the art of spinning fables. He dispensed the gift of tongues, with more than Pentecostal lavishness, upon beast and bird and reptile, veiling many a satire and pointing many a moral for animals who stood more erect. Endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, his laughter was as contagious as small-pox, but as wholesome as mountain-air. Herodotus never wrote more

solemnly of Grecian battles than he could speak of spooks encountered at the witching hour of midnight. Nor was it altogether fiction. He could put his hand on Holy Writ. When rehearsing the family legends which had come down, like precious heirlooms, it seemed as if some dark-browed Moor were again reciting the chronicles of Venice; while, ever and anon, as tender recollections welled up, he struck plaintive and soulful notes, which even recalled the harp of the Border Minstrel.

During all the years of the war, he was true and tried and steadfast. Not till the Carpet Bagger came amongst us, in the dark days of Reconstruction, was his fidelity questioned. Even then, on many a rack, he stood the test. The Black Knight of the English Tournament was not more truly the champion of the helpless than was the Black Knight of the Southern plantation With no other incentive except his devotion, he lovingly kept ward and watch over the mansion house—this, too, while his master was at the front of battle, fighting for the slavery which kept him in bondage. There were no insurrections in those days—no lynchings and no strikes. What better monument to the civilization of an old South could we erect—carved out of the whitest marble in our hills—than a monument to him who was the soul of loyalty, the Black Knight of the Southern plantation?

But underlying all his characteristics, and crowning all, he was thoroughly orthodox. He was sometimes in doubt as to whether it was Jonah who swallowed the whale or the whale who swallowed Jonah, but he was fully prepared to maintain either version. Transplanted from heathen Africa, he readily embraced the faith. He was not impressed, like the Cyrenean, into bearing the Cross. He could not read his Bible with much ease but he could pray with great unction; and oftimes his neighbors, for miles around, were disturbed by his private devotions.

Life may have caught him sometimes in error, but Death found him fully resigned; and one of the glories of slavery which, while it kept him in bondage here, prepared him from freedom hereafter, was this:—that, in dying, he

often sounded his master's name and seemed to say that his ransomed spirit was only hastening along the highway of gold to enter his master's service forever.

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.

[Extract from an address delivered to the members of the graduating class of the Southern Medical College, at DeGive's Opera House, Atlanta, Ga., during the commencement of 1894.]

But my respect for your profession lies deeper still. Beyond the utmost stretch of memory, it reaches back into "that shining orient, where my life began to beat," and there it singles out that grand old gentleman who laid the foundations of this institution and who closed his eyes in death, while still its honored and beloved president. (Dr. Thomas Spencer Powell.) He was a doctor of the old school; and his life attuned to gentleness was like a healing stream from the old Bethesda. I can pronounce no higher eulogy upon him than to say: he was a true physician, as true as ever paced the sick-room or felt, in the sufferer's pallid wrist, for the beating pulse of life. It was not less true of him than of the noble Roman that—

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: this was a man."

Gentlemen of the graduating class, I employ no flattering unction when I say, in all sincerity, that I reverence the medical profession. Within its ranks are found, not in isolated units but in shining multiples, some of the grandest men who have ever walked this earth or honored human flesh. In this degenerate age, whose music is the jingle of the guinea, whose sign is the dollar-mark, in this age of frenzied finance and of rotten politics, the Spartan virtues of the race are still preserved, thank God, among its doctors.

But while I honor all of them I have a special liking in my heart for that much-abused but least adulterated

type of the profession—the country doctor. All honor to this sturdy hero of the saddle-bags. Intent upon his mission of mercy—too often unrequited—watch him as he plies his healing art! See him as he fords the swollen rivers! See him as he climbs the rugged slopes over toilsome roads, sometimes axle-deep in mud! See him as he breasts the wintry storm, his overcoat buttoned at the collar, and in every kind of weather, in all hours of the night—responding to some emergent call, or making his daily circuit of the hills! Without the prestige of the city doctor, his patients love him none the less; nor is his life less precious to his alma mater because, forsooth, like the violet of his native wilderness, it blossoms in the lonesome solitudes. Again, I say, all honor to the country doctor; and, like Ben Adhem's, may his tribe increase.

I have intimated that your profession is one of great antiquity. Older than the walls of old Damascus—older than the pyramids of ancient Egypt—it reaches back to the flaming sword of Paradise and shares the pilgrimage of Old Mortality itself. But, more important than its age, I commend to you its vast responsibilities. Pronounced, indeed, should be the skill of the physician; and no uncertain unction should be employed in its consecration. Solemn with import is the message which summons him to the bedside of the sufferer. Trembling with eternal consequences is the issue which his skill must settle—for life or for death. Fatal beyond all reparation are the mistakes of the physician. If the artist makes an error, it is only a piece of canvas spoiled, and in its place another may be substituted. If the sculptor is at fault it is only a block of marble destroyed, and in the quarry he can find another; but if the physician bluners, 'tis a human life destroyed, an immortal soul released, for which he must answer at the bar of God.

Have you weighed the gravity of your profession? Have you scaled its heights? Have you measured its depths? If not I call upon you to pause and consider. It is the privilege of the physician—and now I tread on sacred ground—to enter the precincts of the home, from which the minister is often excluded. The family doctor!

With reverence I pronounce that name, sweet with a thousand tender memories. We send for him at eventide, at noonday and at midnight. We go to him with hearts throbbing with anxiety. We commit to him life's holiest belongings. Known to him are all the secrets of the home; and he can call by name all the lambs of the flock. We take from him an impress which we take from no one else. His opinions often mold our own. He is to us, high-priest and prophet, confessor and friend. How important is it, then, that he should be a man of honor, of uprightness and of character; and that purity of heart should be the help-meet of his skill! I am no fanatic. But in choosing the doctor who is to practice in my home, I prefer one who can prescribe the Balm of Gilead, who has been tutored of the Great Physician and who has felt upon his heart and life the healing power of the Man of Galilee.

In view of the sacred character of your profession, I abhor the man who goes about the world decrying doctors and the man who refuses to pay his doctor's bill is virtually of the opinion that his life is not worth saving.

But I forbear. The hour is late and I must close. To recapitulate, then, let me ask: What constitutes the true physician? What are the virtues which distinguish him in the exercise of his profession and win for him the golden opinions of his fellow men? The true physician is a man of skill. He studies night and day. His life is one of labor and of loyalty to his profession. When summoned to the bedside of a sufferer he realizes that a soul is in the balance and he would not jeopardize it for the world. The true physician is a man of courage. He is ready to follow in the path of duty wherever it may lead and to go as readily to Brunswick, smitten with the yellow fever, as to the bedside of his dearest friend. The true physician is a man of temperance. He realizes that wine is a deceiver and that strong drink is a mockery. He knows that intemperance is the foe of skill and that, under its dominion, the strongest oak of the profession becomes a willow in the wind. But, aside from this reason, he dares not enter the sick-room with the tavern on his breath, because he realizes that the home is

sacred and he respects it as he does the sanctuary of Jehovah. The true physician is a man of charity. Making no distinction between Lazarus and Dives, he responds as readily to Rag's entreaty as he does to Linen's nod. In all of his rounds among the lowly he never lays aside the silken glove of courtesy nor forgets, in dealing with the ills of nature, that he himself is one of nature's noblemen.

Lastly—and I say it in no careless mood—the true physician is a man of God. Underlying all his virtues, making his skill more useful to his fellow men, weaving a halo about him in the sick-room, giving a velvet softness to his touch, and, above all else, causing him to realize the sanctity of human life, is his faith in an over-ruling Providence and his belief in the spirit's immortality.

In conclusion, doctors—for such you have become tonight—I might cite to you the men who have ornamented your profession, who have dignified it with their skill, their devotion and their stainless honor; but I have wearied you enough. To the end that, after all your rounds are made and you have reaped in golden recompense the honors of a life well lived, you may find at last the magic Balm, of which your calling is but a symbol and a type, I commend to you the prescription of that greatest of all doctors who years ago beside Genessaret prescribed a remedy for all the race, made death synonymous with sleep, and solved for aye the riddle of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

NANCY HART'S HEROIC EXPLOIT.

[Full text of an address delivered in the Georgia House of Representatives, November 25, 1916, when a memorial picture of Nancy Hart, was unveiled by the Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. R. P. Brooks, regent and donor.]

On the dome of this capitol, emblematic of Georgia governing genius, stands the statue of a woman. Lifted above the hurrying crowds which throng our streets, that symbolic figure maintains its serene poise in the chastened silence of a heavenly ether. To the wise and to the simple, to the erudite scholar and to the unlettered rustic, it speaks

a message which all interpret alike—namely this: that the hand which trains the childhood of our state lifts its torch of liberty aloft and that she who rocks the cradle rules the commonwealth.

These commemorative exercises, held in Georgia's Hall of Representatives, lay striking emphasis upon two distinct but kindred lines of thought: first, the devotion of our noble women to the state; and, second, the debt of gratitude which Georgia owes to her patriotic women. Each of these propositions is rich in its suggestiveness. Beginning with the times of Nancy Hart, and coming on down through the iron days of the sixties, even to this good hour, Georgia's crowning glory has been her Spartan womanhood. In every crisis of her history, the patriotism of her daughters has been as lofty, as resplendent and as steadfast as a star; and to all the assembled states I issue this challenge: "Discount them if you will but match them if you can."

More even than to her gallant sons who, in this chamber of debate, have shaped her laws, is Georgia indebted to her daughters. Nor is this the language of obsequious compliment; for, deeper than statutory enactments, more binding than legal restraints, the principles which our women have inculcated at the home fireside lie at the very roots of our civic life, and upon these basic principles the whole fabric of our government rests. The quickening interest which this generation has come to feel in the matchless story of our State is due to the unwearied zeal with which these splendid women have toiled and sacrificed to rescue Georgia's fading memories. With the chisel of Old Mortality, they have been carving monuments and deepening epitaphs all over our State. Nor does this labor of love any longer provoke, as it once did, an irreverent sneer; for we have come to realize that the greatest thing in the universe is sentiment.

These women have not forgotten the hallowed forms which lie sleeping in our silent hills. They have taught us to remember those who are gone—in whose spectral wake

we, too, must follow soon. They have sown the State with tablets, from Rabun Gap to Tybee Light. They have marked the heroic fields and the high places of our state. Love's labor has not been lost. Thanks to them a forgotten Georgia is once more remembered. Thanks to them a dead Georgia has come back again to life; and, knowing the old State better, we have learned to love her more, not only for her grand old hills but for her grander history. This is what you have done for Georgia. We are richer, prouder, happier, as a people, for what you have shown us of ourselves.

Nor is this hall an inappropriate place to recount what Georgia has done for her women. The oldest female college in existence was chartered by the Legislature of this State in 1836, when Wesleyan Female College at Macon came to its birth. It pioneered the way for Vassar, for Wellesley, and for Smith, proclaimed woman's intellectual emancipation, struck the shackles from her brain, and registered a new era in the history of freedom.

When all other states were silent, Georgia said to her women: "you, too, have a mind. You are man's help-meet; you were made from a rib in his side; and, if not his equal, you are at least his equivalent." In 1906, a woman became Georgia's State librarian. It was only last year that women were admitted to practice law in the courts of Georgia.

Equal suffrage is still delayed. It may or it may not come. I am neither its propagandist nor its prophet. But when I cast my eyes abroad and see the forces which are gathering on the nation's horizon; when I read that for the first time in American history a woman has been elected to Congress; when I see what equal suffrage has done for temperance, for child labor, for social betterment, and for Democratic victory, I think I can see it coming, and coming fast.

It is not the least of your services to us nor the smallest of our obligations to you that, while teaching us to reverence the sacred symbolism of our country's flag, you have taught

us first of all to venerate and to cherish, to safeguard and to preserve the history of our own state. The germ of patriotism is the love of home. I have no faith in the Americanism which detaches itself from locality—which professes to know no North, no South, no East, no West. I abhor a sectionalism which is sinister but I cherish a sectionalism which it patriotic—which savors of the soil—which enriches the Union with its local color, with its individual flavor of achievement—whose spirit is to the manner born.

When a soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers, it was not the country spread out upon the map to which his feverish fancy wandered, but the vine-clad hills of Bingen on the Rhine. Home is what Georgia spells to me. This is the picture which she holds before my eyes—this the perfume which she throws around my heart, sweeter than all the spices of Arabia. The man who does not love his state, is not the proper guardian of his country's honor; he is no friend to its flag; and, when danger threatens, he will never heed its bugle call to battle.

Secession is dead. This nation has naught to fear from local patriotism. Show me the man who loves Georgia, whose heart is anchored in these red old hills, and I will show you one to whom this republic can pin its faith, and in whose loyalty our ship of state will find an anchor in the storm.

I have no patience with the cant which in an age of progress deems it a heresy and a sin to look backward. Whatever we are or have this day we owe to those who have gone before us. The folly or the wisdom of looking backward depends entirely upon its spirit. God help us, if the time ever comes when we are too wise in our own conceit, or too drunk with the lust of power, or too haughty with the pride of gold, to sit at the feet of our fathers.

History is the most ennobling of sciences. It is the story of man. We cannot reverently scan its pages without receiving an access of patriotism, a baptism of fire, a new

incentive to exertion. Besides telling us what we need to know, it better fits us to act in the Living Present—to put our visions into deeds.

History is not a fool's paradise. It is a wise man's chart and compass. There is safety in its beacon lights—sure anchorage in its fixed stars. Woe to that state or nation which disregards its divine thunders. In an age of material pomp, let us not forget Thebes and Nineveh and Babylon; and let each morning sun remind us that we are unworthy of a future if we are recreant to a past.

Georgia's history from first to last—from the gentle and humane Oglethorpe down to the last Confederate governor who today fills her executive chair—blessings upon his gray hairs! Georgia's whole history, I say, has been a record of glory, which her children need to study and which the world ought to know. On the map of our state there are one hundred and fifty-two counties only one of which was named for a woman. But her fame is an evergreen of immortality, plucked from the tree of life,—a gift of the gods which the world will not willingly let die—ungainly, unlettered, homely but heroic Nancy Hart.

Madame regent, to you all honor. We divide with you this day the homage which our proud hearts pay to her. What a splendid gift to our state, this memorial which calls our war-queen back from the dead and makes her live again in the glowing colors of the artist. Already I can see the youth of our state drinking in its lessons; already I can feel an electrical influence emanating from this picture to all the four corners of our state. It will make for a nobler and a better Georgia. There will not be a hamlet of the mountains to which it will not reach.

For the inspiration of so beautiful a thought—born of your own loyal and loving heart—for the liberality of purse, for the expenditure of time, for the patient care required in the execution of its details, Georgia thanks you, and will hold you in her heart's core. Henceforth, upon the walls of her capitol your service and your name will be linked with Nancy Hart's; and for every proud recollection of her there will be a tender thought of you.

Nancy Hart's place in history is fixed. Two centuries have sufficed to establish this fact. The story of her thrilling exploit is neither myth nor fable; and she bids an eternal defiance to the higher critics. But for much of her prestige in the war department she was indebted to an unheroic blemish which would have kept Helen of Troy safe in Sparta, prevented the Trojan war, and robbed the classic world of Homer's Iliad. It would likewise have destroyed the Biblical legend of Queen Esther and spoiled the pathetic romance of Mary Queen of Scots.

She was afflicted with what the doctors call "Astigmatism;" but, in the plain vernacular, she was cross-eyed. Some one has said that if Cleopatra's nose had been slightly tilted it would have changed the whole countenance of mediaeval times. It sounds suspiciously like Douglas Jerrold. We cannot doubt that if "the star-eyed sorceress of the Nile" had been cross-eyed, Mark Anthony would never have lost the Roman world; and equally is it true that unless our Georgia heroine had been cross-eyed she could never have held six men at bay with an old blunderbuss which might have hung fire when she dared to shoot.

There is abundant proof of the fact that Mrs. Hart was not a belle of the ball. In an old newspaper published at Milledgeville in 1825, I have found this somewhat grandiloquent description of her personal attributes: "Nancy Hart, with her husband, settled before the Revolutionary struggle a few miles above the ford on Broad River, known by the name of Fishdam Ford, in Elbert County, at the bend of the river, near a very extensive canebrake. An apple orchard still remains to point out the spot. In altitude, Mrs. Hart was almost Patagonian, remarkably well-limbed and muscular, and marked by nature with prominent features. She possessed none of those graces of motion which a poetical eye might see in the heave of the ocean wave or in the change of the summer cloud; nor did her cheeks—I will not speak of her nose—exhibit the rosy tints which dwell on the brow of the evening or play on the gilded bow. No one claims for her throat that it was lined with fiddle-strings. That dreadful scourge of beauty, the small-pox,

had set its seal upon her face. She was called a hard swearer, was cross-eyed and cross-grained, but was nevertheless a sharp-shooter. Nothing was more common than to see her in full pursuit of the stag. The huge antlers which hung around her cabin, or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her skill in gunnery; and the white comb, drained of its honey and hung up for ornament, testified to her powers in bee finding. Many bear witness to her magical art in the mazes of cookery, for she was able to prepare a pumpkin in as many ways as there are days in the week. She was extensively known and employed for her knowledge in the treatment of various kinds of ailments. But her skill took an even wider range, for the fact is well known that she held a tract of land by the safe tenure of a first survey, which she made on the Sabbath, hatchet in hand." It is quite evident from this account that, if Nancy Hart did not do the voting for her family, she was the militant prototype, in an eighteenth century time and in a Carrie Nation manner, of ballot reform. She may have lacked beauty; but she possessed "captivating charms," and she knew how to bring even a Tory to his knees.

It was during the troublous days of Toryism in upper Georgia that Nancy Hart performed the courageous feat which has since carried her name to the ends of Christendom. There is perhaps no exploit in our annals richer in the thrilling elements of the drama. It was staged in a little cabin of the backwoods. Both Savannah and Augusta had become the strongholds of the British; and all the frontier had commenced to swarm with Tories. Preparatory to waging warfare against these scalawags of the Revolution, General Elijah Clarke had transported most of the women and children of the Broad River settlement to a secure asylum beyond the Blue Ridge mountains. But Nancy Hart had not traveled in the wake of the noted rifleman. There was work for her at home.

Given to bloody deeds of violence as the Tories were, it seems like the irony of fate for these desperadoes to be held

up by a petticoat. Stupefied with astonishment, they were like helpless babes in the wood as they stood before the flashing eyes of this war-shod Diana of the forest. Never before had they looked into the barrel of an old shot-gun behind which glared such an infernal pair of optics. If red-hot coals had risen up from the ground underneath and taken the place of eye-balls, they could not have flashed more defiantly the brimstone message of a lower world.

Tradition says that when she seized her gun she cocked it with "a blazing oath." It was undeniably an embarrassing moment. Each member of the squad thought in his bewilderment that she was aiming her buckshot at him, and, since discretion was the better part of valor, he decided to stand pat.

At last, however, one of them did move. But he never moved again. Recovering from his paralytic spell, he ventured forward to wrest the weapon from her hand. But, quick as lightning, she pulled the trigger. "Old Bess" went off with a bang. He received the leaden charge into his bosom and fell lifeless upon the floor. Before another member of the party could advance, she had snatched another musket from her daughter's hand, and squared herself for action. It was evident at this stage of the game that the lady of the house knew how to shoot, straight to the mark.

Succor now arrived. Captain Hart, having learned of the visit of the Tories, appeared upon the door-step in good time to see his wife drilling the squad in defensive tactics. But he reached the house none too soon. Another moment might have changed the whole aspect of things. Well, too, it was that he brought substantial re-enforcements. With the aid of stout muscles, the men were soon made prisoners; the entire bunch was captured; and in less than half an hour six Tories were dangling in mid-air to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

But this bold capture was not effected without cunning

strategy on the part of Nancy Hart. It required not only courage but presence of mind, quick-wittedness and a level head. Under the guise of feminine simplicity, she induced the Tories to believe that she was an easy mark. The first demand of the visitors was for something to appease the pangs of hunger. Breakfast had already been served. Captain Hart had rejoined his comrades of the frontier guard, stationed some distance off. But she dropped her work instantly to oblige her guests. She even admonished her children to wait upon the gentlemen. Not by the least token did she exhibit the weakness of fear or betray the stratagem which she expected to employ.

Suspicion was completely allayed. On came the repast. Venison, hoe-cake, fresh honey-comb, and pumpkin pie. Out of a jug of corn liquor, which one of them brought along, Nancy herself drank, saying: "I'll take a swig with you, if it kills every cow on the island." Finally, when the Tories, arms stacked, were beginning, like Jack Falstaff, "to take their ease in their inn," all bunched together at the table, she snatched an old fowling-piece from the wall and threatened to blow out the brains of the first man who offered to rise or to taste a mouthful of food. The tables were turned. Swifter change was never wrought, even by the magic "Presto" of the Arabian Nights.

Meanwhile, the guard was coming up. Nancy had dispatched one of the youngsters to Captain Hart, urging him to hasten to the house at once with able-bodied help; and she also stationed her eldest daughter, Sukey, in her rear, so that, in the nick of time, she could be re-enforced with fresh weapons. It was not until succor arrived that Nancy Hart lowered her second musket. Thus an unprotected woman, in the danger-infested thickets of upper Georgia, during the darkest hour of the struggle for independence, not only outwitted and outbraved a lawless band of Tories, but added another immortal name to the heroic roster of the Revolution.

What if her eyes were crossed?—they were true enough to sentinel the Georgia forest in an hour of danger, and, like twin stars upon the morning sky, were glorious enough

to light the dawn of liberty. Will Georgia forget her? Not while an impulse of gratitude is left in her heart or a fragment of her history remains. The Maid of Orleans may some day be forgotten in her own beautiful France, but among these Georgia hills I can fancy no such fate for Nancy Hart.

To find the grave of our heroine, we must look to the "dark and bloody ground" of old Kentucky; but even there our search will be in vain. Her last resting-place is unknown, save to the friendly dews and to the fragrant flowers. Perhaps the song-bird knows its secret. We cannot tell. But somewhere, in the land of the Blue Grass, sleeps Nancy Hart; and wherever she lies, may her slumbers be sweet. She left us when the war ended, to join her husband's kindred, on the forest trails of Daniel Boone; but here the curtain falls.

The Hart family into which she married, an aristocratic one, gave a wife to the illustrious Henry Clay; while it flowered again in the great Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. Her own maiden name was Nancy Morgan, a name which honorably connects her with one of the best families of the Old Dominion. She has left us no mound to bedew with our tears—to bedeck with our garlands; but she has left us an immortal memory. It permeates all our life. It lives in the prattle of the nursery and in the love of the school-room. Our children know her story by heart. Waterfall and cataract, wind and wave, have all set it to music. Reaching down to the very roots of our soil, it extends to every leaf and twig and blade of grass, to every wandering violet, to every climbing honey-suckle, and to every wild-rose of the woodland paths.

Her spirit is still abroad in Georgia—guarding our ocean front, patrolling our forest solitudes, and hovering in the golden air above our mountain-tops. She lives again in Georgia's capitol. We meet her face to face once more in these Daughters of the Revolution. We find her in every chapter house; we find her in every patriotic cause; we find her wherever Old Glory's stars are lifted. Re-incarnate, in ten thousand molds of beauty, Nancy Hart is with us

still—still fighting for the flag. We need not look for her among the dead, because she lives again.

MANILA BAY AND SANTIAGO.

[Extract from an address, delivered at a monster meeting, in DeGive's Opera House, Atlanta, Ga., July 4, 1898, to celebrate the victories of Manila Bay and Santiago, in the Spanish-American War.]

This is America's greatest fourth day of July since 1776.

With the incense of sacrifice rising from her altars, the South returns to her observance of this day, which the pen of her inspired Jefferson—re-enforced by the sword of her immortal Washington—has forever consecrated to the Scroll of Freedom.

It was on this day that a government, of the people, by the people, and for the people, took its place among the nations of the earth. As a representative upon this platform, of the rising generation, I rejoice in a birthright which permits me to celebrate this day—to exult in the achievements of my ancestor's at King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Yorktown. I honor the part which my father took in the late War between the States. It was fidelity to principle which constrained him to don the uniform of a Confederate soldier. But I rejoice that, out of that conflict, the flag of the American Union emerged, with increased significance to North and South alike, and with glory enough for both.

Nowhere in this broad land can there be found deeper or purer or stronger devotion to the flag than exists in the heart of the Confederate soldier, who opposed it thirty years ago. Unlike the Carthaginian, who pledged his son to vengeance, the Confederate soldier has taught his son to love the Union and to reverence its flag. With fervent spirit, every heart in Dixie can exclaim, in the lines of Rodman Drake:

> Forever float that standard sheet
> Where fights the foe but falls before us
> With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

In this crucial hour of conflict, let us thank God that fate does not compel us to march beneath opposing banners into fratricidal strife. Heaven is our witness that we did not seek this war with Spain. On the contrary, through the channels of diplomacy, we have endeavored to avoid its sanguinary issues. But the die is cast. With the prejudice of former strife forgotten—with the spirit of brotherhood blazing in our hearts—we have commenced to march, shoulder to shoulder, knowing that the cause for which we struggle is the cause of righteousness and that above our banners is the God of battles.

If this war has done nothing else, it has healed the breach between the sections and made our land forever one.

In the lustre which the hero of Manila has shed upon the flag, in oriental waters; in the splendid individual feats of Ensign Bagley and Lieutenant Hobson; in the master stroke of Admiral Schley, at Santiago—the proudest traditions of the American Navy have been sustained.

With a minimum of loss to ourselves we have inflicted a maximum of injury upon our foe—we have literally annihilated two fleets of Spain.

"Cives Romani Sumus" was the boast of Caesar's country; but today, looking upon the old flag, we can make a still prouder boast: "We are Americans."

What grieves me in this hour of common danger, when the gallant sons of Georgia and Virginia are marching shoulder to shoulder with the brave boys of Massachusetts and Ohio, is that some of our misguided critics are just now realizing that the South is loyal to the Union. When General Lee surrendered, he pledged in his own good faith the loyalty of every heart in the Confederacy, from Maryland to Texas. Since then the South's devotion to the Stars and Stripes has been supreme.

But further back than Appomattox, she loved that flag and suffered for that flag ere most of the states which compose the Union's sisterhood were born. If she loved that flag in 1776, when it fluttered in defiance of the despotism of Great Britain; if she loved it, in 1812, when it symbolized the freedom of her argosies of commerce to sail

the unobstructed seas; if she loved it in 1845 when her stalwart sons, under Scott and Taylor and Jefferson Davis, carried its sky-born splendors westward and planted them in triumph upon the walls of Mexico; if she loved it through sixty years of undisturbed supremacy, during which time two million square miles were added to the national domain; then, even amid the fiery discords of war, she did not wholly cease to love it, and if she found it necessary to oppose it with her guns it was to maintain the sacred rights of the Constitution.

That she was willing to oppose it, proves the absolute sincerity of her convictions.

But when she failed in open battle to establish the principles for which she fought, she lovingly returned to her allegiance underneath the Stars and Stripes, and there she has ever since remained.

The South can no longer be distrusted. With noble deeds she has returned the fire of craven words. With patriotism she has answered criticism. Witness the promptitude with which her sons have responded to the nation's call for volunteers. Witness the spectacle which her twin idols, Fitzhugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler, this day present, wearing the Blue which they once bitterly opposed, but fragrantly enriching it with the glories of the Gray. Witness upon the shattered timbers of the Winslow the heart's blood of her brave young Bagley. Witness, in Santiago Bay, the exploit of her bold Lieutenant Hobson. Defying the shells of Morro Castle, while he sinks his own craft, to bottle up Cervera's fleet.

On this anniversary of the nation's birth, let the proud old flag wave high. The flag of Washington and Jefferson and Henry. The flag of Monroe and Madison and Marshall. The flag of Jackson and Scott and Taylor. All Southern men; and, standing beneath its ample folds, let us fervently exclaim, in the apostrophe of Stanton:

> "She's up there, Old Glory. No tyrant-dealt scars
> No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars;
> The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
> She's the flag of our country forever."

THE MEMORIES OF AULD LANG SYNE.

[Full text of a response to this toast delivered at an annual banquet of the Chi Phi Fraternity, at the Piedmont Hotel, in Atlanta, Ga., Friday evening, November 27, 1908.]

There is music and music. But when all the keys have been touched and all the chords have been swept and all the minstrels have sung, it still remains that the sweetest of life's lingering strains is Mother; and next to the mother who bore me on her breast is the mother whose untarnished emblem is glittering on my breast tonight.

I love her for the memories of auld lang syne. I love her for the sacred symbolism of the mystic tie. I love her for the friendships, warm and tender, with which she has enriched my life; and, after wandering up and down the earth, I can say in the seasoned accents of experience that, while many are the friends whom I have grappled to my soul with hoops of steel, the truest friends my heart has ever known—the friends of cloudy days and of wintry skies —whose friendship amid the decay of other joys has been an unchanging evergreen—are the friends with whom I clasped hands in Chi Phi comradeship in the old Athenian days.

Finer than the finest thread in Penelope's loom, yet stouter than the stoutest cord in the bow of Ulysses, are the ties which bind Chi Phies together.

What strikes me in this splendid gathering is this: We come from scattered portions of this great republic. We represent some dozen—perhaps some score—of states. We suggest, in our environment and in our lineage, the rival forces which once held Puritan and Cavalier in steeled estrangement. But, wearing the Scarlet and the Blue, we are here tonight, a band of brothers, not only to twine the wreaths of song around our alma mater's brow, but to bespeak the stripe of kindred on our country's flag and to emphasize the truism of the trite old metaphor that, while the drops which mingle in the sea are many, the majestic music of old Ocean's harp is one.

We are told, with an accent of impatience, that the age in which we live is hopelessly devoid of sentiment. But, despite the clang of the forge and the whir of the spindle

and the roar of the mart, it is no heresy to say that I believe in sentiment. The fountain-spring of humanity's best inspiration—it may not appear upon the surface. Like the waters of Arethusa, it may sparkle in concealment. But it feeds the dynamos, and drives the engines, and lights the incandescent lamps of this electric age.

Its work is basic. It pulsates in the finer feelings, it wells from the deeper thoughts, it breathes in the holier aspirations of man. What is home but the spot of earth which sentiment has hallowed? When sentiment dies, dies love. The master-passion itself is only a sentiment; but a sentiment which inheres in man's immortality. It speaks the soul's language. It breathes the soul's breath. It will not, because it cannot, die.

Beside the waters of Afton sleeps Highland Mary. But the flame which she kindled in a plowman's breast turns every lover's heart to Scotland, and a' the world's

> "a field around
> The castle o' Montgomery."

Then let us call to gentle Robert Burns. Thou merriest of the midnight revellers—who piped the lay of Tam O'Shanter and woke the braes of Bonnie Doon—come, lend us your lilting song of auld acquaintance,

> "And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
> For auld lang syne."

Brother Toastmaster, the muse of Byron, in "The Bride of Abydos, has raised this question:

> "Know ye the land of the cedar and vine
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
> Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint o'er the garden of Gul in her bloom;
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
> Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
> In color though varied in beauty may vie?"

Aye, Childe Harold, we know it well. For, often, in heavy seas, we have headed for its light and dipped anchor in its port. 'Tis the Land of Yesterday.

The memories of auld lang syne. Sir, I accept the toast. Though still on the morning side of the meridian, I am nothing loath to take the backward look. Nor have I aught to fear from the clutches of Charybdis when the beckoning sirens are the memories of Chi Phi.

What subtle ethers of intoxication—what ineffable odors of Arabian myrrh—steep the sensibilities, when recollections like these stir the aromas of the rose jar and press the magic spring of the alabaster box. We are boys again. Back in the old college town, we gather about the mystic shrine. We renew the old companionships. We revive the old songs. We bend again at the mother's knee; and of all the beautiful pictures

"That hang on Memory's wall
The one of the Chi Phi club-room
Seemeth the best of all."

But hark, I hear a voice that drowns the nightingale's. It quickens the pulse-beat. It thrills the nerve fibre to the finger-tips; and it gives us back the old, old sigh, that perfect joy—

"perplexed for utterance
Stole from her sister, Sorrow."

On, Stanley, on. We cannot linger here. For, it calls us, like the Angelus, to another place of worship, and whether it be the balcony of Juliet or the bower of Rosalind, the fair enchantress is the Chi Phi girl.

"Long may she rule, queen of the heart and home
Her loyal subject and her lover sings.
Till Heaven, though little, shall improve her some
And make her perfect with a pair of wings."

The happiest of human lots is not ideal. Longfellow's chant is true:

"Into each life some rain must fall
Some days be dark and dreary."

Upon some of us the crosses weigh. Over most of us the olives bend. What a boon from Heaven to us all is Memory. A well spring in the desert. A song in the night. Aye, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. When

cares oppress and clouds encompass and fever racks the brain, we have only to wake this magic charm and, lo, we are wafted over seas and mountains, over tide and time, to the long deserted but still verdant haunts of youth. The east wind dies in music. The April morning dawns in pearl. The threads of silver turn to gold; and life is beautiful again.

Who can paint like Memory? Though I have wandered with the poets, I have gazed upon no scenes in literature which can match the landscapes of this wizard artist. Not even the enchanted clime of the Byronic stanza. Not the fabled groves of the old Arcadia. Not the whispering emeralds of the Shakespearean shades in the forest of Arden. Not the island valley of the Arthurian legend, hymned by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King:"

> "Where falls not hail or rain or any snow
> Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea."

The memories of auld lang syne. They have been music to my ear. They have been nectar to my lips. They have been balsam to my wounds; and, striking deeper still, they have been to my enhungered soul, the very manna of the wilderness. They have sunned my days and they have starred my nights—like Petrarch's Tuscan skies. Through the lights and shadows of more than twenty years, they have been my dancing Troubadours, my traveling minstrels. They were with me when, beyond the seas, I wandered from clime to clime. They were with me when, across the continent, I lingered among the blooms of Avalon; and only the God who knows the music of the spheres can tell what melody unspoken they are making in my soul tonight.

Brethren of the mystic tie, it is said that the tired traveler, while lingering at the green oasis, forgets the sultry breath and the burning sands of the desert. I know how true it is; and to fill this heart and to nerve this arm, I could covet no sweeter cup of old Falernian than the privilege of mingling with you in your annual gatherings.

Alas, it may not be. But I am richer for all time to come in the jeweled hours which this night has brought to the sparkling stores of recollection; and, if aught can be added to the faltering thanks of Hamlet, let it be the parting accents of the Bard of Erin:

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower
Remember the one who once welcomed it too
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

* * * *

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

CHI-PHIES AS PEACE-MAKERS.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Chi Phi Fraternity, at the Kimball House, in Atlanta, Ga., December 1, 1900, during a national congress of the brotherhood.]

Looking into the faces of my brethren here assembled, I am forcibly impressed with the fitness of the toast to which I am invited to respond tonight. Chi Phies as champions of the olive branch. Impersonating the spirit I have just described, it has been the mission of Chi Phi, not only to disseminate the principles of brotherhood, but to heal the wounds of war engendered by the strife of forty years ago, and to make the flag which waves today above our heads the emblem of one common brotherhood of hearts.

Long before the wreaths of smoke were lifted from the field of battle, she began her work of reconciliation. With her chapters scattered over the entire continent, she set herself to work, pouring oil upon the troubled waters. She knit the ties of brotherhood afresh; and she healed the breach of separation between the Blue upon the one hand and the Gray upon the other, by mingling on the breasts of each the Scarlet and the Blue. She proclaimed from every chapter hall, as did Lamar above the bier of Sumner: "Let us know one another and we will love one

another." She taught her children, as they gathered at her knee, that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;" that he who, contending upon fields of peaceful rivalry, plucked his triumphs from the olive-branch, was not less worthy of the plaudits of his countrymen than he who, battling upon fields of carnage, wrested his triumphs from the sword, dripping with his brother's blood.

Other fraternal orders may have vied with her in this respect; but she gloriously outstripped her rivals when, from the lips of him whose name is music to the ears of sixty millions of his countrymen, she proclaimed the message of reconciliation which sanctified anew the associations of old Plymouth Rock and sweetened the atmosphere of the republic with the perfume of her shrine.

Since fate required at her hands the tribute of some costly offering with which to consecrate the sentiment which she proclaimed, it was mete that her minister of love should become her lamb of sacrifice and that, perishing upon the summit of his great achievement, while yet the air was ringing with his plaudits, he should have caught upon his kingly brow a martyr's deathless crown.

In the conflict which has just resulted with such credit to our arms, there has come the finished work of reconciliation between the sections of our once divided country; and Chi Phi, in war as well as in peace, has nobly evinced her devotion to duty and her fidelity to right. From every section of the Union her sons have rallied to patriotism's call and gloriously exemplified her colors, mingling the blue of their country's uniform with the scarlet of their hearts' warm blood as they have remembered Chi Phi's admonitions, and kept her banner bright upon the field of battle. But while with Spartan virtue she has never shrunk from meeting war's demands, she has always been an advocate of peace. Not of peace purchased at the price of liberty or secured at the sacrifice of human virtue and human happiness, because such peace is criminal, and she abhors it with her whole heart. But rather of peace regulated by law and grounded upon righteousness; of peace whose mission it is to rouse mankind to action, and not to lull mankind to

sleep; of peace whose mission it is to encourage industry, to foster science, to promote literature, to nourish art, to extend religion, and in every phase of life to rout retreating darkness and to speed advancing day; of peace whose fruits are righteous laws and prosperous cities and happy homes and busy factories and smiling farms and splendid schools and towering churches. In the interest of such peace she pleads; and even though her brow tonight is bound with martial triumphs, plucked from unnumbered fields of battle, she puts the chalice of temptation from her, and softly dreams beneath her laurels of the happier time when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, when wars and rumors of wars shall fret the nation's life no longer, and when God's great peace unbroken shall rest upon the land we love, from border unto border, even as it rests at twilight upon the summits of the mountain, steeped in the silence of the stars.

But Chi Phi's dreams are not mere idle dreams; for, while she dreams she toils and while she toils she prays. Knowing that nations are but individuals in the aggregate, she is planting the seeds of brotherhood in individual hearts; and proceeding from units to communities, she preaches universal peace as the fruit of universal love. When Chi Phi's principles are carried out in the councils of the world and when Chi Phi's spirit permeates the life, and shapes the character, and guides the destinies of men, then will battle-ships no longer plow the seas and standing armies keep perpetual vigil on the shores; then will Isaiah's vision of a Golden Age be realized; and then can we say to the bells of Tennyson:

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New."

THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

[Extract from an address delivered at a banquet of the Chi Phi Fraternity, at the Kimball House, in Atlanta, Ga., December 1, 1900, during a national congress of the brotherhood.]

Though many of us here tonight are strangers in the

flesh, we are all brethren in the spirit. We speak one common language, we hold one common faith, we wear one common badge upon our bosom, and we love one common mother. Over many leagues of continent, we have come tonight into our Chi Phi alma mater's presence, bringing upon our lips the songs she taught us; and we bid adieu to every feeling of estrangement, as, lifting high our goblets, we pledge, in three times three, the Scarlet and the Blue.

We are tonight our royal mother's guests. Waving her magic wand, she has summoned us—her loyal subjects—from every quarter of the continent. She bids us lay aside our customary occupations that, in loving fellowship with one another, around the festal board, we might forget the barriers which estrange us—forget the Rockies and the Alleghanies, whose frowning heights divide us;—forget the Ohios and the Mississippis, whose waters roll between us;—forget the tariffs and the money questions whose paltry issues separate us; and, remembering naught except our common ties of kinship, unite our hearts in music at the feet of her whose empire is brotherhood and whose law is love.

Under the touch of this hour's inspiration, memories long dormant wake once more to life; and, kindling in my breast the music of ambrosial evenings, spent in Chi Phi's chapter hall, rout every lingering shadow from my heart, and charm my listening ears like nightingales of song.

Twelve years have passed since, donning the "toga virilis" of academic manhood, I left the walls of the university at Athens and started out with more of confidence than my career has justified "to catch Dame Fortune's golden smile." Since then experience has added to my stock of fancied wisdom. New interests have come into my life. New duties have brought me new responsibilities. New tendrils of affection have entwined themselves around my heart. But tonight, in my Chi Phi alma mater's presence, I can say, without pretense or hypocrisy that my love for her is just as tender as when in her Chapter Hall at Athens she welcomed

me into her secret councils, and laid for the first time upon my lips the music of her mystic syllables.

If I may borrow the lines which Tennyson in sorrow wrote of Hallam, let me say in tenderness of thee, Chi Phi, "more years have made me love thee more."

Without ignoring the subject of my toast, permit me to deprecate with emphasis the disposition which exists in certain quarters to decry college secret brotherhoods. Simple ignorance is the root from which such opposition springs. No one who has ever worn a Chi Phi badge upon his bosom, or breathed the atmosphere which fills a Chi Phi lodge-room, would dare say aught against them if he could, or could say aught against them if he would; and what I am bold enough to claim for Chi Phi, I cheerfully concede to other college secret broherhoods.

In the intercourse of heart with heart, in the secrecy of of friendship, there is something which purifies, ennobles, and exalts, which strangles discord by dethroning hatred, and which nurtures peace by crowning love; and of the tie of friendship, as well as the tie of wedlock, the words of Holy Writ are true, "It is not good for man to live alone." We need companionship and sympathy to make the nauseous draughts of life go down, to soothe us when we suffer, and to lift us when we fall; and He who made this wondrous heart of ours, and knoweth what it needs, looks down with favor upon every altar which is reared in friendship's holy name.

Then perish every arm upraised to strike down college secret brotherhoods; and not until friendship becomes a delusion and a snare, not until the love which Pythias gave to Damon is deemed no longer worthy of commemoration, and David's love of Jonathan is spit upon with scorn, let aught be writ or said or thought against them. Speaking from the wealth of testimony with which my own experience is enriched, let me say that my Alma Mater taught me nothing at variance with the principles which I learned in childhood at my mother's knee or in nullification of the ideals which my heart tonight approves. From personal acquaintance I cannot speak of other college secret brotherhoods; but of the

order of Chi Phi I can say, without one moment's hesitation, that the spirit which she threw around me in my college days was the spirit of unselfish love. Aye, it was born of that sublime career of sacrifice which found its origin in the humility of Bethlehem's cradle, and which reached its culmination in the martyrdom of Calvary's cross. "Love one another" was the new commandment of Israel's Greater King, proclaimed beside the borders of Gennesaret, and "love one another" in the echo which Chi Phi tonight sends back to Him across the waters and the centuries.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS: WOMAN.

[Commencement address delivered to the members of the graduating class of the Southern Dental College, at the Atlanta Theatre, on the evening of Thursday, May 27, 1915.]

I navigate tonight in unknown waters. For the first time in my experience as a public speaker, I find myself surrounded by a whole school of dental doctors. Heretofore, I have been confronted by only one at a time. But even then I found the ordeal a refinement of torture which conjured up before me the dreaded racks of the Spanish Inquisition. Tonight, when I am face to face with fifty-three, it is a crisis in my life, and I feel impelled by the instinct of self preservation to begin my speech with a prayer for deliverance. It is needless for me to tell you that I tremble in my teeth; but I will go a step further and tell you that I tremble for my teeth.

What I do not know about dentistry would fill a cubic area as large as the Library of Congress; but what I do know about dentistry makes me quite sure that I do not wish to extend my knowledge any further. It is folly to carry coals to Newcastle; and, if you will excuse me from discussing molars, incisors, and bicuspids, I will turn at once to a subject as old as the hills but as new as the sunrise of an April morning. It will establish a common bond of sympathy between us; and, if it be a subject on which I shall betray my ignorance, it is likewise one concerning which you

are just as ignorant as I am—her royal highness: Woman.

Cast your eyes around the circle of this audience, and tell me in what age of the Empire

> "Did fairer girls, with richer curls
> E'er grace a Roman festival?"

Whenever I think of the fair sex, I am reminded of the words of the apostle: "Behold, I show you a mystery?" But I am disposed to agree with the wag who observed: "Woman's a conundrum—we can't guess her but we'll never give her up." Shakespeare has called her Frailty. Scott has compared her to the quivering aspen leaf. Byron has traced her vows in the sand; and Moore has flung at her that poetic pebble—

> "My only books were woman's looks
> And folly's all they've taught me."

But whatever her faults, it is not incumbent upon man to criticize her too severely, for the Good Book tells us that she was made out of one of his ribs. It will help us to solve some of our problems if we will bear in mind this fact: the bone out of which Eve was made was not taken from Adam's head that she might lord it over him, nor from his foot that he might trample upon her, but out of his side that she might be equal with him, from under his arm that she might be protected, and near his heart that she might be beloved.

What havoc she plays with the parts of speech! Nouns and pronouncs, adjectives and adverbs, bloom in wild luxuriance on her lips. As she has drawn me into conversation, or rather, thrown about me the witchery of her own, and I, for the lack of opportunity to speak, have been content to listen without the privilege of throwing in a single preposition, I have marveled at her cool monopoly in this respect, and, if I may take the liberty of twisting an old familiar couplet:

> 'I gazed in awe and still the wonder grew
> How one small tongue could do the work of two."

Life is an old, old story. It is not alone to your diplomas

that you look tonight across the shining bar of this commencement hour. The rapture which has crept into your veins and fired your pulse-beats into double-quick is such as Petrarch felt when Laura stood beside him, or such as Burns confessed when, beneath his favorite hawthorn, he waited for the coming tread of Highland Mary. The glow of feeling in your faces is due to no parchment scroll. It tells, not of sheep-skin but of calico.

With the burgeoning beauties of this month of May, your thoughts have woven for you and around you the bewitching spell of other scenes; and, underneath a bower of roses, in the stillness of the tender starlight, you have clasped once more, in love's embrace, the girl you left behind you. That dimple in her cheek defies the brush of Rubens. That ringlet on her forehead puts to shame the muse of Tennyson. That voice of hers—when she speaks your name—is sweeter than the music of the spheres!

Was it only a cheat of the imagination, or did I really hear you in your college halls last night, proposing toasts to my lady fair? First, I heard this: "Here's to one and only one, and may that one love one and only one, and may that one be me."

Again I catch this toast: "Here's to all three—the Georgia peach, the Georgia watermelon, and the Georgia woman, but the greatest of these is Louise."

Then rose another voice which said:

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven."

But scarcely were these lines concluded, when some one else, in a deep Byronic strain, began thus to bid adieu to his local enamorata:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part
Give O give me back my heart

Or, since that has left my breast
Keep it now and take the rest
But one word before I go:
Zoa mou sas agapo."

Then, like a wave of music from the keys of some cathedral organ, there rose a choral strain from the whole company; and, listening, I caught these lines from Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp:"

"They sang of love and not of fame
Forgot was Britain's glory
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

Gentlemen, may your sweethearts become your wives, and after they become your wives, may they continue still to be your sweethearts; and when, in some future day-dream, the past come up before you in review, may it wear the charm of Riley's tenderest poem. Indulge me while I recall its lines:

"As one who cons at evening, o'er an album, all alone
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known
So I turn the leaves of Fancy till, in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco, as the Genii from the vase
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump" she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine.

Again I made her presents, in a really helpless way—
The big "Rhode Island Greening"—I was hungry, too, that day—
But I follow her from spelling, with her hand behind her, so
And I slip the apple to her, and the Teacher doesn't know.

I give my treasures to her, all, my pencil, blue and red,
And, if little girls played marbles, mine should all be hers in stead,
But she gave me her photograph and printed, "Ever Thine"
Across the back, in blue and red—that old sweetheart of mine.

I feel again the pressure of her slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together, in a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited and the weather ever fine
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover, forever and a day
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah, my dream is broken by a step upon the stair
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there,
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine."

Now, doctors, to the end that you may worthily possess her—this radiant lassie of your dreams—ponder well the advice of Polonius to Laertes, in the great play of Hamlet. You are not artisans but artists; you are not machines to coin money, but men to carve characters. Honor your profession. Give to it the same high, fine, and reverent service which the Levites gave to the Temple; and, if it does not bring you riches, it will bring you what riches cannot buy.

Be skilled practitioners; but remember that before your Alma Mater made you doctors your Creator made you men. The materials with which you are to work are ivory and gold—let your own pure qualities outshine them both. Fail not to cultivate the soft amenities of life, remembering that, in our sunny Southland, the law of life is Courtesy and that, in the veins of this gallant people, courses the gentle blood of a race of Cavaliers.

"Who misses or who wins the prize
Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

Beware of short cuts to distinction. Micawbers make poor citizens, but Wallingfords make far worse. Rome was

not built in a day. Be satisfied to wait. It was an adage of the wise old ancients—"perseverentia omnia vincit." Careless or indifferent workmanship carries its own betrayal; and sooner or later wrecks the brightest possibilities. Show that you can do superior work, and patients will cut a path to your office door.

In the meantime, if fortune proves fickle, fortify yourselves with this philosophy:

"The man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Do not expect life to be all sunshine and all summer. Trials are only testings, and difficulties have been the making of men. The chisel cuts deeply—its incisions are keen—but in the deft hands of the sculptor it liberates an imprisoned angel from the stone. There is always a divine purpose, a wise plan, a beneficent design, in the workings of Providence. I remember watching a weaver at his bench in the famous Gobelin tapestry works in Paris. The endless mass of threads before him seemed to be hopelessly tangled. All was confusion. But he was working on the reverse side of the picture: so, going around to the front, I saw it from a different angle of approach, and there, in the fairest of woven tints, I beheld the lilies of France. Success will not come at once—it never does. Fortune must first test her favorites. But do not lose heart.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
Then let us turn our clouds about
And always wear the inside out
To show the lining."

If you wish me to mention one in whom these splendid qualities are embodied, I can give you his name. I have him in mind. It is unnecessary for you to look beyond the walls of your own class-room to find him, for he sits among you tonight in the person of your honored dean, Dr. Sheppard W. Foster. I have found his friendship an oasis in the desert of life and you will find it, I am sure, an inspiration in the years to come.

Young gentlemen, I must bid you adieu. But, ere I do so, let me once more remind you that life's real work has just begun. The triumphs which you have here achieved will count but little if you lose hereafter, while failure now will be forgotten if effort leads you to success at last. That each of you may be triumphant when victory means a crown of life, let me recall to your minds an invitation first uttered by a Gentle Doctor, beside the mystic sea, and let me commend to you the example of the lowly fishermen, who straightway rose and followed Him. God bless this graduating class tonight; and when the school of life shall close amid the Great Commencement, may all of you be honor graduates and bear your white diplomas into the bright eternity beyond the stars.

TWO STATUES.

[Extract from an address delivered to the Graduating Class, of Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., during the commencement of 1917.]

To behold what an educated woman can do, stand with me for a moment, in the nation's Hall of Fame, at Washington. There, amid the effigies of America's greatest men, seemingly out of place, but in harmony with all around it, stands the solitary statue of a woman. What miracle did this daughter of Eve perform that she alone of all her sex is deemed worthy to represent a great commonwealth in this forum of the illustrious dead?

She dreamed of an America redeemed from the curse of King Alcohol; and to make her vision real she began, one by one, to organize temperance unions from ocean to ocean. Today, over more than half the states, a white flag is waving, the lilied emblem of her victorious crusade. The best friend of the American home, she is today enshrined in the hearts of millions; and the name carved upon that statue—fragrant at every hearth-stone in America—is the name of Frances E. Willard.

But our debt to womankind is not to be gauged by what

we owe to individuals. It cannot be measured by the outstanding head-lands of the coast, nor by the towering peaks in the mountain ranges. This statue portrays a woman who was not the rule but the exception. Let me point you to one which is typical of all.

On the dome of the nation's capitol—lifted above the city's din and dust—to catch the morning's earliest beams on its shining brow of bronze—stands a majestic figure. Not the fear-inspiring form of Mars or Jupiter. Not the splendid statue of some statesman, dumb in effigy; nor the martial likeness of some hero, mute in marble. But, impersonating the silent forces which have steered the Ship of State through all the storms and breakers of the past—stands the statue of a woman: the preferred emblem of American justice and the imperial goddess of American liberty.

FAREWELL TO THE VETERANS.

[Extract from an address delivered at the annual State reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, at Americus, Ga., August 24, 1916.]

Veterans, God be with you. For the old soldier our thoughts today are sweet and tender. As we look upon your bent forms, we fain would encompass you with our arms. We love you for your empty sleeves, for your pilgrim staffs, for your locks of gray, nor shall we cease to love you until our hearts, like broken drums, have beat life's music out forever.

To the latest generations of our Southland your deeds will be sung to little babes, nor will your proud descendants need any monarch's sword to knight them whose blood is ennobled by your heroic names. May the God of our fathers forget us when we forget you.

You served in the noblest army ever mustered upon this planet. Your scars link us to a starred and storied past. You have taught us to be brave in danger, patient in trial, magnanimous in victory, and undaunted in defeat.

Would that we could keep you always, men of gray with

hearts of gold. But the remorseless hour hand moves round the dial. The murmur of an unseen river steals upon the twilight. The voices of comrades call from out the shadows, and the music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" blends softly in your dreams at night with the welcome strain of "Home, Sweet Home."

Time, one by one, is paroling the Old Guard, and soon the last of Lee's Paladins will whisper to his mates beyond the starlight: "I am coming, boys, I am coming." Soldiers of the South, with this message I leave you. You have suffered long. You have suffered much. Life's warfare has been hard. But one glorious glimpse of the plume of the Great Captain will be worth it all when the bugles wake you in that green country where

> "falls no shadow, lies no stain
> Where those who meet shall part no more,
> And those long parted meet again."

GEORGIA, A BATTLE-ABBEY.

[Extract from an addrss, delivered at Brunswick, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1893.]

Georgia, today, from her mountains to her seaboard—from the whispering oaks that border the Ogeechee to the solitudes beyond the Etowah—is the solemn battle-abbey of the boys in gray. But not in Georgia alone are they bivouacked. From the tomb of General Lee at Lexington, to that new-made urn beside the Mississippi that holds the gallant heart of Beauregard—aye, even to the Alamo—the South itself is their Westminster—the proud and beautiful Walhalla of their dust.

On every hill-top, guarded by the cedars—in every valley, shaded by the weeping willows, our soldier boys are dreaming. They sleep beneath the mountain laurels, beside the murmur of the winding waters, and along the billow-written beach, where the border minstrel of the breakers sings to the grave-encumbered shore the soulful Thanatopsis of the sea.

What means this gathering of the multitudes? Why pluck the magnolia from its lofty bough? Why lift the violet from its lowly bed? Why pour the tributary wealth of summer upon these silent ashes here? I ask of her who first awoke the spirit of this hour and who sits today the queen of this occasion.

It means that April has returned; and that led by our devoted women we have gathered to pay the tribute of our loving hearts to those devoted Cavaliers, who followed Lee and Longstreet, Jackson and Johnson—whose flag went down at Appomattox, but not, thank God, until the boys in gray had summoned back the days of Chivalry and re-enforced the knighthood of the world.

"LEST WE FORGET."

[Extract from an address delivered at a memorial meeting of Confederate Veterans, held in the Second Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., October, 1900.]

In Rudyard Kipling's poetic masterpiece, each stanza ends with the refrain: "Lest we forget." Is it possible that the admonition can apply to us? In an age of Commerce, have we become so sordid and so selfish that we have ceased to listen with emotion to the recital of "The Conquered Banner"—to the story

> "Of the glory
> Of the men who wore the gray?"

God forbid! Thirty-five years have passed since Appomattox. Vast changes have occurred since then. Like a phoenix, we have risen from the ashes of war. Another conflict, in which our former foes have been our comrades, has wrought its healing work and woven its haloes for the nation's brow. We cherish the flag which waves today above our heads. We glory in every stripe. We are proud of every star.

But we have not forgotten the sacrifices and the heroisms, the privations and the martyrdoms, which our Lost

Cause brings to mind. Ever and anon our thoughts go backward. We live again in the days when hope beat wildly in the bosom of an old South and when over our brave battalions fluttered the banner which now beautifies the air no more. We cherish every relic which the war has left us—every lock of hair, every faded photograph, every letter dimmed with age; nor shall we cease to cherish them until yonder, "where the war-drum throbs no longer," we shall fold the owners in our loving arms and press them fondly to our hearts again.

We have not forgotten Lee. Our hearts still shrine the image of the captain of our hosts and we venerate him still as the prince imperial of the sons of men. Without fear and without reproach, he led us from victory unto victory; and though at last the duress of superior numbers compelled him to partake of failure's cup, he found himself in the hour of surrender, enriched with higher honors, from the ashes of defeat, than any earthly conqueror ever found in the laurels of success. Grand in battle, grander still in peace, I think of General Lee as I think of some rock-ribbed mountain pile, rising in majesty above the plain to bathe its summit in the purer ether of the skies. Nature made but one such man and broke the die in moulding Lee.

We have not forgotten Stonewall Jackson. We cherish still the recollection of that priest of battle. His is one of the holiest memories which the war has left us. We love to brood upon his exploits in the Valley of Virginia. We hope some day to meet him beneath the vernal shade of the immortal trees. Johnston, Hood, Beauregard, Longstreet, Gordon, Forrest. We have forgotten none of these. In memory's dream, we march behind them still.

We have not forgotten our tattered regiments of ill-starred Cavaliers. We recall with pride the spectacle which they presented when at the drum-tap, in 1861, they marched away to battle. Not as mercenaries—not as hirelings to fight for pay, but as patriots to die for principle. Unrivalled in the chronicles of war is the record which they made—half clad and half starved, out-numbered four to one—but holding at bay for four long years an embattled

world. Crushed by failure, but sustained by love's anticipated welcome, we see them start upon the homeward journey. But what do they find? Only ashes piled on ashes, where once a home had stood. Loved ones scattered. Slaves emancipated. Military forces in possession. Everything save honor lost. But undaunted by adversity, we see them pressing bravely forward, until beauty once more takes the place of ashes and the South, like a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, bursts asunder the bonds of humiliation and defeat and leaps into the radiant and triumphant Dixie of today.

We have not forgotten our battle-scarred veterans. In them the present meets the past. To them is due the miracle of Dixie's resurrection. We honor them for the lessons of patriotism which they have taught us, alike in peace and in war. Dear to us are their empty sleeves and their locks of gray. We cannot enrich them with gold but we can crown them with honor, and we can keep on loving them until our hearts, like broken drums, have beat life's music out forever.

We have not forgotten our heroic women. At the firesides of home, we can see them through the memories of this Sabbath night, enduring sterner hardships and displaying nobler fortitude, if possible, than we find even among our soldiers at the front of battle. Encompassed by the dangers of invasion, they never flinched or faltered once, but steadfastly labored and prayed and suffered that Dixie's cause might win. We see them on the field and in the hospital; and we recall how when the vaults of the Confederacy were empty they even pledged their trinkets and their jewels that failure might not come until the resources of devotion were exhausted. The crown which for twenty centuries has rested upon the brow of Sparta's womanhood must now be given to the Spartan mothers of Dixie.

Soldiers, but one word more. Time is paroling the Old Guard. Most of them are now in bivouac; and soon the time will come when there will be no more to follow. Gone are many of the old familiar faces. But when the roll is called up yonder may not one of them be missing.

Standing tonight in sentiment beneath the flag of our re-united country, I find no difficulty in reconciling our allegiance to the Stars and Stripes with our tender recollections of a Conquered Banner. If the past which we love to think of teaches anything, it teaches that in the willingness of Americans to die for principle are grounded the triumphs of the nation in the conflicts which are yet to come; and if the spirits of our martyred dead could speak to us in the silence of this autumn evening they would gird us for our work with something like the sentiment which Addison has put upon the lips of Cato:

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success.
> But we'll do more Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

TWO FAMOUS LEGIONS—COBB AND PHILLIPS.'

[Extract from an address delivered in Grant Park, Atlanta, Ga., at a reunion of Cobb's and Phillips' Legions, in the summer of 1898.]

Invited by your courtesy to this gathering of the valiant, I come in the spirit of your honored chieftain, the immortal Lee, who surrendered his hatred when he sheathed his sword and taught his fellow countrymen this lesson: that, while many heroes are indebted for their wreaths to victory, true heroism, though unwreathed by triumph, is not without its honor in defeat.

With no desire to recall the past, except in loyalty—with no abuse or criticism of the enemy—I have come in the cooler temper of my section, to review the record of your glorious bands, and to bear you the warmest greetings of the New South, as you gather in your gray but honored locks around this sweet camp-fire of the Old.

Rich, indeed, are the associations which belong to the splendid fellowship of war. It was not reserved for you to win an Appomattox; but since the God of battles decreed that you should lose the fight, it was divinely ordered that a hundred victories should be your comfort in defeat; and these have imparted a glory to the Conquered that seeks no boon from the laurels of the Conqueror.

Once more, in memory's eye—lit with the fire of the old days, I see before me two splendid legions, each of them composed of the very flower of the South. I see the proud and courtly Philips, that gallant soldier who sits with us today. God bless him and keep him long amongst us. With a courage re-enforced by danger and a bravery that smiled at bullets, I see him again leading your muskets into battle. I see the plume of the immortal Cobb—like Henry of Navarre's—waving ever where the fight is thickest, until it falls from his undaunted brow to consecrate his courage in the scarlet of the slain. Cavalier and Christian—naught stained the temper of his knightly sword. He was Joshua in his courage displayed beyond the Jordan; St. Paul in the logic of his eloquence; and Stephen in the triumph of his martyrdom. Illustrious soldier. Peace to thy ashes, by the sweet Oconee; joy forever to the spirit, "in the balm-breathing gardens of God."

Twenty-eight years my countrymen have wept and smiled, since General Lee said to his soldiers: "Stack your guns;" thirty-one since Jackson, that brilliant and beloved commander, was uplifted into glory; thirty, since on the field of Fredericksburg, the gallant Cobb fell bleeding from his horse, and the South, at the beginning of her struggle, was called to mourn the passing of a chivalry as bright as glorified the shield of Ivanhoe or lives today in the renown of Richard.

Since then we have built a new South; and, standing underneath its blue skies, I thank God that I can say with truth that we cherish in our hearts not one ignoble prejudice or passion. But while I voice the spirit of reconciliation, I have no apology to offer for the Confederate soldier. God bless him—the hero of a thousand battles, the ragged and hopeless yet undaunted Cavalier who marched through splendid victories to Appomattox. His courage was independent of success or failure; and since triumph could not add to his renown neither can defeat deprive him of his glory. If the followers of Washington, by reason of success, deserve the name of patriots, the followers of Lee were no less patriots without it; and if they deserve to be

admired who shared with Washington the shouts of Yorktown, they too deserve to be applauded who shared with Lee the gloom of Appomattox.

Soldiers, the honor of addressing you, though far beyond my merit, is not in excess of my enthusiasm. If there be a drop of blood in my veins, it is kindred to that which flows in your veins, to that which flowed at Crampton's Gap and Fredericksburg, and which, though it poured in vain, left not a stain upon the altar where faded the flower of my country's chivalry. Dear to me are the fields on which our soldiers fought, the graves in which their dust is sleeping, the monuments that love has lifted to their memory. I honor the soldiers of the North, who followed the sword of Grant and fought for the Union of the States; but—dearer still—I love the foot-sore and defeated cavaliers who followed the plume of General Lee and died for the Union of the Constitution.

Your ranks are growing thinner; and, while your hearts still throb with the music of battle, your locks are whitening in the snow. Where now are your comrades, the men who shared with you the fever of the fight and the slumbers of the bivouac? I sweep the harp of Gray, and from its plaintive chords I catch the strain:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
No busy house-wife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Nor climb his knee the envied kiss to share."

I turn to Theodore O'Hara, and from the muse of Kentucky's silent singer, this answer comes:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

"SLEEP, SOLDIERS, SLEEP."

[Extract from an address, delivered in Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta, Ga., where several thousand Confederate soldiers lie buried, most of whom fell in defence of Atlanta. The exercises were held on Sunday afternoon, April 28, 1895.]

Dreaming in the mystic calm of this silent slumber-land,

shaded by the green-oaks and the cedars, lie the ashes of reposing heroes, plumed in the chivalry of every state. Here lies one who mirrored upon his shield the "Lone Star of Texas." In the shade of yonder willow, sleep two soldiers, one of whom thought in his dying moments of the Blue Grass of Kentucky while the other listened to the Rappahannock, as it rippled beneath the arching sky of Lee's own beautiful Virginia.

Over there lies one who came from Tennessee—perhaps a kinsman of "Little Giffin." Here is one whose expiring breath pronounced the name of Mississippi—one who in fever's delirium looked upon the fields of Arkansas—and one who fancied, in his dying moments, that he lay on the banks of his own beloved Missouri.

Here sleeps a youth whose love of country budded beneath the Green Palmetto. Another, the pride of Beauregard—the expectancy and rose of Louisiana. Here lies the Georgia volunteer, nameless but immortal; and one whose heart's last drum-beat sounded "Maryland." Yonder is a boy from Alabama—a state which gave us the gallant Pelham; and here— far from the orange groves of Florida —is one who came from the land of flowers.

Sleeping on these hills that echoed back the shout of battle and that shook beneath the tread of the artillery—dying in defence of the Confederacy's last citadel—the glistening spires of yonder proud metropolis proclaim the heroism of its pale defenders.

Sleep on, proud heroes. In a mystic silence no drum can ever break, sleep on. Guarded by the lion of Lucerne, no harm by night or day can ever visit thee. Sleep on, in the shadow of a Conquered Banner. Though perchance, in winter, thy cold graves are forgotten, the flowers of memory will find you in the spring-time, and a million tears will greet you when the roses come again.

Sleep on, brave soldiers. Shrouded in your old gray jackets, your muskets laid aside forever; sleep on, beneath the sod that covers thee, beneath the violets and the stars.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead
Dear as the blood ye gave

No impious foot-steps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave."

Sleep on, in the starlight of your own proud memories, till the morning of the mystic day shall break beyond the mountains. Sleep on, in the silence of your battle-shrouds, till the sounding of the reveille shall summon you from failure's gloom-land into glory's triumph, and the sequel of war's grim defeat is found in heaven's crown of stars.

THE LAST CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

[Extract from an address, delivered in the city cemetery, at Augusta, Ga., Memorial Day, April 26, 1894.]

In the gray mist of the future, I catch the figure of a dying hero, the last of all his warrior band. The rest are gone. For, one by one, the grim old veterans who followed Lee, have passed from the fires of an earthly camp to the sweeter rest of an eternal bivouac.

His dreams in dying are riveted upon the old flag. He sees the figure of his chieftain and faintly murmurs: "Lee."

Look! A supernatural gleam is in his eye. It must be the reflected radiance of the new morning. He hears the music of the bugle, echoing among the hills. He sees the plume of Stonewall Jackson. Listen! For, lifting himself upon his pillow, he calls to his officer beyond the starlight: "I am coming, general, I am coming."

The whisper dissolves upon the air. His eyes are closed. The silence of eternity has settled on his lips.

Wrap him in the tattered ensign. Place at his side the battered musket. Shroud him in his coat of gray. To the song of the lark which he loved in his boyhood—amid the sigh of the roses which he gathered for his bride—lower him to rest in the bosom of the old land. Above his ashes lift a plain memorial and on its front inscribe this epitaph:

"Here lies a patriot—the last of all who followed Lee. He left the Union to preserve the Constitution. He fought to enrich his country's flag. His ashes repose beneath this

sod; but his glory survives him in the Stars and Stripes, while the spirit which nerved him in the hour of battle now strengthens at his post of duty the sleepless sentinel of the republic."

BUILDING A TABERNACLE.

[Extract from an address delivered at the Druid Hills Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., Sunday, January 14, 1917, in launching a campaign to raise funds for a new house of worship.]

When the Israelites in the wilderness were ready to build a tabernacle, God commanded Moses to issue a proclamation calling for materials. (Exodus XXXV, 20-29.) Not a gift was to be exacted. Not an Israelite was to be assessed. There was to be absolutely no compulsion. Every offering, great or small, was to be a free-will offering; and this offering, intended for a house of worship was to be made as an act of worship. It was also to be made in the spirit of self-denial.

But these conditions were splendidly met. Each gave something. The women brought their jewels, their bracelets, their rings, their precious ornaments of every kind. The men brought their gold, their silver, their copper, their merchandise, including oils and spices, dye-stuffs and linens, wood and stone for the altar, costly fabrics to be made into curtains. All who were skilled in the arts offered their handicraft. Such was the liberality with which each contributed that more than enough was provided. It was necessary for Moses to restrain the givers. Accordingly he put forth his hand. The gold alone aggregated more than a ton; the silver reached four tons and the copper three tons. The tabernacle was built. It was dedicated exactly one year from the day when the Israelites were liberated from bondage in Egypt; and its total cost was $1,250,000.

There was no divine miracle invoked. Both in building the tabernacle and in raising this fund, human instrumentalities were employed; and herein lies the message for us

today: If these Israelites in the wilderness could, by natural and ordinary means, within a year's time, raise this colossal fund, not for a permanent but for a temporary house of worship, surely we, a congregation of orthodox believers, living in a populous section of a growing city, at a time of great national prosperity, in this unparalleled age of the world's history, with the Divine Spirit to help us, surely we, under these conditions, with all the means at our command, can, within four years, raise the comparatively small sum of $40,000 with which to build a permanent church home.

Is this Utopian or is it Christian? Is Jehovah our God or do we serve Baal?

We cannot always worship as we are doing now, in cramped, inadequate, unattractive, temporary, improvised church quarters. Scores of prospects refuse to join us under existing conditions. Our activities are embarrassed, hampered, in fact, almost paralyzed, by these painful limitations. Other denominations are preparing to build. Every moment of delay increases our handicap. It is, therefore, an imperative matter for us to act.

We need at least $40,000. We will fail to make ourselves a power in the kingdom of God if we do not avail ourselves to the utmost of all the means which here exist for erecting a substantial church home. This is not worldliness. It is the application of plain, every-day, practical common sense to the Master's business. It will enable us to increase our membership, to do more for home missions, to do more for foreign missions, to make ourselves more effective in all the activities of the church, both at home and abroad.

God expects us in prayer, in faith, and in holy zeal to undertake great things; and when we have done this He is pledged to do great things for us. We must launch out into the deep. We must plant ourselves upon the promises. God never fails to do His part.

Now to be somewhat more explicit. Here is a sheet of paper which contains a plan of systematic giving. It was employed successfully in the building of a number of churches by that great soldier of Lee, General Clement A. Evans. It was brought to the committee's attention by Dr. R. G. Stephens, one of our elders. According to this plan, 100 contributors of ordinary means can, in four years, raise $20,000. These same contributors, by doubling, can raise $40,000; and without doubling 200 contributors can raise the same amount. The process is perfectly simple. Five persons paying $50 quarterly will each contribute in a year's time $200, and will contribute in four years time 800; together these persons will contribute $1,000 in one year or $4,000 in four years. Ten persons contributing $25 quarterly will produce a like sum of $4,000. Twenty-five persons contributing $10 quarterly will add another $4,000. Twenty-five persons giving only $2 each, quarterly, will contribute $800 in four years.

To sum up: If five will contribute each quarter the sum of $50, if five more will contribute $40, if ten more will contribute $25, if ten more will contribute $15, if twenty-five more will contribute $10, if twenty more will contribute $5, and if twenty-five more will contribute only $2 per quarter —the sum of $20,000 can be raised in four years. Multiplying this by two, with help from all outside sources, we ought to get in four years the amount required. We can, of course, begin the work of building much sooner; and we can successfully finance the enterprise upon this basis, if all will help.

Such, in brief, is the committee's plan. It is, of course, only a plan. But without definite system, we cannot raise this fund. It cannot be raised by sporadic giving or intermittent effort. It can only be raised in a systematic way. We shall expect the ladies of the church to help us; we shall take them into our counsels, and unless the men of the church bestir themselves they will be outdistanced. In all Christendom today there is not a church nor a chapel, nor a cathedral nor a minister which the women have not helped to raise; and for many a dollar which will go into the

building fund of our new church the women must be thanked. I often think of a little quatrain. It embodies one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to woman:

> "Not she with traitrous kiss, her Saviour stung
> Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
> Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

It is not because we are ashamed of this little building that we want a new house of worship. These aisles and benches are all fragrant. We love every brick in these foundations, every nail in these walls. But we are growing. Who cares to crawl when he can walk, or to be dwarf among pigmies when he can be a Saul among giants? We are eager to do a real work for the Master—to plant a great oak in the forest of heaven.

God can be honored anywhere—in a rude shack of wood as well as in a vaulted temple of stone; but God will not be honored if, having it within our power to build for Him a noble house of worship, we content ourselves with anything less. The field around us demands our best. It is a field of unparalleled opportunities, of far-reaching possibilities, for the kingdom of Christ. We cannot afford to compromise our prospects. We must build for the future, else we will only encumber the ground.

It will tax us. But what costs us little, we value little. This will be our church home. We will love it all the more if it costs us a little self-denial. We may lose our money, if we put it somewhere else, but every dollar spent here will be a dollar well invested, because invested in the old bank of Eternity. It will go on forever, like Tennyson's Brook. It will bear interest long after we are gone, doubling like a banyan of the forest until at last from a single little seed there springs an empire of verdant foliage, to cool the fevered air of a famished world.

In building this church, we will be co-workers with God. To Him belongs all the mints and all the mines, all the gold and all the silver, all the continents and all the kingdom. The harvests, too, are His—the corn and the wheat, t

flax and the cotton; His, too, the cattle upon a thousand hills. Out of the parched heavens He makes the manna to drop, and out of the dry rocks He causes the living water to gush. His is the all sufficient power. He, who spake a universe into existence, could build this church alone. But He takes us into partnership; and, bending low in condescension, he says to the humblest member: "You can help me, if you will."

Who amongst us will refuse such an offer, or forfeit such an honor?

Let us begin to enthuse upon this subject. Let us get it into the air. Let us make it the staple of our conversation. Let us make it a part of our thinking, at home, on the streets, in our places of business. Let it be to us a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. There is not one of us who cannot give something. The committee will call upon you within a few days. Be thinking it over before we come. Let us give liberally. Let us give promptly. Let us give methodically. Let us give to the point of sacrifice. Let us give as an act of worship, not as if tossing a coin to a mendicant, but as if bearing a tribute to a king. For every one who thus gives there will come a golden recompense of reward. God will bestow upon him a benediction and a blessing. Christ, in a sweeter sense than ever, will become the companion of his fireside, the friend of his bosom, and the partner of his business. Let us not be afraid to give because our means are limited. Carlyle has said: "It is only the littleness of man that sees no greatness in a trifle." How true it is, even a child can understand. Mountains are built out of molecules. Oceans are only drops of water many times multiplied. The widow's mite has been a theme of praise through all the centuries, while every other gift cast into the treasury has been forgotten. It caught the Master's eye, and His tribute to the giver has made the gift immortal.

To our contributions in raising this fund, let us add our prayers. We cannot fail to win if we battle upon our knees. Victory is ours, if Jehovah is with us—if His smile is upon our banners. God will do His part, if we will do ours.

Under the divine blessing let us go forward. Awed by no difficulties, let us build for the kingdom. Let us give as did these Israelites in the wilderness, and if any cloud rests upon our tabernacle it will be the cloud of the Divine Presence to guide us on to Canaan.

OGLETHORPE'S RESURRECTION.

[Extract from an address delivered in the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., January 21, 1915, where exercises were held preliminary to the laying of the corner atone of Oglethorpe University, an institution revived from the dead, after the lapse of half a century. Its revival was largely the work of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, now its distinguished President.]

We have met today to call from the ashes of war a long departed but once glorious school of the prophets. As a Presbyterian, as a citizen of Georgia, as a friend to education, and as a lover of my kind, I hail with glad acclaim this golden hour. It redeems in splendid promise a long uncanceled obligation. It wipes from the escutcheon of our grand old church a stigma which has rested on it for nearly half a century, but which is now happily erased forever. It breathes upon the dry bones of a dead institution of learning, and, lo, its skeleton is clothed in the quivering flesh of a new and radiant vision of beauty. Today, while the world beyond our borders is at strife—while Europe groans and reels and staggers under the weight of the mightiest war of all history—while Mexico is rent in twain by internal dissensions—and while every breeze from the fields of carnage where the nations are trampling each other down tells of death's bloody toll, we have here met in the peace of God, on this auspicious day and in this favored land, to reverse the pathetic order of fate—to pluck from the tomb a coveted prize—to welcome Oglethorpe University back into life and to bid it God-speed in its benign mission of enlightenment, of healing, and of hope to all mankind!

The defeat of Lee's army on the slopes of Gettysburg sealed the fate of the Confederacy, and with the drooping flag of our "storm-cradled nation" fell the Princeton of

the South. For nearly half a century it lay entombed among the ashes; for nearly half a century it slept the deep sleep of a Conquered Banner. But the phoenix has risen from the fires; and today, in this great metropolis, Oglethorpe University takes its place once more among the living institutions of America. This time above its doorposts is emblazoned, "Esto Perpetua." Its reincarnation marks an epoch in the history of our church and furnishes a climax to the silent forces which have made Atlanta the metropolis of Dixie, aye, Atlanta, "that splendid sequel which the New South has written to the Appomattox of the Old."

Two years ago, when Dr. Jacobs hailed me on the street, and with something of the glow of the wise Greek who discovered Specific Gravity said to me, "Eureka! Eureka!—I have found a way for reviving old Oglethorpe," I wondered what could have unbalanced the noble mind of my sweet Lord Hamlet. But the scales are turned. Tonight I am ready to award him the honors of a seer and to vote him a Roman triumph. To be perfectly frank and candid, let us all now admit that he has passed from a suspected Ananias into a reedemed and vindicated George Washington. He has rolled away the stone from the door of this sepulchre; and with the zeal of a Peter the Hermit he has preached Oglethorpe in every hamlet of the mountains until our whole Southern church is now enlisted beneath the banners of his Crusade.

I am glad to see this institution revived because it cancels a debt of honor. I am glad to see it revived because during its former brief career of only three short decades it equalled if it did not surpass any similar institution of learning on this continent. Scan its alumni rolls. Congressmen, judges, doctors, educators, divines! Even Woodrow Wilson was a child of its campus. A late beloved Governor of this State was proud to call it his cherished alma mater; and last but not least, wherever the English language is today spoken by scholars or read by lovers of verse in either hemisphere of the globe, there is linked

with Tennyson's the name of our sceptered singer: Sidney Lanier.

I am glad to see this institution revived because it honors with its name the knighliest Englishman of his day and time. It was Oglethorpe, the great humanitarian, who purged debtor prisons of England; who relinquishing a seat in parliament and a life of ease at Cranham Hall planted a colony for the unfortunate in the wilds of America, a colony to which he gave the guidance of his brain and the protection of his sword for ten long years; who not only served without fee or emolument but sacrificed a fortune upon the altar of humanity; and who gave to his beloved province for its coat-of-arms that inspiring legend: "Not for ourselves but for others."

I am glad to see it revived because of the high standard of enlightenment and culture for which the Presbyterian Church has always stood. It behooves us to remember that we are living in an age the motto upon whose intellectual banners is the old fiat of Genesis: "Let there be Light!" Our church has ever been the champion not only of an educated pulpit but of an educated pew. Its great aim has been to strike the shackles from a fettered intellect and to enrich humanity with the treasures of an open Bible; and it cannot afford to relinquish the palm which for nearly four centuries it has lifted high and serene in the very forefront of Immanuel's marching columns.

I am glad to see it revived because of the part which Presbyterianism has played in the drama of human freedom. Ever since John Calvin founded the University of Geneva at the foot of the Alps and planted the seed of modern republics in the free soil of Switzerland and sent John Knox back to Edinburgh, an evangel of fire, to wrestle in prayer to God for Scotland, Presbyterianism has borne the ark of democracy to Christendom. It has taught the young eagles of liberty to soar; and here, on this ocean-girdled continent, it has kindled the beacon-fires of humanity's asylum, laid the foundations of representative government, and molded the civic institutions of the greatest republic on earth. In the Mecklenburg Declaration of Indepen-

dence—drawn up among the mountains of Western North Carolina— it hurled against the English throne America's first broadside of defiance. On the Shorter Catechism, it drilled soldiers for Washington's army, and trained statesmen for his cabinet; and during the years which have since elapsed it has given to the Presidential chair of this nation two-thirds of its occupants. Shall a church whose life is interwoven with America's and whose glorious discipline has splendored every page of this republic's history permit its nurseries of thought to perish? Never!

It is a bright page in the history of Presbyterianism which we are this day writing. Would that Dr. Palmer were here—that old man eloquent who drove the lottery out of Louisiana. What a blast on his bugle would he sound for the old Pelican State! Would that Dr. Thornwell were here. How lustily would he speak for the old Huguenot State of South Carolina, and what a tribute of praise would he lay at the feet of him who bears his name! Would that Dr. Breckenridge were here. For the old Blue Grass State of Kentucky he would speak with an eloquence which Henry Clay in the Senate could not rival. Would that Dr. Hoge were here. For the old mother State of Virginia he would kindle a music in this church the like of which was never sounded from its organ keys. And last but not least, from the historic shades of Princeton, what felicitations of speech would old John Witherspoon bring us—that old patriot of independence who affixed his name to the immortal scroll of freedom and made our infant republic lisp in the accents of Calvin! I doubt not that in the sky above us the spirits of these men are hovering; and that on this scene with rapt and eager eyes the general assembly of the first born this day looks down. But since these worthies cannot greet us in the flesh, how fittingly appropriate it is that from every part of our broad southland these gentle poets should come to us today, with the holy fire of genius and with the melting voice of song, to hail the risen star of Sidney Lanier's alma mater.

Forgive me if I sound a note of warning. Saul is not among the prophets, but he can nevertheless sound this

message in the ear of the old mother-chruch. Her leadership has been questioned—in Georgia at least; and, if in the hour of trial she is recreant to her trust; if, resting upon her laurels, she prefers to sue for peace when ten thousand tongues of fire are calling her to battle, then let her beware lest she sup with Esau, for she has bartered her birthright; and let her take heed lest she perish with Achan, for she has hidden her wedge of gold!

Woe be unto us if upon these foundations we build not a superstructure worthy of our historic church. We have put our hands to the plow—we must not turn back. We have pushed our boats from the shore—we must now launch out into the deep. Baptists and Methodists and Episcopalians have raised colossal Twentieth Century funds with which to endow great educational plants. God help them to scatter the seed of the Kingdom. But let not the old church of John Calvin and of John Knox and of Jonathan Edwards lag behind. One of the most pathetic spectacles of the Olympic games was to see hobbling on his crutch an old runner who in his time had been the noblest athlete of them all. Presbyterianism must not limp. The breath of the living God is in her nostrils and she can draw at will upon the great reservoirs of power. Already I can see the towers of Oglethorpe glistening in the sun. We cannot fail if we keep the faith. We will find success, if we seek it upon our knees; and, let the difficulties be what they may, let the obstacles loom mountains high, we cannot for one moment doubt that the same God who has given us the vision will in the end give us the victory!

JUNIOR ORATION: DISCONTENT, THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

[Extract from an address delivered in the University Chapel, at Athens, Ga., on Junior Day of Commencement week, in the summer of 1887.]

There are two kinds of discontent. One peevish, fretful, pessimistic; ever pouring forth its ceaseless tide of murmurings and complaints. The other a cataract of rest-

less energy, a well-spring of ambition, a spur to success. This I denominate a noble discontent. The embodiment of a wholesome optimism, it constitutes one of the ennobling attributes of man. It prompts him to rise into a higher atmosphere and to assert his claim to the noblest work of God. It is a spirit which no adversity can daunt and which no misfortune can destroy, which is only strengthened by reverses, and which, rising from the dust, rebuilds a brighter and a stronger structure upon the ruins of every shattered hope.

This I hold to be true: that to live and move and have our being is not the sole object for which man was created. He was formed in the image of God; and, when thus formed, he became a living soul. It was for a higher, for a nobler, purpose, that he was quickened into life, that he was placed at the head of all erected things, and given the scepter of dominion over bird and beast and reptile. It is a discontented spirit which awakes the powers within him, which unfolds the possibilities of man, which lifts him into kindship with the immortals, and which makes him covet the eternities.

The contented man, ceasing to put forth his efforts, is guilty not alone toward his fellow man but toward his Maker as well. Instead of fulfilling the grand object for which he was created—instead of seeking to rise higher and higher in the scale of being—he is an encumberer of the earth and he blocks with rubbish the highway of progress. Such a man is but little better than a dumb brute. He is simply a biped, who walks upright among the lower animals. On the contrary, it is the discontented man who cherishes high vaulted aspirations, who labors with unremitting zeal to accomplish some desired end, worthy of his faculties, who, in the arena of achievement, is ever wrestling for the victor's laurel.

It was a discontented spirit which subdued the wilderness and caused the desert to blossom like the rose. It led our primitive ancestors to delve into the interior of the earth, to bring forth the iron and mold it into implements of industry. It caused them to unearth the granite, to

rve it into forms of art, and to make of it the pillars of ır civilization. It has blazed the march of progress. To terature it has given a Homer, a Virgil and a Milton. To rt a Phidias, a Michael Angelo, a Raphael and a Sir Chris-opher Wren. To the intellect of man, it has supplied the wings with which he has soared into the realms of the infinite, measured the orbits of the planets, and comprehended in all its vastness and complexity the boundless universe of stars.

Under its influence, thrones have tottered, dynasties have fallen, systems have vanished. It has revolutionized governments and strangled tyrannies. The oppressor has been crushed beneath his own oppressions. It was this spirit that prompted the English peasantry, burdened by an ignominious yoke, to bid defiance to King John and to wrest from him at Runnymede the Great Charter of English freedom. Nor was the victory thus achieved confined to the narrow bounds of English soil. It reached to every country on the globe in which oppression had a foothold, aroused in every breast the spirit of resistance and of liberty, and vindicated the prophetic lines of Campbell:

> "Prone to the earth oppression shall be hurled
> Her name, her nature, withered from the world."

It is this spirit which has made our own history glorious. It thrust the Mayflower out into the wild Atlantic. It consecrated Plymouth Rock. It inspired Franklin "to snatch the lightning from heaven and the scepter from tyrants." It unsheathed the sword of Washington. It guided the pen of Jefferson. It awoke the eloquence of Henry. It lit the stars in Old Glory's field of blue; it sustained the Continental Army amid the snows of Valley Forge; and it kindled the fires of Yorktown.

From a little cluster of colonies, on the Atlantic seaboard, to a great republic with a population of eighty million souls—there is not a step of our progress which ha not been inspired by the spirit of a noble discontent.] has built our highways. It has spanned our rivers. has created our great domestic and foreign trade. It h

multiplied our school-houses and our churches. Its trophies are the steam-boat, the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light. It has given to us a Fulton, a Howe, a Field, a Bell and an Edison.

In the light of history, whose proudest achievements have been purchased by this spirit, are we not admonished to banish from our minds all thought of idleness and to cultivate a noble discontent? This, after all, is the Promethean spark—the divinely implanted fire of the gods. Nature herself proclaims the motto which should govern and control our lives. "Onward" is the music of the spheres; and in accents of celestial melody our own earth as she pursues the trackless path of her orbit joins her note to swell the chorus: "Onward, onward."

Let us scorn a life of inglorious ease. We are called to something better. Life is not a deed of gift to be spent in sleep or squandered in the mazes of the dance. It is a deed of trust; and it calls us to battle and to toil. Let us emulate the discontent which fired Columbus;—which urged him on when others mocked, which buoyed him with hope ,when stout hearts failed and darkness brooded upon the wild Atlantic, till a continent became his reward.

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules
Before him not the ghost of shores
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray
For lo the very stars are gone,
Brave Admiral speak, what shall I say?'—
Why say: 'Sail on, sail on, sail on.'"

Then pale and worn, he paced the deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights. But then a speck—
A light. A light. At last a light.
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn
He gained a world; he gave that world
It's grandest lesson: "On, sail on."

VALEDICTORY TO THE CLASS OF 1888.

[Extract from an oration delivered to the senior class, of the University of Georgia, at its annual exercises, during the commencement of 1888.]

We are to be congratulated, my fellow-classmates, that we enter upon active life at a season so auspicious as the present and in a land so blest as ours with the fruits of righteousness and peace. No tyrant's scepter rules a murmuring vassalage. No galling chains proclaim a people's servitude. No blighting pestilence disturbs the happiness that reigns in every home and beams in every face. Ours is a government, not of privilege but of equality, a government founded upon just laws, which dispenses its favors with an equal hand to all.

Born, too, when sixty centuries of accumulated knowledge unfold the nobler wealth of every age and clime—when eighteen centuries of Christianity have witnessed the triumphs of the gospel in every quarter of the globe—what a princely heritage is ours! Caesar crossed the Rubicon that we might learn the power of resolution. Demosthenes pronounced his oration on the crown that we might learn the power of effort. Hannibal scaled the Alps that we might learn to overcome all difficulties. Newton discovered the law of gravitation that we might learn to observe the phenomena of nature. Fulton invented the steamboat that we might learn to apply the principles of science; and all the great men of the past have flourished that our ambition might be fired.

And now this question must be answered—where shall be our future field of action? Will it be beneath these same bright skies or will it be amid other scenes far distant from our boyhood's home? Shall we leave the generous mother who has nurtured us through helpless infancy? Shall we leave her when she needs us most and we, in manhood's strength, can serve her best? Shall we carry the equipment with which her training has enriched us to some distant state, to whose people we are strangers, to whose soil we are aliens? Shall a sordid appetite for gain cause us to desert the sacred ashes of our dead?

Let the crimson protest hurry to your cheek as you pronounce the answer, "No." No, my fellow-classmates. No, my brother Georgians. Let your answer be forever, "No!" Inheritors of blood as royal as ever flowed through Roman arteries, sons of sires as heroic as ever followed the standard of Leonidas or bared their bosoms to the storm at Marathon, rise up in your majesty and crush the thought as you would the viper at your feet. If you are true to the traditions of the past, if you are loyal to the memories of your firesides and of your fathers, if you are not ashamed to claim kinship with Toombs and Stephens and Lumpkin and Cobb and Crawford—then here, my fellow-classmates, is the field of your activity, here the arena of your coming triumphs. Here where opulence has enriched our soil with exhaustless stores of mineral wealth and yearly clothes our fertile fields in the rich luxuriance of waving grain and snowy cotton; here where nature has spread her richest charms and history shed her brightest lustre; here let us consecrate the vigor and devotion of our manhood and like the fragrant flower that withers where it blooms, let us resolve that Georgia's soil shall be our birth-place and our grave—that we shall never cease to love her or to serve her until our hands are folded and with our kindred dust we sleep among her hills.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

A word in parting to the kind ladies of Athens. I see before me those gentle matrons whose interest in "their boys," has brought them here today and to them I voice the feelings of my class-mates, when I say that never can a mother's son forget the kindness that made your roof so much like the shelter of his home. From the moment he encountered the sunshine of your presence, the features of his mother's face have beamed upon him in your smiles, and her tender tones in the music of your voice have kept his footsteps in the path of right and his knees in supplication to the God she serves. We shall carry with us hence

the sweetest memories of your fireside and often in the twilight when the cares of the busy day are over, there will come to us the music of an old song:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight
> And make me a boy again just for tonight."

We shall never forget your kindness or your care and whatever of success stout hearts amongst us shall achieve in life will be ascribed to the wisdom of your counsels and to that ambition which your smiles encouraged and your sympathy sustained. In bidding you good-bye, perhaps forever,—God only knows—it is expressed with all the sorrow of warm and loving hearts; but, though we may never see you more, until we meet beyond the stars, your memory will forever fill our hearts and lead us in the path to heaven. It was old Tom Moore who wrote the lines which best interpret what we feel:

> "Let Fate do her worst—there are relics of joy,
> Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
> Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
> Long, long be my heart with such memories filled
> Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd,
> You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang around it still."

Class-mates, is this indeed the last time that we shall ever meet or shall we often in the future meet again, to feast upon the bygone days and to live once more in the golden memories of the past. Let us vow before we part this day, that, ere five summers shall have come and gone, we shall meet again, if God be willing, beneath our tree now blooming yonder in the verdure of its new-born leaves. But, ah, what thought is that which steals upon us now? One of our comrades has already gone and who knows, ere 'ninety-three is here, how many will have followed? Who knows but what in five more years as many graves will dot the hillsides or heave among the valleys? But when we meet around our tree the spirits of the absent ones will there meet with us, in memory's happy hour; and as we drop away from love's shining circle here, may we gather

yonder, one by one, beneath the Trees of Life till all of us have crossed the River, to be once more united on the other side.

Let this my class-mates be our heart's ambition—to achieve, not a living but a life. If we desire wealth or power or fame, let these be but the minor wishes of the moment, ready always to succumb to the nobler aspirations of the soul. Beyond these tides of time, lie the measureless eternities. Let us prefer to live for God, for truth, for conscience—not for the primrose path of dalliance; and rather than a cold world's empty honors let us prefer a crown that never fades and a peace that never dies. If wealth or fame mean sacrifice of heaven, then rather far than have above our dust the proudest shaft that human hands can rear, inscribed with such a tribute as admiration never paid to eminence, let us prefer to sleep unhonored and unknown, with naught but heaven's stars to guard our dust and nature's flowers to blossom where we lie. Of each of us may it be said as was said by Goldsmith of the village preacher:

> "Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride
> And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
> But in his duty prompt at every call
> He watched and wept, and prayed and felt for all.
> And as the bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged off-spring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay
> Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

If this, my fellow-classmates, be our life's ambition, then, I repeat what in substance has fallen from every sainted mother's lips, that—

> "Whatsoe'er our lots in life may be
> Our brows shall wear the wreaths of victory."

PRIZE DEBATE.

[Delivered in Phi Kappa Hall, at Athens, Ga., April 14, 1888, on the question: Resolved, That the Internal Revenue System should be abolished.]

Mr. President:

In spite of the fiery eloquence with which our cause has

been assailed by the champions of the negative, we can see no reason for excitement or alarm. With no other ammunition but speculative theory, their violent discharges give but the boom and flash of powder—nothing more. These may disturb the stillness of the air, but they leave the battlements unshaken.

If we can show that these laws are useless and unjust, that they operate unequally upon the masses of the people, that they are evil and pernicious in their influence, your decision must inevitably favor their repeal. I, therefore, submit as a fair proposition that where laws exist unnecessarily, and in themselves are pernicious and oppressive, such laws, in spite of any counteracting claims of party policy, should be repealed, as detrimental to the interests of the people.

The first question with which we are naturally confronted is this: do the laws in question exist by reason of any necessity? The opening speaker of the affirmative has already given you an emphatic answer to this question. Only in extreme emergencies, when the greatest of national calamities have demanded such measures and justified them on the ground of necessity have such measures been adopted; and just as soon as the emergencies have passed the laws have been successively repealed. The only recorded instance where they have been retained without warrant is since the close of the late war between the states. Instead of pursuing the policy which the experience of our fathers had shown to be expedient and wise, the party in power, representing not the sentiment of those at home but the interests of moneyed monopolies, deaf to the voice of conscience and of reason, and swayed only by a selfish greed, have retained the iniquitous system—ostensibly for national revenue, but virtually as the protector of dishonesty and as the parent of monopoly.

Some, I admit, who favor a retention of these laws are honest. Their characteristics would rebuke at once any charge of corruption or duplicity, but a majority of those who advocate the system are greedy and scheming politicians, who, clad in the garb of hypocrisy and appropriating

with sacrilege the name of statesmen, have labored on the one hand to dispel the anxious fears of the monopolist while, on the other, in the name of patriotism, they have endeavored to subdue the honest protests of an outraged people. Clearly, sir, in the light of past precedents, as well as from the present needs of the government, these laws are useless and unwarranted.

But let us, for a moment, investigate the nature of their operation and attempt to develop a few of the objections which stand opposed to their retention.

In the first place, the license which the system gives to officers is entirely too broad. It is at variance with the spirit of just laws. The object for which government exists is to protect the people in their rights, both of property and of person. It derives its virtue from this fact. If it be not so founded, it is unjust in its very nature, and defeats the purpose for which it was created.

Now the system of internal revenue taxation gives to the officers employed in its operation, the right to enter private homes, destroy property, arrest as prisoners men whom they merely suspect, and actually the very life of the man who in protest of his honesty and in protection of his home, dares to resist what he considers an outrage and a wrong. If you have read the newspapers, your indignant blood has boiled as you have noted the atrocious crimes which these raiders have committed under the authority of law. Am I not then warranted in saying that the government which justifies such conduct, which allows officers to commit such crimes and depredations, in the name of justice, openly defies the very purpose which all law was created to accomplish and constitutes a burning reproach to the integrity of that government which professes to teach by illustration the blessings of a Christian freedom?

The system is opposed, in the next place, by the no mean objection that it requires all arrested parties to be tried only in the Federal courts. Very often these courts are remote from the place where the alleged offence is committed and the arrested party must be carried all the way to one of these courts to obtain the justice which might

be given him at home. But the worst of it is this—he is often innocent. According to the official records for the Northern District of Georgia, during the ten years ending in June, 1887, there were approximately 4,500 prosecutions brought before the court in Atlanta, for alleged violations. Of this number, only 2,500 were convicted of any offence, while the remainder were wholly innocent of the charges brought against them. Does this constrain the humble man of the mountains to love his government?

Think of it, sir, two thousand innocent men, dragged away from the homes that needed their earnings, or from the farms that needed their labor, to be confined for trial in the loathsome cells of the Fulton county jail, there to languish with branded felons? Is this justice to the poor but honest farmer, who may be laboring to lift the mortgage from his farm—who is happy in the thought that his industry will soon be rewarded in the independence of his little mountain home? Is it just to drag him as a criminal from the furrows of his little field on the mere suspicion of his guilt and compel him to remain for weeks in a distant prison, to await the vindication of that innocence which is as sure to be proven as the stars to shine?

On what principle of equity do you justify the practice? How can you, gentlemen of the negative, insist on the retention of a system which seeks to invade the very rights which it is the purpose of just laws to protect and defend? But granting, for the sake of argument, that every man thus seized was guilty of the charge preferred, I claim that even then the practice would be wrong. For the law which allows a man to be seized and, in spite of his protests, to be carried off, sometimes over a hundred miles, to obtain a fair and honest trial, virtually declares that a man is guilty until his innocence is proven, and thereby openly defies the cardinal principle of all civil justice that a man is innocent until his guilt is lawfully established.

Again, sir, laws which are criminal in character should be as ample as possible in the provisions which they make. What is the nature of these laws? Their ultimate end is, of course, revenue; but they are decidedly criminal in their

penalties; and so far from being simple they are the most complicated laws to be found on the statute books. I venture to say that in all the United States there is not a man—even though he be among our friends of the negative—who is thoroughly aquainted with the intricate mazes of these laws, even when he has studied them from the bench. Yet the most ignorant and uneducated rustic, who cannot write his name or spell a syllable, is charged with an accurate knowledge of all their complicated details and is held to the strictest penalty for their violation. How can you reconcile such laws with the principles of justice and of reason?

Gentlemen, I repeat, how can you insist on the retention of a system so thoroughly unwise, view it in whatever light you may; a system so grounded in injustice and so fruitful of iniquity; a system which allows officers to run riot in their raids, to frighten helpless wives and children, to arrest innocent and unoffending citizens, and to murder if they feel disposed? Is this a sample of that peace, tranquility and happiness which we offer the oppressed of European power? Is this a specimen of that justice on the ground of which a free republic claims exemption from the charge of tyranny? If so, well might we exclaim, "O, justice, what a mockery?" Well might we stop and ask ourselves the question:

"Is this the land our fathers loved
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?"

But another point of view. We are hearing every day, sir, of the evil influence of combinations and monopolies. But there is not a grander monopoly on this continent than the American whisky ring. On the one hand, protected by the tariff to an extent of two dollars per gallon on whisky, which excludes all foreign competition, and, on the other, protected by an internal tax of ninety cents. Now, it may be urged that every American citizen has a right to distill

his own whisky if he pays the legal tax. Not so. The law forbids any one to distill spirits who does not make in excess of twenty gallons per day. If a man is not in the ring, he cannot make it at all. The poor farmer, who can at best, make but five gallons is denied a license.

Before these laws were put upon our statute books, there were hundreds of little distillers who peacefully and unobtrusively made their domestic supplies in the fall of the year. The right of manufacture has been taken from this class and the business localized and concentrated in the great American whisky ring. The natural results of such an unjust law are only too obvious. One is that some will violate it by distilling whisky, in a small way, among the dwellers in our mountain regions, where nothing grows but corn, and where poverty makes its home. Another result is that greedy monopolists, arrogant in their protected power and remorseless in their appetite for wealth, will weaken their whiskey with water and strengthen it with chemicals, in order to increase the jingle of their dollars, even at the expense of the very vitals of those who drink their vile adulterations. But, if we believe the gentlemen of the negative, the system is just; it promotes virtue and honesty; it is right and holy; it is a divine blessing bestowed upon man, an emanation from heaven itself.

Now what do our opponents claim? To repeal these laws —it is argued— would be to flood the land with whiskey from border to border. How was it before these laws were enacted, when thousands of little distilleries were scattered all over the hills and valleys. Was the land then flooded with whiskey, as gentlemen of the other side contend? Did it flow like Iser rolling rapidly? If so, both history and tradition are alike false and have conspired to hide the truth. On good authority, I will tell the gentlemen who offer such a claim that today there is vastly more whiskey sold per capita than there was before the enactment of these laws and furthermore that the number of deaths direct from whiskey has increased twenty percent under the reign of monopoly. If it were possible to estimate its indirect effects, in the production of suicides, in the aggra-

vation of disease, and in a thousaud other ways, the percentage would, I venture, rise into the fifties. I would tell the gentlemen that there was less adulteration then and as a consequence there were fewer sots and fewer premature graves. Then the whiskey which was sold was as pure as the cider extracted from the apple and as honest as the lucid streams from nature's fountains. No wonder the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has stoutly urged the abolition of these laws. No wonder the platform of the prohibition party, which nominated Mr. St. John, sounded a trumpet blast for repeal.

Not for one moment, Mr. President, do I contend that the taxation of either whiskey or tobacco is unjust. As acknowledged evils, they should be taxed, but in a different manner from that which now prevails. My proposition, sir, is this: that not the Federal government but the State should regulate and determine the amount of taxation; that, returning to our former policy, the State should enact laws allowing each man to distill his own spirits and to make return of the amount distilled, when he gives in his taxes at the end of the year. Thus would the evils of the present system be removed. There would be none of your reckless officers—none of the destructive raids and brutal seizures which are now encouraged—none of the temptations to subterfuge and violation which exist today—but, in quietude and harmony, the discontented masses, with their ancient liberties restored; would pursue their honest labors and deposit in bank their surplus earnings.

But the gentleman who has just preceded me claims that the system should be retained in order to reduce the tariff on necessities and he has displayed no small amount of patriotic ardor in condemning repeal as hostile to Democratic principles. I would ask the gentleman, can anything be expedient and right which is radically wrong? If the system is outrageous and oppressive, can any counteracting policy of party justify and sanction it? If the system is a burden and an imposition, would it not be far better to repeal the laws than to reduce the tariff at the expense of their retention? So long as the system is retained its bur-

dens and its evils will continue to exist, while a reduction of the tariff will produce no off-set in equivalent. Little matters it to the poor farmer, whether he pays two cents more or two cents less for his flour, if you have taken from him his chief means of livelihood. Thus I say, a repeal of the laws without reducing the tariff would be infinitely better than to reduce the tariff by retaining the laws. But, sir, repeal the system and reduce the tariff, too. On the authority of the last Democratic Congress, other means can be found by which to meet the economic means of the Federal government. Curtail the idle and extravagant expenditures which we have seen fit to make; conduct the government on sound Democratic principles; and you can safely repeal the laws and reduce the tariff at the same time, and in doing so we will restore the better days.

Undemocratic? Was not the repeal of these laws stoutly urged by Thomas Jefferson? Did not our country, for more than forty years, without the help of this infamous system, enjoy the most economic administration of her government and the most peaceful progress of her history? But why should I repeat what no one on the negative can or will deny? I will simply ask the gentleman who, in the boastful pride of his inheritance, is the enemy of principles which are not strictly Democratic, will he accept as his political oracle the corrupt demagogue who shouts "undemocratic" or will he listen to the great parent and founder of his party, who speaks to him from the shades of Monticello?

Undemocratic? Did not the last platform of the Democratic party favor their repeal? Did not the leading Democratic journals of the country support and advocate that platform? I consider the unjust and reckless charge which the gentleman has made as an outrage upon the Democratic party, to imply by such a claim that the grand old party to which he belongs, derived the least of its strength and virtue from the oppression of any class. I am sure that if the living voices of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, to whom the gentleman has so defiantly referred, could but utter in his presence what their spirits speak from the

shadowy graves of the past they would burningly rebuke his unfounded and unjust aspersion.

But to a higher plane I would lift the discussion of this question. Despite the protest of reason, the negative may continue to insist that repeal is undemocratic, but, sir, infinitely higher than democracy and, enthroned above all policies of party, is Right. Is the system Right, is the system Just? These are the great questions, Mr. President, upon which your decision must be based. I would say to our opponents that justice is the only solid rock upon which government can rest. Justice stands out, first and foremost, the true and only basis of political economy. Let justice be done though the heavens fall. I hold it to be a truth, worthy of all acceptation, that what is morally wrong can never become politically right.

Lastly, Mr. President, I may be condemned for saying it, but, with slavery omitted, give us back the republic of thirty years ago. Then, it is true, we had fewer schools and newspapers, no electric lights and telephones. But, sir, these add but little. If thirty years ago we lacked these marks of a superficial progress we enjoyed that which was infinitely better: a conservative advance, preserving peace and concord in our homes, which after all are the security of government, for they constitute the nursery of its principles and the cradle of its virtues.

Then, there were none of your conflicts between capital and labor, between government and anarchy. Then, there were none of your midnight assassins and incendiaries, none of your industrial mobs, breathing in alcoholic fumes their deadly threats of crime and vengeance and poisoning the nation's air with the deadly drugs of adulterated rum. Then, there were none of your contrasting scenes brought forth in the record of a single night, where peaceful settlements, whose quiet homes appeared to vie with the glory of the sunset, have been invaded by the musket and the torch, in the silent hours of the night; and instead of the peaceful picture of the day before a scene of bloodshed and of horror is presented to the rising sun.

There were no such scenes as these, sir, in the better

days to which I have referred. For there were none of your monopolies in whisky and tobacco; and, plenty had she risen with the dew-drops or blossomed with the flowers, could not have been more broadcast or abundant. Then every man was allowed to distill his spirits from the increase of his fields as he did the cider from the apples of his orchard. Then it was that the homes of our people were free from the incubus of debt, from the cloud of an over-hanging mortgage, homes in which there lingered still a bit of heaven. Then it was that the industrious farmer, proud of the independence of his little home, wore the look of contentment on his face and worshiped as he labored amid the verdure of his fields.

When our goverment becomes in its strictest sense a government of the people, by the people and for the people; when evil laws shall be repealed and just ones be enacted in their stead; when, in the progress of events, monopoly shall sink into universal trade and the humbler classes rise into a just equality; when forms of public tyranny shall cease; when laws are fashioned for the good of all, and each can feel himself a freeman in a commonwealth—then, indeed, will our government be found, where it rightfully belongs, in the path of true advancement—then, indeed, will Liberty become a beacon light upon these western shores, till the crumbling empires of the east, at last confessing our ascendant power, will echo back the patriot's boast:

"Time's noblest off-spring is her last."

SECTION II

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It is Christmas eve. The holly and the mistletoe have commenced to glisten in the rosy firelight. On floor and wall the mysterious sprites are weaving fantastic shadows. But little children are not afraid tonight. If any one creeps into the house in the wee small hours it will not be Mr. Burglar Man, but the dear old patron saint of childhood, Santa Claus. Beside unnumbered fireplaces hang countless little stockings; and, wherever the beautiful story of the Child King has traveled up and down the earth, little hearts will tonight be all a-flutter with glad excitement—little arms will twine themselves with an extra hug of happiness about mother's neck—and little voices with more of joy than of reverence in them will gallop through the evening prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the night before Christmas it is always difficult for curly heads to sleep. Something in the atmosphere seems to electrify the pulse-beat of the young. Anticipations of the morrow fire the childish imagination. But finally the eyelids begin to droop. Some incoherent murmur from the lips which have merrily babbled the livelong day, announces that the good fairy of sleep has touched the tired little brain with her magic wand and lo! it is locked in the sweetest of childhood's golden dreams.

What joys of after-life—when the brow is wrinkled and the brain is racked and the heart is heavy—can match the unalloyed raptures of the dear old Christmas days!

The very recollection stirs the blood and makes the heart beat faster; but the old thrill is felt no more.

Christmas eve is perhaps the time above all others when we older children are prone to indulge in retrospection and to breathe the unavailing sigh:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight
> And make me a child again, just for tonight."

But, alas, the only answer is the dropping of another snow-flake

In the hovels of the poor—in the homes of the rich—the little curly heads will soon be kneeling.

"God bless Santa Claus!" This will be the prayer of many a little tot this Thursday night.

May it echo beyond the star-mist; and when Christmas dawns may it find no empty stocking—in all the world!

If the story of Santa Claus is all a myth, it is the dearest one which this fever-tossed old world has ever cherished. Even we grown-ups must admit the spell which the beautiful illusion casts upon us. The memories of long ago come trooping back on the night before Christmas. The wrinkles disappear. The heart-aches cease. Our knee joints no longer suggest that we are getting old. Our shoulders no longer droop. We feel the elastic spring come back into our limbs. We feel the warm blood bound in our veins. Upon our foreheads the wintry locks of silver turn to gold; and life is beautiful again.

Moreover the spirit of the Christmas season is the spirit of unselfishness. Then it is that we turn aside from the selfish and sordid quests of life to realize the depths of the divine philosophy, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The kind old gentleman who is supposed to make the rounds of the world's chimney tops may live only in the fairy realm of fiction, but he embodies the spirit which led the wise men of the East to bring gold and frankincense and myrrh to the feet of the infant Saviour; he guides us in faith and in humility along the devious paths to the wayside inn at Bethlehem and he points us in exultation to the serene and silent heights of the Judean sky in which still burns the Star.

SANTA CLAUS HAS COME TO STAY.

(Dec. 12, 1908)

Some of the sober realists are saying that Santa Claus

must go. The reason assigned for this declaration of war upon the patron saint of childhood is that he is only a myth —a fraud—a humbug. Such an illusion—it is urged— is wholly out of place in this twentieth century of the Christian era.

Great Caesar's ghost!

If this is the only argument which the realists can find —then let the jolly old gentleman crack his whip and speed his reindeer.

For, Mr. Realist, you have slept over your rights. The plea which you make has long since been barred by the statute of limitations!

Santa Claus may be only a myth—born of the imagination of our Teutonic ancestors in the German forest. But we love him. He is childhood's friend. He is bound to us by the tenderest and sweetest memories of the Long Ago; and this fever-tossed old world is racked with too many rending heart-aches—with too many grim realities—for us to relinquish willingly this dear old myth.

But is he altogether a myth?

He embodies the generous and joyous spirit of the Christmas season—he typifies the Wise Men of the East who brought gold and frankincense and myrrh to the manger-cradle of the Child-King—he idealizes the divine impulse of benevolence, which is the heart and core and center of the Christian creed.

Avaunt, Mr. Realist!

Whom has Santa Claus ever harmed? Show us one tear which he has caused, and we will drive it out of court with ten thousand peals of laughter—we will take you to countless humble hearth-stones all over this land, made warmer and brighter and happier by his annual visits—we will kindle for you in every key and in every tongue under heaven the blithesome carols of little children.

Sooner or later the beautiful illusions vanish. Why bid them hasten, then, to leave us—when cares will rout them soon enough? They melt like rainbows—they dissolve like mists—they fold like morning glories if we barely touch

them. Why drive the mirage from the sultry desert? Why banish the dreams from the night?

Before we go forth to battle, let us first distinguish between our friends and our enemies. If we must dispel the illusions let us dispel the illusions that harm us—the ones that leave us only the bitter dregs in the cup—the ones that parley with us in a double sense—

> "That speak the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope."

But let us cling to the illusions that are innocent—to the illusions that keep us in touch with childhood days—to the illusions that open a rift in the clouds for the light to break through—to the illusions that are so much needed in this work-a-day old world "to make the nauseous draughts of life go down."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox sounded the key-note when she wrote:

> "Laugh and the world laughs with you;
> Weep and you weep alone,
> For this noble old earth
> Must borrow her mirth;
> She has troubles enough of her own."

Down, down with the Robespierre who would sentence this dear old myth to the guillotine!

Such an act of ruthless violence and of mean ingratitude would start a revolution wider and deeper than ever reddened the lilies of France!

But the head of old Santa Claus is in no danger.

If it were, we could belt the globe with the prayers of little children, pleading for his life to be spared; and, if necessary, there would reach forth an arm from the clouds to stay the uplifted knife!

So, Mr. Realist, in accents which ring with the voices of little children all over the globe and from the beginning of time, we give you this final and emphatic answer—steeped in the breath of the Christmas pines:

"Santa Claus has come to stay!"

TOM PLATT LOSES HIS LAST FIGHT.

(March 8, 1910.)

In the exit from life's melodramatic stage of the late Thomas C. Platt, of New York, one of the shrewdest organizers of slates whose power has been felt in American politics during the past generation, lost in the game of strategy with death.

Old Mortality has scored again.

But the maker of presidents reached the patriarchal age of seventy-seven years.

And for more than a quarter of a century his clever moves on the political chessboards, first in state and afterwards in national politics, earned for him the well bestowed sobriquet of "Boss."

He belonged to the Matt Quay school of statesmanship—

Which is not equivalent to laying a wreath of eglantine upon the bier of the dead ex-senator, but if at times he appeared to subscribe to the doctrine, in politics, at least, that the ends justify the means, it is nevertheless true of him that no political leader of his generation was more successful in organizing victory for his party, both in state and in nation. He was a born tactician.

He made a business of politics.

The opinion of Senator Depew doubtless reflects the universal verdict.

Said the former colleague of Mr. Platt in the national senate chamber:

"I have known every public man in my time in this country and also many from other countries, but Senator Platt was a unique character. He possessed a mania for organization, which, if applied to business, would have made him a wonderful power in the business world. Political organization was his delight, and for the sake of it he sacrificed every pecuniary advantage that ever came to him.

"The long leadership which he held in New York politics was never broken until his physical condition during the

past few years made it impossible for him to retain his hold. The great source of his power was his absolute loyalty to his friends. He was never vindictive in his enmities."

According to Representative Herbert Parsons, of New York, the deceased Warwick will be remembered principally for three things:

First, his powerful leadership.

Second, his insertion of the gold plank into the Republican platform of 1896.

And third, his work of consolidating Greater New York.

Mr. Platt was the son of pious parents. They hoped to see him enter the ministry, but the nearest he ever came to redeeming this expectation, so it is said, was to sing in the church choir.

However, the musical qualities of voice which belonged to him were destined to be employed to some advantage in the subtle art of persuasion.

For, while Mr. Platt could not be strictly classed even among the near-orators of his day and time, still in cloak room interviews, in star chamber meetings of the caucus, in button-hole confabs and in heart-to-heart talks with brethren of the guild, he could charm like a siren.

On account of ill health, he withdrew from college when an undergraduate at Harvard.

And never was he at any time during life what might be called robust, yet he outlived most of his youthful contemporaries.

He was first elected to the United States senate in 1881.

But he was destined to occupy his seat for only a few months. The appointment of William H. Roberston to be collector of the port of New York precipitated an acrid controversy between the president and the New York brace of senators. The latter refused to confirm Robertson's nomination on the ground that it was distasteful to the state organization. Goaded by this action, the president

immediately withdrew all nominations made at the suggestion of either senator from New York, and, finding themselves thus embarrassed, both promptly resigned.

At the outset Conkling fathered the quarrel, but Platt was of the same mind and followed his lead at each turn. Whereupon he was very generally lampooned and caricatured by the opposition press as "Me, Too," Platt. But in due course of time his native powers of leadership were sufficiently vindicated, and "Me, Too," was relinquished for "Easy Boss."

In 1897 Mr. Platt re-entered the United States senate, succeeding the great Democratic leader, David B. Hill.

But before the expiration of his second term of office the "Boss" began to totter to his downfall.

The circumstances are familiar. To defeat the renomination of Govenor Frank Black in New York state, he brought forward Theodore Roosevelt. The latter was an undeveloped type; but, like Napoleon, he proved to be a Man of Destiny. He won the fight. He became governor of New York. But Theodore Roosevelt possessed a mind and a will of his own. He came of mingled Dutch and Southern stock; and the stubborn Rough Rider was found to be dangerous.

Consequently it was thought best to eliminate him. He was, therefore, slated for vice-president.

Mr. Roosevelt did not want the office. He was ambitious. He knew what had been the political fate of the men who had presided over the senate. But he reluctantly consented to prevent party discord.

To quote an exchange, "there could be no better instance of Platt's skill in persuasion or of the irony that marked his maturest wisdom."

In less than twelve months, McKinley was shot by an assassin's bullet, Roosevelt became president of the United States and Platt's career as a manipulator of the political machine was at an end.

It was in 1870 that Mr. Platt's connection with the United States Express Company began; and from 1888 until his death on Sunday last he held the office of president.

His powers of organization were well attested by his management of the vast interests of this great corporation.

Senator Platt's three children were the fruit of his first wedlock.

The second union was most unfortunate. At this time he was an old man, infirm and decrepit; and the sequel was enacted in the divorce court. Then a government clerk, Mae Wood, sued him on the ground of still another marriage, but conclusive evidence of this last alliance was not forthcoming.

Pathos marked the passing of the ex-boss.

When the end came, he was occuping rented apartments in the business heart of the great metropolis which gave little heed to his last moments. The hands which ministered to his dying wants were his landlady's. Millions of human beings were massed around him; but he dwelt in loneliness apart. And the unpitying world moves on, while the man who was once all powerful lies low.

HOW LEE CAME TO LEXINGTON.

It may have been a divine inspiration. But, from a different point of view, it was sheer audacity for a little college in the Valley of Virginia to offer its presidential chair to the great soldier, who, from Manassas to Appomattox, had led the South's immortal armies. Of course, such a man could not except such an offer. The very idea was preposterous.

Washington Collége was a local institution. Crippled by reverses, it presented, in 1865, a pathetic spectacle. Its enrollment amounted to only a corporal's guard. Its treasury was depleted. Even though it bore the charmed name of Washington, its hold upon life was slender; its glory was of the past. The valley to which it looked for suste-

nance was impoverished by defeat. It lay in the ashes of war.

But a certain trustee of the college—Bolivar Christian, of Staunton—was, like Joseph, the shepherd, a dreamer of dreams. There came to him one night a vision. He saw General Lee, seated in the chair of Washington College, its presiding genius, its official head. He communicated the dream to his associates. It was greeted with a smile of incredulity; but the trustees ballotted for a president, and by a unanimous vote the chair was offered to General Lee.

Insurance companies, rated at millions—wealthy syndicates, eager for an increase of riches—had importuned the great soldier with flattering proposals. But he would not commercialize his name—would not revel in affluence while his comrades were in want. To all such offers his dignified reply was in the negative—a courteous but firm refusal.

Washington College could offer him but a paltry pittance of $1,500 per annum. Even this was contingent. It was not in sight.

To bear him this modest invitation, John W. Brockenbrough, jurist and clergyman, was chosen. In all the valley, there was not a knightlier spirit—a finer type of the Virginia gentleman. But significant of the prevailing poverty, the judge was in need of fit apparel with which to appear in person before the courtly Lee. (Dr. J. Wm. Jones, in Life and Letters of Lee.)

It was an embarrassing situation. But, to make a long story short, he borrowed a suit of clothes and negotiated a loan with which to purchase a railway ticket. But never was a prince of the purple accorded a more gracious hearing.

To narrate the sequel, there appeared one day on the streets of Lexington, a quiet figure, mounted upon an iron gray horse. The stranger attracted instant attention, but in civilian attire—his slouch hat shading his forehead—he was not at first recognized. But finally an old soldier exclaimed: "It's Marse Robert;" and he sprang to hold the reins, while the rider dismounted. Others flocked to the

scene; and as he retired to his room a chorus of voices lifted the Confederate yell.

Truth was told. It was Robert E. Lee. Unheralded, he had ridden across the country from Powhatan County to assume the presidency of Washington College. The steed that bore him was his famous old war-horse, Traveler.

Thus Lee came to Lexington. The great soldier who disdained a princely revenue from corporate treasuries was proud to accept a modest pittance from a school of learning that he might do his part in training the manhood of the South. He came to stay; and there he sleeps—the foremost captain of the ages. Today a great university enshrines his ashes, while it links his name with Washington's.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

On the morning after the first battle of Manassas, there gathered at the post-office, in the little town of Lexington, Virginia, a group of citizens eager for the mail to be distributed. All were impatient for some authentic news of the great battle. There was put into the hands of Dr. White a letter, the familiar handwriting of which he recognized at once. "Here," said he, "is a letter from General Jackson. We will now get the facts." (Rev. Moses D. Hoge, in his oration on Stonewall Jackson.)

It was a letter, written by the great soldier to his pastor, and it ran thus: "In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you a contribution for our colored Sunday School. Enclosed you will find a check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience." It was signed, Thomas J. Jackson.

Imagine the disappointment of that hungry group of men. Only a fatiguing day's service. Not a word more of himself. At the close of a day never to be forgotten—when its thunders were stilled in the evening watches—when from his knees the great soldier had risen—his

thought was for his brother in black. This, too, while suffering from a wound in his hand. Not a line to tell of the historic battle, in which he was given a name, destined to follow him to the end of time: Stonewall Jackson. Was ever such a letter penned? Even his pastor wore a baffled look.

But it was Stonewall Jackson's way.

It was at Manassas that Bee rode up to Jackson with the information that the Federals were beating our men back. "Then," said he, "let us give them the bayonet." Inspired by this heroic utterance, Bee returned to his broken columns and pointing to the figure of the intrepid fighter, he exclaimd: "Look, there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians." It was his last command. For, plunging into the battle's smoke, he fell to the ground, mortally wounded.

But a rout became a victory. The tide was turned—in Stonewall Jackson's way.

Jackson himself was wounded in the hand, but he refused to quit the field. While the surgeons were attending him, President Davis rode up on horse-back. Jackson instantly forgot his plight and tossing his cap in air exclaimed: "Hurrah for the President. Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington tonight."

It was Stonewall Jackson's way.

Sixty days later he was made a Major General. Next we find him in the Valley; and there, like a flash of lightning, he darts from right to left and from left to right, in a series of rapid marches never before equaled. He now launches those marvelous campaigns which have ever since been the wonder of the world—which are studied not only at West Point but in the military schools of Europe. To the far-famed Shenandoah, he has bequeathed its immortality of renown.

Summarizing the record in a sentence: In thirty days, with the odds against him four to one, he marched four hundred miles, fought five battles, defeated three armies and captured four thousand prisoners, with a loss to his own command of only one thousand men.

It was Stonewall Jackson's way.

Now he is made a Lieutenant-General. But Chancellorsville soon comes—comes all too soon. Then fatally wounded in the dark, he falls at the hands of his own men; a pitiful mistake, but discovered, alas, too late. In fever's delirium, he wanders to the battle-field and once more gives command. Said the dying captain: "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." Then, with a smile upon his wan face, he bids the world farewell—in that sublime but simple valedictory: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

It was Stonewall Jackson's way.

At last the crucial hour has come. The fortunes of the Confederacy have turned. The drift is now to Appomattox; for Jackson is no more. In a prayer at New Orleans, a priest gave utterance to this sentiment, the truth of which is startling, but it cannot be gainsaid. The language of his prayer was this: "O, Lord, when thou didst finally decide that the Confederacy should not succeed, thou hadst first to remove thy servant Stonewall Jackson just after the war, there went the rounds of the press a poem, from the pen of a Mr. Palmer, of Baltimore, and with six stanzas from this famous war ballad I close:

Come! Stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright
No growling if the canteen fails;
We'll make a roaring night
Here Shenandoah brawls along
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouch hat
Cocked over his eye askew;

The shrewd dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul. We'll give him"———well,
That Stonewall Jackson way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention! It's his way.
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God.
"Lay bear thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod!
"Amen." That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in,
Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! We're with him before morn—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! Whipped before!
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah, maiden, watch and wait and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That get's in Stonewall's way.

HENRY WATTERSON—"PRINCE HAL."

[Written for the Marse Henry edition of Louisville Courier-Journal, March 2, 1919.]

Henry Watterson. What talismanic power—what charm of magic—dwells in the very name of the great Kentuckian. For more than sixty years his pen has flashed like a sabre in the field of journalism—like a sabre has cut its shining way to the battle's front. For more than half a century his genius has been associated with a single sheet. We think of each in terms of the other. We think of both in terms of America. For, the little newspaper, founded by a Confederate scout, is today the great Courier-Journal. Neither can be localized; editor and paper alike belong, not to Louisville but to Christendom.

More than Fox or Allen or Cawein, this knight of the pen has planted the Blue Grass of Kentucky in the world's heart.

The last of a lion line of journalists, he is the sole survivor of an era which produced a Greeley, a Dana, a Raymond, a Bennet; and he must feel perchance—

> "like one
> Who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted."

Aye, he alone is left. But not to lag superfluous on the stage, not to thumb the pathetic "Lay of the Last Minstrel." His voice still rings like a bell in the Alps—his figure, tall and erect, still towers like a pine on the Cumberlands. Four score years have not dimmed his eye. On the contrary, time has only brought him new Pisgahs of vision. Still—now as then—

> "The battle's fire is in his glance
> The battle's gleam is on hs lance"

Our own matchless Grady was of a kindred spirit—perhaps his intellectual counterpart—but "God's finger touched him and he slept."

We owe to Mr. Watterson this debt: In an age wedded to the coarse vernacular, he has made us familiar with Addison's English and kept us in touch with the spacious

days of Queen Elizabeth. On his editorial page, we have found high fellowships. Here we have met Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney. In an age distinguished for the prose of poetry, he has preserved for us the poetry of prose—has drawn for us buckets of crystal from Anglo-Saxon wells.

Amid the restless tumult of change, he has anchored himself to principle; has thought in terms of eternities, of rocks and of stars.

It is trite to call him a prince of editors. But he is a prince—prince in the most royal sense; for his sanctum is a throne-room, his pen an imperial scepter.

What a tonic for the brain—to read an editorial broadside from the pen of Mr. Watterson, to see the great batteries of his mind in action. What sparkling wit. What biting sarcasm. What fertile fancy. What melting pathos. What intimate acquaintance with delights of literature. What profound deductions from the teachings of history. What robings of rhetoric. What witchery of words. But, beyond all these—what power of thought.

To the core an American, he has sought to keep America true to her mission—true to the ancient landmarks of the fathers—true to the precepts of Washington.

For his great work, no prophet of the olden time was ever more divinely anointed.

Nature was prodigal of her gifts when she fashioned this marvelous man; for, when—to a pen more fascinating—has she ever joined a tongue more eloquent?

What perennial youth. To think in diamonds at the age of four score. Even now, in the land of flowers, he is engaged in writing his reminiscences.

Best of all, we love him for this—he has been our interpreter to the world. He has embodied the ideals—phrased the aspirations—caught the visions of the New South. But he has taught us to respect—taught even our enemies to respct—the heritage of chivalry, of manhood, and of virtue, which has come down to us from the Old. He has always cherished his neighbors. Never has he turned his back, either on a friend in distress or on an enemy in

battle. To find his rival in the hearts of all Kentuckians we must take the forest trails and go back to the Arcadian days of Daniel Boone.

Overlooking the Ohio, from his editorial chair, he has been the Border Minstrel of our national life—an evangel of healing, an apostle of brotherhood, to the sections. He has taught the South to revere Lincoln and the North to honor Lee. He has blended the Blue and the Gray.

It does not often happen that one whose office is to record the events of his generation is himself an actor in its most dramatic scenes. But such was the role assigned to Mr. Watterson. With the great Trojan, he could say:

"Much of which I saw and part of which I was."

Whether in framing platforms or in shaping policies—his has been the voice of command—his the genius of leadership. It has made him a field marshal in the realm of ideas—a mighty moulder of the minds of men.

Spared to see the end of a great world war—to witness a Chateau Thierry, while still recalling an Appomattox—his life has spanned like a rainbow two of the tallest peaks in modern history. The events of eighty years must afford to this grand old man—now in the serene eventide of his days—a joyful retrospect. His pen has written no line to be erased; his trumpet sounded no bugle-note to be recalled. On the escutcheon of this knight of journalism, there rests no stigma and no stain.

Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian. Mr. Watterson, in his day upon the stage, has played many parts. But the role of a Kentucky gentleman is the one which fits him best. Other things may be forgotten; but here is a memory that will last, a perfume that will linger. To be a prince of Kentuckians is to be a prince of men; and so, in the terse but tender phrase of Falstaff, I salute thee—"Prince Hal."

THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM BALDWIN.

[A paper read before the Georgia Historical Association at its third annual meeting, in the Senate Chamber at the State Capitol, April 19, 1919.]

In the late autumn of 1917, while strolling through Rock Creek cemetery, near Washington, D. C., I chanced upon the grave of an almost forgotten patriot, Abraham Baldwin. The name of this distinguished Georgian will barely suffice at this late day to stir in the average mind any recollection of his services to the state. But to mention a few of his acheivements, he drafted the charter of Franklin College, now the State University, at Athens; he was a member of Congress and a Senator of the United States from Georgia; he was a member of the Federal Convention of 1787; and among his papers after death was discovered a document supposed to be the original draft of the Federal Constitution. I shall refer again to this document later.

The county which, for more than half a century, contained the state capitol, was named in his honor, Baldwin county; yet, until this discovery was made, his last resting-place, like the sepulchre of Moses, was unknown.

It was not entirely by accident that I discovered Mr. Baldwin's tomb. I knew that, at the time of his death, he was wearing the toga; that he died in Washington when Congress was in session. I knew also that he was not buried in Georgia; and failing to find his grave, after an exhaustive search, in the old Congressional cemetery, I began to inquire elsewhere. Arlington, on the Virginia side, was, of course, too recent. I did not expect to find him there. Nor at Oak Hill, in Georgetown. This, also, is of a later period.

So I next tried Rock Creek. This is today the principal burying ground of Washington, but it dates back to 1740. Starting as a quiet little country churchyard, its oldest tombs cluster around the ancient house of worship, a substantial edifice of brick; but, on the surrounding hills, rise many stately monuments, whose pomp of woe is in sharp contrast with these archaic memorials. Here, in Rock Creek, lie buried some of America's most noted dead.

On a velvet plot of ground, overshadowed by tall cedars,

I found at last the object of my search. It was a diminutive block of stone, not at all in keeping with a statesman's tomb, and was more like a monument intended for a child. Carved on the stone was this inscription:

> "Abraham, son of Michael and Ruth Baldwin, of New Haven, Conn. Died a Senator in Congress from Georgia, March 4, 1807."

But even this dwarfed memorial was shared with some one else. Above the inscription to Mr. Baldwin, causing the one underneath to assume a secondary importance, was this inscription to his sister, who died some ten years later:

> "Ruth, wife of Joel Barlow, daughter of Michael and Ruth Baldwin, of New Haven, Conn. Died, May 29, 1818. Aged 62."

Here was another discovery. Mr. Baldwin was a brother-in-law of the poet Barlow. This erratic genius, who married Mr. Baldwin's sister, Ruth, was one of the best known literary characters of our first national period. He wrote the famous "Columbiad." Moreover, he was minister to France. On the heights of Georgetown he established himself in a stately home, which he called "Kalorama." Widely famed for its beauty of environment, it became a social rendezvous. Statesmen of the first rank were frequent visitors. Hither also flocked men of letters and because of its prestige in this respect it was styled the "Holland House of America." Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, conferred upon Joel Barlow, in 1809, the degree of LL. D. The incident is noteworthy; for the additional reason that it was the first time this degree was conferred by the Board of Trustees.

The Baldwin family into which Joel Barlow married, and from which sprang our Georgia senator, was a noted Puritan family of New Haven, Conn. It has furnished two Governors to the Nutmeg state, and an occupant to the Supreme Bench of the United States, besides the distinguished subject of this sketch. Abraham Baldwin is rightfully regarded as the father of the University, since

he not only drew its charter but was its nominal head for fourteen years. He also named its first president. This was Josiah Meigs, likewise a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale. He was Mr. Baldwin's close friend at New Haven.

Ransacking the Library of Congress for information in regard to Kalorama, I learned that it was in the family tomb attached to this estate that Abraham Baldwin was originally buried. Other men of note, besides the Georgia Senator, here found a last resting place, until disturbed by the march of progress. These included: Commodore Stephen Decatur, who was brought hither from the duelling ground on which he fell. Henry Baldwin, a younger brother of the Senator and a justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; Mrs. Joel Barlow, wife of the poet; and Colonel George Bomford, head of the ordnance department, U. S. A.

In the south-west corner of the grounds, on the banks of a rivulet (Rock Creek), shaded by fine old forest trees, stood the old brick tomb in which these bodies were interred; and, on marble slabs, embedded in the brick work, on either side of the door, were these inscriptions:

> "Sacred to the repose of the dead and the meditation of the living:
>
> "Joel Barlow, patriot, poet, statesman and philosopher, lies buried in Zarniwica, Poland, where he died December 24, 1812. Aet. 58 years and 9 months.
>
> "Ruth Baldwin Barlow, his wife, died May 29, 1818. Aet. 62 years.
>
> "Abraham Baldwin, her brother, died a Senator in Congress from Georgia, March 4, 1807. Aet. 52 years. His memory needs no marble. His country is his monument. Her constitution his greatest work.
>
> "George Bomford, Colonel of Ordnance, U. S., died March 25, 1848. Aet. 66 years.
>
> "Henry Baldwin Bomford, his son, Sept. 9, 1845.

"Henry Baldwin, Associate Justice Supreme Court of the United States, died April 21, 1844. Aet. 64 years.

But in the course of time Kalorama disappeared. It was used as a hospital during the war between the states; but not a vestige today remains. Its burial ground has also been erased. Decatur was removed to Philadelphia where he rests beneath an imposing monument in St. Peter's churchyard. The others were re-interred at Rock Creek; and presumably all are here buried, including the associate justice. As the epitaph recites, Joel Barlow was buried in Poland.

Reference has been made to the fact that, among the papers left by Mr. Baldwin at his death, was a document which purported to be the original draft of the Federal Constitution. My authority for this statment is a Maryland historian. (See Historic Graves of Maryland, by Helen W. Ridgeley.) The inscription on the tomb lends to this statement a degree of color: "His memory needs no marble. His country is his monument. Her Constitution his greatest work." It is also supported by the active part which he took, as a member from Georgia, in the Federal Convention.

On the death of his father, in 1787, there devolved upon Mr. Baldwin the support of his six half-brothers and sisters, and it speaks well for his parental guardianship that one of these became an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, and another the wife of a great diplomat, poet and man of genius.

So intimate was Mr. Baldwin's connection with Kalorama that I will be pardoned if, in conclusion, I refer again somewhat briefly to this noted estate and its somewhat erratic owner.

Joel Barlow, now almost forgotten as a poet and scarcely remembered as a diplomat, was a literary lion in his day and, on both sides of the water, was accorded high honor. His biography, written by Charles Burr Todd (Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL.D.) shows that he was quite

an international figure. It was on his return from France in 1805 that the poet acquired Kalorama. He contemplated for a time the purchase of Mount Vernon. But his choice finally settled upon this picturesque spot.

It was a sort of castled estate on the heights of Georgetown. Here stood a fine old mansion, on an eminence overlooking Rock Creek and commanding a wide sweep of the Potomac Valley. It was in this same neighborhood that Gilbert Stuart once had his studio; that Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," once lived; and that Tom Moore, the Irish minstrel, was entertained on his American visit. The locality, therefore, was already invested with the associations of genius.

But when Kalorama became the home of Joel Barlow, it monopolized the social glories. From this time on, it became a great resort for celebrities, including statesmen, diplomats, jurists, and even presidents. Among the men of note was Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, who lived with the Barlows for seven years in Paris. The fact that Fulton began life as a painter of miniature portraits is now somewhat obscured by his achievements in a different direction. But he superintended the making of the plates for Barlow's "Columbiad," a work which appeared in 1807. It was richly illustrated with engravings by the best London artists and was the costliest publication attempted in America up to this time.

Here we find Robert Fulton on a visit, in 1810, when Jefferson, Madison and others were invited to meet him and to witness a demonstration of his latest scheme for applying steam navigation to submarine warfare—an experiment ominous of events to occur a century later. But he did not live to perfect his patent. Fate shattered his dreams in this new direction. The invention of the steamboat was honor enough for one man. Five years later, in 1815, Fulton died.

Barlow, however, was the first to go, preceding his friend Fulton by some three years. The circumstances of his death were tragic. Sent to France by President Monroe on a diplomatic errand requiring exceptional skill, it

proved to be his last service to the government. On Dec. 24, 1812, while hastening in the depth of a northern winter to a rendezvous with Napoleon, he succumbed to exposure and died at a village in Poland. His ashes were there entombed.

Abraham Baldwin, while a Senator in Congress, resided at Kalorama, his sister's home, and here in 1807 he was laid to rest. Some few years later, his sister, Mrs. Barlow, was laid beside him in the family tomb. She returned from Europe, in the fall of 1813 and took up her residence at Kalorama; but she did not long survive her husband. The widow of Stephen Decatur next succeeded to the ownership of Kalorama and during her life-time the social traditions were splendidly maintained; but with her its glories faded.

Today there is not a memorial of any kind to tell of this once famous seat on the Potomac. Kalorama has been obliterated. It belongs to a forgotten past. Massachusetts Avenue now skirts the once hallowed spot, while modern buildings today completely cover the area. Even the old tomb itself was forced prematurely to give up its dead and to Rock Creek cemetery what remained of its sacred ashes was taken for re-interment. There, mingled with his kindred dust, sleeps Abraham Baldwin.

JOSEPH M. TERRELL: GOVERNOR AND SENATOR

It was at a banquet of the famous Hibernian Society of Savannah, on March 17, 1901, that the campaign of Joseph M. Terrell, for Governor of Georgia, received its initial impetus. Mr. Terrell was then the state's attorney-general, with an unsurpassed record to his credit, not only before the state's highest tribunal but equally before the supreme court of the United States. At the banquet, Judge Peter W. Meldrim, for time out of mind the society's head, presided with his characteristic grace and charm of manner. His reputation as a host has long been proverbial. Governor Terrell was one of the speakers. So likewise was Judge Samuel Lumpkin, of the supreme court.

The writer, who was present on this occasion, to respond to a toast, well remembers what occurred. There was no studied effort to manufacture enthusiasm. The whole affair was unpremeditated. It was, in fact, only an incident of the banquet, but the mention of Governor Terrell's name was like the application of a spark to a magazine of powder. Instantly, it awoke the voice of thunder. In the most literal sense, it produced a boom.

When the attorney-general arose to speak, he was given such an ovation as one rarely receives even in Savannah. It was the beginning of a state-wide movement to place him in the executive chair. His popularity as a candidate grew steadily and months ahead "Joe" Terrell's election could be distinctly foreshadowed.

In due time he was nominated and elected. Then came another banquet at the Kimball House in Atlanta. I call it a banquet but to speak more precisely it was a love-feast. It was at this banquet that Dr. John E. White quoted a remark made by an old family servant. Its humor convulsed the banquet hall. Some one in mammy's presence made the remark that, except for politics in his head, Joe was all right. The old domestic squared herself for action. She was the picture of defiance. For years she had lived in the Terrell family down in old Meriwether. Said she, the whites of her eyes shining: "Ef he's got 'em, he's got 'em sence he growed up. Dar want none in his hed when I kep it combed."

Soon there occurred a vacancy on the Railway Commission. To fill this post, Governor Terrell appointed his friend, Joseph M. Brown, long distinguished for his practical knowledge of railway matters and for his trenchant pen. It was a history-making appointment. Two years later, as the result of a clash with Governor Terrell's successor, over the issue of port rates, Mr. Brown was unceremoniously ejected from office. Had a certain letter addressed to the governor been duly read, it might have changed the whole history of Georgia politics. But the letter was returned unopened. In the opinion of many, it contained Mr. Brown's resignation. But on this subject its

author, to this day, has said nothing. He has maintained the profound silence of an Egyptian sphinx.

Mr. Brown's dismissal from office having occurred after the legislature's adjournment, there was no tribunal to which he could appeal for redress except the ballot-box. It is an old story and need not be retold. Mr. Brown did not make many speeches, but he made his pen fairly gallop. His letters proved effective vote-makers. Each of them injected into the campaign a car-load of ginger. The result was Governor Smith's defeat; and to succeed him Governor Brown was duly inaugurated.

In the course of time, there occurred a vacancy in the United States senate, caused by the death of Mr. Clay. Then it was that Governor Brown, remembering the hand which had lifted him to the Railway Commission, tendered the vacant post to former Governor Terrell, and with a single stroke of the pen lifted him in turn to the American house of peers. The ex-governor repaired at once to Washington, to become Senator Terrell.

But, in an evil hour, the hand of disease was laid upon the beloved Georgian. Stricken with paralysis, like the great William H. Crawford, his career of usefulness was brought to a tragic end. At the age of fifty-two, he relinquished the toga and was soon thereafter laid to rest in the little town of Greenville. It is of interest in this connection to note that the senator's father died at the same age and in the same manner—the victim of a stroke of paralysis. Thus ended a career, rich not only in its promise but in many of its realized expectations, a career which was all too short but which because of its genial character was not inaptly termed "the Gulf Stream of Georgia politics."

TWO ROMAN SENATORS: BACON AND CLAY.

Bacon and Clay. For thirteen years, these distinguished Georgians sat as colleagues in the Senate of the United States, a record which surpasses all others—so far

at least as this state is concerned—in the joint wearing of the senatorial toga. This length of time embraces the entire period of Senator Clay's service—from 1897 to 1910. Mr. Bacon took his seat two years earlier and relinquished it four years later. Neither served in the national House of Representatives and neither was governor of his state; but both of these men, from the general assembly of Georgia, arose by a sort of meteoric leap to the American House of Peers.

Mr. Clay was the presiding officer of both wings of the state legislature. He was speaker of the house from 1888 to 1890. Two years later he became president of the Senate. Mr. Bacon was never a member of the upper legislative branch; but for eight years—six of these consecutive—he wielded the gavel as speaker of the house, and for continuous occupancy of this high office he still holds the record.

These splendid Georgians were warm personal friends, despite the elements of contrast which each presented. Mr. Clay sprang from the hills and was a scion of Cavalier stock, though for generations past his ancestors were plain tillers of the soil, men of good sense and of clean morals, but distinguished by no large accumulation of worldly goods. He was doubtless of the same Virginia family which produced the gallant "Harry of the West."

Mr. Bacon was born in the Georgia lowlands. He came of the famous Midway stock and traced his descent back to the English Puritans. His father was a Baptist clergyman, but died before the future senator was born. Sadder still to relate—the senator's mother likewise closed her eyes in death when he was still an infant in arms.

Nearly seventy-five yars later, on the floor of the United States senate when a resolution to establish Mother's Day was pending, Mr. Bacon—then an old man—arose from his seat and with a tremor in his voice said:

"Mr. President, unhappily for me, a white rose will not bring back to me the memory of my mother, for I have no

memory of her. I was not a year old when she died. But I would wear it, Mr. President, gladly, because I would ever remember that I owe to her my life; and, though I do not remember ever to have seen her, I have always loved her memory."

Both of these Georgia senators began life poor boys. Neither arose by the help of influential friends, but through his own unaided efforts. The success of each illustrates what can be accomplished in America, under the benign influence of democratic institution. Each was a zealous champion of the people, a true friend of the masses; and each was impelled at all times by the highest of principles.

Just after the war, Mr. Bacon located for the practice of law at Macon, Ga., a city which remained his home till death. On the battle-field, in the uniform of a Confederate soldier, he earned the title of "Major," and it was usually with this prefix that his fellow-townsmen addressed him; but he craved nothing higher than the grand old name of gentleman and was satisfied to be known as Mr. Bacon.

In 1886 he sought the governorship. But the fates were against him. It was the year when Mr. Davis came to Georgia, from his home in Mississippi, to unveil the Ben Hill monument; and, following this visit, the circumstances of which were most dramatic, General Gordon announced for governor. The result was clearly foreseen. Popular enthusiasm for the old hero of Appomattox proved too strong, even for the adroit campaigning of Mr. Bacon, and he met defeat, but in his own graceful way, without bitterness and without repining. Less than a decade later he was made an American senator.

As a parliamentarian, Mr. Bacon possessed few equals. He was also a great lawyer. One of the best of our Georgia law books has come from his pen. He was a fluent speaker, a ready debater and a tireless worker. He never lost sight of the courtesies of argument and was always a Chesterfield, even when the temperature of discussion was at blood heat.

In 1912, he was made president pro. tem. of the United States senate. Not since the days of the great William H. Crawford had this office been occupied by a Georgian. Mr. Crawford was made speaker pro. tem. in 1811, more than a century before. On the death of Vice-President Sherman, in 1912, Senator Bacon succeeded to the chair and it devolved upon him to perfect arrangements for the funeral services. He presided over the joint session when the electoral votes were counted, in the presidential contest of 1912, and it was Senator Bacon who officially declared the Democratic nominees elected: Woodrow Wilson and Thomas R. Marshall. Because of his eminent abilities, he was chosen, though of an opposite party, to preside over the famous Archibald trial of impeachment.

One of the last things ever done by Mr. Bacon, in the senate, was to defend the proud old name of Lamar. In a sense, it needed no defence. But a Wall street sharper had improperly assumed and unworthily worn the name, using it as a passport to the confidence of the public. Mr. Bacon, in a short speech, tore the mask of fraud from this impostor. The senator's wife was a Miss Lamar.

At the time of his death, Mr. Bacon was chairman of the committee on foreign relations, an honor which well attests his prestige in national affairs. He was the only senator from Georgia ever elected for four consecutive terms. He was also the first senator elected in the United States under the constitutional amendment which provided for elections by direct popular vote; and the Georgia statute providing for a special election, to meet the new conditions, was drawn by his own pen.

For nineteen years an American senator. We need only to turn the pages of the Congressional Record to see what a large space he filled and what a brilliant part he played in the history of national legislation. He discussed with luminous information nearly every important question of the day and revealed a profound mastery of the fundamental principles of government. His great debate with Mr. Spooner, the latter a Senator from Wisconsin, is still

vividly recalled by many. To quote the New Haven Register it was worthy of the republic's best days.

The election of Mr. Clay to the Federal senate partook somewhat of the nature of the unexpected. It was not on the slate. The political forecasters were caught wholly unawares by this sudden turn in the tide of politics. But, taken at its flood by Mr. Clay, it bore him upon its crest to greatness—and to Washington. To give the facts in a nut-shell, it was in the interest of Captain Evan P. Howell, a veteran war-horse, that Mr. Clay's name was presented to the convention. The friends of the former expected to return to his support with augmented numbers and to break in this way a threatened deadlock.

But the Marietta man's name cast a talismanic spell upon the delegates, and when the balloting was over, Steve Clay was the winner. Few, if any, foresaw the convention's action; but all parties were satisfied. For years, the private secretary of Mr. Clay, at the nation's capitol, was a young man of magnificnt promise, now the junior senator from Georgia—the writer's college-mate and friend —William J. Harris.

Mr. Clay did not possess the educational advantages which made his colleague so distinguished for his ripe scholarship and for his wide range of information. Nor was he quite the equal of Mr. Bacon as a constitutional lawyer. But Mr. Clay was a man of strong native intellect, of colossal will-power, and of rare force of character.

It is doubtful if Georgia was ever represented in the senate by two men who were such laborious workers. Neither, except in the rarest of instances and for the best of reasons, was ever absent from his seat, when Congress was in session. Each was devoted to the welfare of his constituents. Mr. Clay remained, at his post of duty, like a Roman sentinel, even when the shadow of death was upon him and when, in every feature of his face, a story of suffering was told.

Faithful to the last. This was Mr. Clay's well deserved

encomium. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, in the mature prime of his intellectual powers. There was no decline in his popularity—no waning of his political star. He had just been re-elected to the senate for a third term and would probably have encountered no opposition for a fourth. But God had other work for His servant to do.

Such a funeral as Senator Clay's the little town of Marietta never witnessed. There was a great outpouring of the multitudes. Every face wore its look of sadness; and hundreds were moved to tears. Among the mourners, his shoulders bent and his eyes moist, stood his old colleague, Senator Bacon. On the court house square, in the city of Marietta, stands a bronze statue, based upon a pedestal of marble. In its shadow, there are seats for the weary, while near it plays a fountain of sparkling water. The spontaneous tribute of a grateful people to the memory of this upright man, it brings him back again, in all of his beautiful unselfishness for others.

Senator Bacon did not long survive him. Four years later, he too was called. With little warning, he was taken on a day in February, of 1914, while intent upon his labors in Washington. No one felt his death more keenly than did the newly inaugurated President, who was destined so soon to command a crisis in the world's history. But his work was done; and on the banks of the Ocmulgee, near the city of Macon, he now sleeps.

We close with the following paragraph from Senator Bacon's will, a document which he penned with his own hand. It reads: "I commend my soul to God, in the humble hope that in spite of many weaknesses, imperfections, faults, and misdeeds, I shall be re-united in a happy immortality with my kindred and friends, and particularly with the members of my immediate family, to whose happiness and welfare my life has been gladly and unsparingly devoted." For many years prior to his death, the senator was a lonely man, notwithstanding his pure life and his

great usefulness; and now that sleep has closed his eye-lids let us hope that, in an infinite beatitude, his dying prayer is answered.

PHILIP COOK: A NAME THRICE HONORED.

The recent death of Georgia's Secretary of State recalls the fact that he was the third member of an honored family of this state to illustrate a distinguished name. Major Philip Cook, his grandfather, a man of aristocratic lineage, was the commandant of old Fort Hawkins, when this stronghold guarded our exposed western frontier from Indian attack. The latter's daughter Martha—afterwards Mrs. Isaac Winship—was the first white child born on the site of the present city of Macon.

General Philip Cook, the next in line, served Georgia in many important roles and was a man of great usefulness in his day in time. He was both a soldier and a statesman. Though not a West Pointer, he rose to the rank of brigadier-general in the Confederate army, succeeding the lamented George P. Doles when the latter fell mortally wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, in 1864. Subsequently, he was a law-partner, in Americus, Ga., of Charles F. Crisp, afterwards Speaker of the American House of Representatives.

For eight years, General Cook himself represented the district in Congress. He was elected to a seat in this body as early as 1865, but did not qualify because of political disabilities. One of the most successful planters of the state, he was a scientific tiller of the soil. His plantations were models and object lessons to the farmers of Georgia. On public matters, he was widely informed and was a man of strong convictions. In 1883, Governor McDaniel appointed him a member of the capitol commission to supervise the erection of the present state house in Atlanta. This building is one of the handsomest in the Union; and what is still more gratifying to the people of Georgia, in this age of graft, is that a structure so magnificent was actually built within the original appropriation. General

Cook, in 1890, became Georgia's Secretary of State, holding this position until his death, in 1894. He left to Georgia a record unsullied and unstained.

Four years later, his distinguished son, of the same name, Hon. Philip Cook, after serving with credit in the state senate became Secretary of State. He defeated, in his race for this office, the veteran Mark Hardin, long the popular clerk of the Georgia house of representatives. As Secretary of State, Mr. Cook enjoyed an unbroken tenure of service, for a period of twenty years, during which time the duties of the office were more than doubled. He might have held this high position for an indefinite term, but fidelity to official trust overtaxed his strength. He took no vacations.

With only one exception, his occupancy of this high office is the longest in the annals of the state. Colonel Nathan Barnett kept the Great Seal for twenty-six years, but his tenure of service was divided into three periods, the longest of which was for seventeen years, falling short of Mr. Cook's. Courteous, unpretentious, genial, efficient —the last of the line to illustrate this name in Georgia was worthy of his predecessors, a man of the highest character, who served the state well and who possessed the love of all. Seldom does it happen in any state that three men of the same name attain to great distinction; and it fittingly recalled the services of all three when the legislature, at its session in 1917, created a new county to bear the honored name of Cook.

THE SAGE OF MONROE.

Thirty three years ago—this November 11, 1919—Henry D. McDaniel retired from the governorship, one of the ablest of Georgia's long line of chief-executives. Today, at his home in Monroe, the old governor is still living, a youth in heart at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. His figure is still tall and erect, like a pine on the Blue Ridge—his intellect still clear as a crystal—his eye undimmed—his

interest in the world about him undimished. Best of all, his help-mate—the sweet companion of more than half a century—is still spared to him; and, except for the fact that silver threads are among the gold, all of the tenderness of an old romance still remains.

On the retired list? Not for a moment.

Governor McDaniel is still one of the busiest men in the state of Georgia—an active factor in its financial, industrial, political, educational, religious and social affairs. Methodical? Yes. He never does anything out of its time—is given to no spectacular displays of haste—is never excited; but there are few men in the state who can pack more of solid work into twelve hours of day-light—few men who can match him either as a shrewd financier or as a profound lawyer. Often eloquent—he is always sure of his ground.

At eighty-three he is still chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia.

In vigor of mind and in strength of body, he is a companion-piece to Gladstone who, at the same age, was Prime Minister of England.

Since Governor McDaniel left the executive chair, in 1886, ten governors have taken the oath of office—John B. Gordon, William J. Northen, William Y. Atkinson, Allen D. Candler, Joseph M. Terrell, Hoke Smith, Joseph M. Brown, John M. Slaton, Nathaniel E. Harris and Hugh M. Dorsey. Five of these—Gordon, Northen, Atkinson, Candler and Terrell—have passed behind the scenes.

Besides, during this interval of thirty-three years, he has seen a number of his predecessors in office depart this life—Herschel V. Johnson, Thomas H. Ruger, Rufus B. Bullock, James M. Smith, Alfred H. Colquitt and James S. Boynton.

But, while younger men have fallen, he is still spared.

When Governor McDaniel was born, in 1836, the Cherokee Indians were still in Georgia. Atlanta was not on the map. There was only a single habitation on the site of the present capital. It was a pioneer settler's log cabin. Though born at the close of the Creek war, he was permitted to witness four others in which his country was engaged—

the Mexican war, the war between the states, the Spanish-American war, and the European war. One of these he witnessed in the uniform of a Confederate Major. The iron horse was still a novelty in 1836. Today the continent is a net-work of steel. Eighty years ago, most of the cooking in this country was done in an open fire-place; and Governor McDaniel, when a boy, was familiar with the old-fashioned crane, around which the kitchen activities revolved. The stove was still an innovation.

But since then— what miracles of achievement have passed in review before the old Governor's eye? Its bare recital reads like a yarn of Sinbad the Sailor.

Despite an impediment of speech, he achieved eloquence, became a powerful advocate, and won the highest civic honor within Georgia's gift.

At twenty-five, Governor McDaniel was a member of the Secession Convention at Milledgeville, its youngest member; today he is perhaps its sole surviver.

Before assuming executive office, he wrote into the statute books of Georgia, a number of laws, all of which have stood the acid test.

On the death of Governor Stephens, in 1883, he was chosen by the people of Georgia to succeed the Great Commoner; and was re-elected in 1884. He was the last governor to complete his term of office in the old capitol building on Marietta Street. It was Governor McDaniel who headed the famous Commission, by which the erection of the present state capitol was supervised.. One of the very few public buildings in the world to be erected within the original appropriation, this structure is a monument not only to the uprightness of character, to the business acumen, and to the watchful oversight of Governor McDaniel, but also to his sagacity in selecting men of his own rare stamp for this high trust.

The Sage of Monroe. This is a phrase which aptly describes Governor McDaniel. For his neighbors and friends—he has always been an oracle of wisdom. Successful in every task to which he has put his hands—in every investment to which he has committed his funds—the

old governor's judgment is proverbial; and this, re-enforced by his integrity of character, has given him the confidence of his fellow-citizens, to a degree seldom realized. Sagacious, far-sighted, open-minded and honest, his counsel is eagerly sought in all matters, political, financial, even religious. Such a character is priceless in its example to the commonwealth. His life is a benediction—his influence a safe-guard—his very name a tower of defence, a rampart and a bulwark. Here's to Governor McDaniel. May health and strength be vouchsafed to him, for many years to come. Long may his sunset linger upon the western hills.

IMMORTALITY

Centuries ago, when the human race was an infant cradled between the Tigris and the Euphrates, this question was raised by the old patriarch of Uz:

"If a man die shall he live again?"

In the opening floweret—in the tints of sunrise—in the spectacle of the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis of the dead caterpillar—in the miracle of the tender shoot bursting from the furrow—the human heart has eagerly sought for an answer to this riddle of the ages.

It was on the old Chaldean plain that the query was first propounded.

But the feverish cry has traveled far afield since then, and from every cliff and scar has resounded the anxious echo:

"If a man die shall he live again?"

The question has been asked in every dialect and patois of the world's myriad tongues.

It has engrossed the scholar among his books and has puzzled the savage amid his solitudes.

It has claimed the child's first serious thought and the graybeard's last conscious moment.

But the New Testament has answered the question with an empty tomb on the hillside and with a divine voice in the air:

"I am the resurrection and the life."

If the skeptic be unconvinced by the proofs of Holy Writ, let him turn to the master minds which have brooded upon this problem, and be assured of the immortality of the soul.

Let him consult Plato, who has deduced it from reason; or Sir Isaac Newton, who has verified it by mathematics; or Joseph LeConte, who has deciphered it in the rocks; or Kepler and Humboldt, who have found it lettered upon the stars.

Those of us who have read "The Spectator," will recall in this connection the lines of Addison:

> "Plato, thou reasonest well
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
> This longing after immortality?
> Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
> Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
> Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
> 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us
> 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
> And intimates eternity to man."

But perhaps no modern writer has dealt with a touch of fancy more exquisite or with a power of logic more convincing upon the doctrine of the soul's future existence than has Victor Hugo, the immortal French novelist and statesman.

To the intellect of the man who created Jean Valjean the future life was not a dream, but a reality— not a myth, but a fact.

With the following fragment from one of his great speeches we close. Said he:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down, the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say that the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at

twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others: 'I have finished my day's work.' But I can not say: 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn."

This doctrine of the future life permeates all the writings of the Bard of Avon. No mere figment of the brain to him was "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." It puzzled the weary Hamlet. It made even Falstaff babble of green fields; and it comforted the dying Shakespeare when to the keeping of his Maker he committed his immortal soul in trust.

It was the faith of Dante and Petrarch, of Goethe and Schiller, of Sir Isaac Newton, the great astronomer; of Kepler and Humboldt; of Gladstone and Havelock; of Lincoln and Lee.

But why lengthen the list? To quote again the soliloquy of Cato:

> "The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
> At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

EASTER—"THE LESSON OF THE LILIES."

The lenten days are at last over. Once more the Easter lilies, fresh and fragrant from God's own hand, are here. The white-robed missionaries of the field are welcome. For

—in the unwritten language of love—in the mysterious syllables of silence—they have come to make the pulse of the feverish old world bound with an ecstasy of joy to the hope-inspiring message—

"He is risen!"

Today all of Christendom stands at the open tomb of Joseph of Arimathea outside the city walls.

And the Marys are not alone in bearing spices to anoint the body of the Lord.

But let us not forget that the pioneer evangels of the Risen Christ were women—commissioned in the gray twilight of the world's first Easter dawn—

"And the angel answered and said unto the women: Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, who was crucified. * * * Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead; and behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; there ye shall see Him; lo! I have told you."

With all due reverence for the consecrated man of God, it is largely upon the shoulders of womankind that the cross of Christ has been borne in triumph to the ends of the earth.

Woman was Christianity's friend from the start.

> "Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung,
> Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave;
> Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

Motherhood's knee is still the purest and holiest altar of the faith, and "Now I lay me down to sleep" the stoutest and strongest ocean cable which grips the world to the Rock of Ages.

The infidel scoffs at the miracle of the vacant tomb. But unless the Lord of Life had risen from the dead, Christianity could not have traveled a day's journey beyond the gates of Jerusalem, and the world-wide sway and power of the gospel in the twentieth century is an argument for the resurrection which the logic of skepticism can not refute.

If it were necessary for Christ to die "the just for the unjust" it was also necessary for Him to rise again in new-

ness of life to become "the first fruits of them that slept." For a Calvary without an Easter would have been a night without a morning—a cross without a crown—a requiem without a ransom—a sigh without a song.

Eloquent will be the messages which will come this Eastertide from the world's pulpits—sweet and joyous the anthems which will leap from the organ keys of the great cathedrals to resound through the fretted arches.

But what can better voice the heart's gratitude or better typify the divine miracle itself than the emancipated earth smiling in the resurrection robes of spring?

In a sense every flowret which bursts the cerements of winter and steps forth into the glad sunlight is a preacher of the doctrine of immortality—every snow-white blossom is an angel at the door of the sepulchre—and every vagrant violet an evangel of the meek and lowly Nazarene whose feet once pressed the fields of Galilee.

"If a man die shall he live again?"

The puzzling question of the old patriarch of Uz has been the heart's cry for the ages.

When the Spaniard sought the fountain of youth, he only typified the feverish thirst of the human soul for the well-springs of eternal life.

But this riddle of riddles—this strange enigma of life after death which neither sage nor seer could solve and which baffled even the philosophy of Plato is unraveled at last by the empty tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and from the hills of Palestine there comes a voice attuned to Gennesaret's harp of gold:

"I am the resurrection and the life."

JUSTICE TO THE ONION.

(Oct. 11, 1909.)

At the patriarchal age of one hundred and fifteen years Mrs. Rebecca Burns recently completed her earthly pilgrimage at Bellefontaine, Ohio, and the eager searcher after

the secret of long life will probably experience some revulsion of feeling to be told that this good lady feasted on onions twice a day and attributed her wonderful health to this savory article of diet.

The onion is not an aristocrat. Perhaps it is the least respected member of the vegetable kingdom; and no doubt the wonderful record registered by Mrs. Burns has suggested the flippant inquiry: Is it worth while to reach the century mark when the breath of life is reinforced in this manner?

From time immemorial the onion has been the butt of the world's ridicule.

Few poets have sung its praises. Few orators have apostrophized it in debate. Few painters have glorified it on canvas. It has furnished no inspiration whatever to the sculptor's chisel.

But the onion is nevertheless man's friend.

On being subjected to chemical analysis it is found to contain the elements which are most essential to health. It is the best nervine known. In cases of bodily exhaustion it quickly imparts tone to the worn out system. As a laxative it is almost unrivaled. As a sleep producer it acts like a charm.

In ancient times there was a famous ointment called "Devil's Mustard" which was supposed to remove tumors and to cure cancers. It was compounded of olive oil and garlic.

Onion juice is said to be an excellent tonic for the hair.

The Roman Emperor Nero dined on leeks, believing that this article of food produced salutary effects upon the voice; and his musical accomplishments are well known to the student of classic antiquities.

Without the least suggestion of humor, Lord Bacon tells us of the man who was sustained for days by the smell of onions.

It was Pliny who recommended garlic for mental ailments.

These citations which are made at random show that the

onion has been enlisted in the service of mankind from the very earliest times.

According to Herodotus, garlic was the daily food of the Egyptian laborer.

And when the Jews left Egypt and began to experience the pangs of hunger in the wilderness they longed for the delicate morsels which they enjoyed in Egypt; and they complained to Moses:

"We remember the fish which we did freely eat in Egypt, the cucumbers and the leeks and the onions and the garlic."

Perhaps the secret of longevity among the Jews is in some way connected with the fact that they have always been firm believers in this nitrogenous plant.

But to find the original habitat of the onion we must go back to the cradle of the human race between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

For it was imported into Egypt from this primitive seat before the first pyramid began to overlook the Nile.

So much for the onion.

In an humble way it has been both food and medicine. It has kept famine and distress from the poor man's hovel. It has ministered to Dives in the palace and to Lazarus on the steps.

But we have caused it to wear the livery of the servant. We have awarded it no vesture of honor and we have treated it like we treat the beast of burden which bears our heavy packs only to receive our insults.

OUR FRIEND, THE MULE.

(Oct. 5, 1910.)

The disposition to overlook our humble friends is an infirmity from which few of us are exempt.

Let prosperity come and old acquaintances are straightway forgotten.

In many instances these tabooed friends of ours have been the obscure factors to which we are indebted for Dame Fortune's favors.

But what boots it—after we have risen?

Within the next few days society in Georgia's capital will turn out en masse to witness the Atlanta Horse Show. In the blaze of electric lights the Kentucky thoroughbreds will pace the the arena of the new auditorium. The equine will be the hero of the hour; and for the time being some of us who sit in the boxes will be lulled into forgetfulness of the fact that we ever pulled the bell rope over the hurricane deck of our erstwhile friend—the mule.

Going back, then, to rural felicity not a few of us, from our own personal experience, could narrate a story similar to the one which Irwin Russell has put into dialect. We quote these lines from his famous poem entitled "Nebuchadnezzar:"

"You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
    I'se a-holdin' of de lines.
You better stop dat prancin'
You's powerful fond ob dancin'
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
    Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look here mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
  On your ugly stubbo'n back
You needn't try to steal up
An' lift dat precious heel up
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
    You has sir, fur a fac.'

Dar, dat's de way to do it
He's comin' right down to it
Jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
    Dis nigger ain't no fool
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him:
    You must reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger
    He would, I tell you. Yes, sah!

See how he keeps a clickin'
He's as gentle as a chicken
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more's a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin!
De beast was spiled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

Moral: the mulé is an uncertain proposition. But, in all seriousness, have you thought of what civilization owes to this much-abused animal?

If national prosperity depends upon the man who drives the team afield—then in the last analysis it is the mule who carries upon his back the great burden of finance.

He is the motive power of agriculture.

The wheels of commerce will not turn without him.

In time of war it may be the splendid charger who is awarded the honors of battle, but upon the mule devolves the no less heroic task of drawing the huge iron mortars —of bearing the supplies of food and ammunition which are needed to win victories.

And many an engagement in which the prowess of the horse has been proclaimed has really been won by the mule.

We have read of "Bucephalus," the splendid war horse which was ridden by Alexander of Macedon.

We have read of "Traveler," the magnificent steed which bore General Lee.

But so far as we have any acquaintance with literature no historian or poet has wasted any praises upon the mule.

Is it not time to right this ancient wrong and to render belated justice to an animal which for centuries has uncomplainingly borne the packs of the world's progress?

Is it not time for Nebuchadnezzar to be getting something besides fodder?

So here's to man's fast friend, who—if he lack "the boast of heraldry"—has never at least refused to render his meed of honest toil—the mule.

FIDO—THE REAL HERO OF THE POLAR CONQUEST.

(Sept. 22, 1909.)

In awarding due honors for the discovery of the north pole, we should not allow the unfortunate difference between Cook and Peary to make us forgetful of the fact that some degree of credit must be given to the dumb animals who pulled the sledges of both exploring parties over the bleak fields of snow.

So, here's to the polar dogs!

Whatever may have been the part which either Cook or Peary has actually played in this melodrama of the arctic, there can be no difference of opinion concerning the roles which were played by the faithful canines.

Without the unerring instincts of these dumb creatures —their ability to withstand the intense cold of the arctic belt and their wonderful powers of endurance—the conquest of the earth's apex could never have been accomplished.

For the polar dogs, therefore, there is no bone of contention.

It will not be necessary to summon any high court of the Sanhedrin to pass judgment upon the claims of Fido.

The whole scientific world is a unit when it comes to the speechless members of the two expeditions.

Both the champions of Cook and the partisans of Peary are agreed upon this much at least.

Respect for the dog, who has once more shown himself to be man's fast friend, will be heightened wherever the story of this latest achievement is chronicled.

The devotion of Sir Walter Scott to his shaggy compan-

ions is familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the life of the famous wizard of the north.

On the handsome gothic monument which commemorates the great novelist in the city of Edinburgh, his dog crouching in an attitude of guardianship at his feet, has been most appropriately chiseled by the sculptor.

Even in death the dog is still faithfully on the guard—watching his master's immortality.

Over the grave of his dog at Newstead Abbey, Byron erected a shaft of marble, and, recalling in bitter irony his lack of steadfast friends, he cut into the face of the stone this line:

"I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Alexander H. Stephens was seldom too busy with the cares of state to visit the kennels at Crawfordville.

One of his favorite dogs was named Rio—an intelligent animal to whom the great statesman was peculiarly attached; and when this loyal little companion of his quiet life at Liberty Hall was taken from him, he caused a memorial to be erected over the animal's grave, for which his half-brother, Linton Stephens, wrote the epitaph, which ran thus:

Rio;
Here Rest the Remains
Of What in Life Was a Satire on the Human Race
And an Honor to His Own—
A Faithful Dog.

This tribute of Mr. Stephens to his dog recalls the remark which was made by his bodyguard when the great commoners came to Atlanta to be inaugurated governor:

"Mars Aleck is kinder ter dogs than most people is ter folks."

Perhaps the greatest speech ever delivered by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, was delivered upon the dog.

It is one of the classics of the court room.

And when the powerful arguments which the Missourian made upon government questions in the senate of the United States are forgotten, his plea before the jury for his friend, the dog, will still be fresh in the minds of his *fellow* countrymen.

In the Swiss mountains there is no telling how many human lives the Saint Bernard dogs have been the means of saving.

The Alps themselves are perhaps the only fit monuments which can commemorate the heroism of these brave animals.

With the keenest of nostrils they snuff the air—with the swiftest of feet they go bounding over the snows—with the most unwearied of paws they upturn the fleecy mantle of white, until at last the body of the submerged traveler is reached.

And they well deserve to share in the veneration which the world pays to the pious monks.

The old adage needs to be revised. It is no longer in good taste nor in strict keeping with the facts of history for us to consign our enemies to the dogs. In numberless cases it amounts to promotion.

For before some men can associate on terms of equality with dogs they will first have to serve an apprenticeship to Fido.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

(Dec. 19, 1908.)

It is one of the ironies of fate that the poet from whose pen has come the immortal lyric of the hearthstone was himself a roving outcast—a homeless wanderer.

The world remembers the pathetic story of John Howard Payne.

Broken in health and reduced in fortune, the poor American exile found himself in the throbbing heart of the great city of London. Between his publishers,—who allowed him little,—and his creditors,—who came to see him often,—the penniless poet was in sore straits. The Atlantic ocean separated him from kith and kin. He felt the acutest sense of isolation—the bitterest pang of loneliness.

Perhaps no solitude is more oppressive than the solitude of great cities—the solitude which broods in the repellant looks of the unsympathetic multitudes. It is the heart's

Sahara. Bereft of all other consolation, Payne seized the harp; and lightly he touched the strings.

But not in vain.

For the fire of inspiration was in the poet's soul; and. on the banks of the River Thames, from the aching heart of an humble exile, leaped the hearthstone melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

Today it is the song of the millions. It gladdens the heart of the king. It charms the ear of the peasant. It constitutes the liquid bar that welds the hemispheres. It forms the rhythmic wreath that belts the earth.

It is the music that sings to us of mother. It is the warbler that wakens for us the laughter of little children. It is the minstrel that makes us forget the disappointments and the heart-aches of life—that takes us back to the homestead on the hills—that weaves about us the fantastic shadows of the old oak trees!

Aye, it tilts to our fevered lips:

> "The old oaken bucket—the moss-covered bucket—the iron-bound bucket that hung in the well."

Home! Not its possession, but its want. Not its enjoyment, but its need. Was there ever such another paradox? But unless the song had been wrung from the heart of the singer it could never have melted the heart of the cold world or sweetened the march of the centuries!

Who of us is so immersed in the cares of business or so hardened by the grind of daily toil that we can not find in this magic word, Home, a charm beyond the spell of amulets?

Home! Home!

The very name itself is an anthem in an acorn!

Composed of only four letters of the English alphabet, it is one of the simplest words known to the tongue of Tennyson and Shakespeare It takes but a breath to voice it. It takes but a stroke to write it. But an ocean plummet can not sound its crystal depth of meaning. It has been

the theme of all artists. It has been the dream of all poets. It has been the burden of all songs. It has been the inspiration of all heroic thoughts and deeds and lives.

We may not realize perchance what home means to us until seas and mountains separate us from our loved ones—perchance not until sickness and misfortune come—perchance not until the Dreaded Shadow falls upon the threshold and the Raven croaks above the bust of Pallas. But when some tie is snapped and some link is broken and some chair is vacant at the fireside, then we realize that the cords which bind us to the homestead are knotted in the bosom's core and center—then we realize that the poet sang for us and sang for all the world when he sang beside the Thames:

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' I may roam,
> Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

Home! Home!

To define this simple English word is to exhaust the resources of metaphor.

It is the charmed center of all existence. It is the golden axle-tree around which all industry—all thought—all feeling rotates. It is the casket of humanity's crown jewels. It is the hive of love's sweet honey-comb for which we hoard and hope and hunger. It is the haven of retreat to which we turn our footsteps when the labors of the day are over. It is our bivouac on the march. It is our well-spring in the desert. It is the anchor which keeps our ships from drifting out to sea. It is the compass which keeps our rudders true to heaven. It is the voice which calls to us across the waters—growing louder and clearer and sweeter with the deepening twilight: "Home, Sweet Home!"

When the soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers, it was not the country spread out upon the map to which his feverish fancies wandered back. It was the vine-clad hills of Bingen.

So patriotism in its last analysis is the love of home.

God give us happy homes—pure homes!

They may be humble enough; but if love be in them, they will keep the ship of state anchored in serene and peaceful waters. No blot will stain the flag. The laws of the country will be framed in wisdom and upheld in honor. The statesman will be steadfast in the forum. The soldier will be valiant in the field. The sentinel upon the watch-tower will be faithful in the hour of danger; and all will be well with the republic.

Bless the dear old Angel-Saxon
For the words he formed so well:
Little words, the nectar-waxen
Harvest of a honey-cell,
Sealing all a summer's sweetness
In a single syllable;
But of all his quaint word-building,
The queen cell of all the comb
Is that dear old Saxon mouthful,
Dear old Saxon heartful: Home.

OLD MAMMY'S MONUMENT.

(May 7, 1910.)

While the proposition to erect a monument to the old negro mammy of ante-bellum days comes long after the dear old soul has donned her golden slippers, it has nevertheless touched an answering chord in the universal heart of the South.

The movement looking toward an appropriate memorial of some kind in honor of this unique type of foster-motherhood is well under way, and the capital of the nation has been selected as the proper site for the proposed shaft. At the seat of government it will be seen by the largest number of visitors. It will give emphasis to the unwritten but essential part which she really bore in national affairs and it will put upon record at the republic's core and center an expression of the South's kindliness of feeling toward this typical product of the old regime in Dixie.

Much that is beautiful and tender in the old civilization which existed at the South in ante-bellum days centered about the old negro mammy. She was a power on the plantation. Not only from the occupants of the quarters, but from the inmates of the big house, she exacted the respect which was due to one of her station. No scion of the blood royal was ever prouder. She possessed an aspect which was almost imperial, and she actually did belong to the privileged class. Her word was law. No queen or duchess ever wore her coronet more regally than she wore her turban; and no lioness ever fought for her young with an indifference to danger so pronounced or with an exhibition of courage so marked as she brought to the care of the infant in her arms.

At the expense of the old negro mammy not an unkind word has ever escaped the lips of one over whose cradle she ever crooned a lullaby or into whose ear she ever breathed a tale of Brer Rabbit.

She nursed "the gentleman of the old school," whose like the world will probably never see again.

Nor can it be said that her influence was unfelt in the councils of the government when she held the hand of him who wrote the Declaration of Independence and rocked "the forest-born Demosthenes" who kindled the fires of the Revolution.

If you wish to see an old Confederate soldier's eye grow moist, just touch some tender spring of recollection which will conjure up before him the black face of his negro mammy; and the tear which will sparkle upon his lash will tell you that her memory is an abiding influence upon him still.

Old mammy is enshrined today in millions of Anglo-Saxon hearts.

Of course, in an age of utilitarianism there will be some to speak disparagingly of the proposed movement; but few of the old veterans will be among the number.

And the poorest of them will be glad to contribute his mite to this fund.

Through the shadows of more than fifty years the black

hands still reach to them—above the roar of the market place they can still hear the music which the black lips used to sing—and if the old negro mammy is not upon the banks to greet them when they reach at last the water's edge, her cradle songs will surely accompany them to the shining marge of the Better Land.

MARK TWAIN: HUMANITY'S FRIEND.

(April 23, 1910.)

Mark Twain is dead! The message which the wires on last Thursday evening flashed to the four corners of the globe sounds like a contradiction. It puts laughter and grief together—makes life and death synonymous terms—and brings into harmony two hostile thoughts which are seemingly as far apart as the very poles of the heaven.

For nearly half a century Mark Twain was an evangelist of mirth.

He literally went everywhere preaching the gospel of sunshine.

The shadows which this one man has lifted from cheerless firesides—the wrinkles he has smiled away—the heartaches he has healed with the balm of merriment—it will take the arithmetic of eternity to tell.

But let us face the solemn fact—

Today, among the Elmira hills, all that is mortal of Samuel L. Clemens is folded in the deep sleep which knows no pulse-beats.

The summons was not sudden. For weeks before the end came it was evident that he was nearing the mysterious border. It was his wish to die amid familiar scenes that brought him home some time ago from the island of Bermuda. We were told by the press dispatches then that he could not last long. But what amount of preparation can make us willingly relinquish the voices which have charmed us?

Over the lifeless form of this gentlest of the jesters it is

most appropriate that the world should bend an April sky.

To his grave it is fitting that the spring should come with her apron full of flowers.

Eyes unused to weeping will pay him copious tribute; but the tears which will flash him an affectionate farewell are the only ones he ever caused.

Nor will the creator of Tom Sawyer and of Huckleberry Finn be soon forgotten.

If he had written nothing else these books alone would embalm him in the sweetest of immortalities.

But most of his volumes will survive him. They form part of the common treasure of the English-speaking race. They enrich the literature for which Shakespeare dramatized and Carlyle thought and Tennyson sung; and when the very names of his critics are shrouded in the darkness they will still be fresh and fragrant with the dew.

Everything which he wrote was typically American.

And the versatility of his genius is well attested by the variant phases of human nature which received treatment from his pen.

He ran the whole gamut of the emotions.

But the predominant note of his writings was the humorous.

It was also the mirthful vein which gave character to his after-dinner speeches, and he was perhaps more frequently importuned than any man in the country to attend banquets, but he accepted only on rare occasions.

As a story-teller he was rivaled by few and surpassed by none.

If nature ever made an honest man she stamped her patent upon Mark Twain.

Like Sir Walter Scott, he shouldered a debt amounting to hundreds of thousands rather than permit the least stain to rest upon his personal honor.

In the end he paid every penny of the colossal sum for which he became involved by the failure of his publishers.

Had he been less scrupulous he could have compromised with his creditors.

But he scorned to take what belonged to some one else. No dirty shilling ever adhered to his palm.

For many years the great humorist lived abroad. But whether in Vienna or in London, he was a sovereign among his peers. In both capitals he was lionized by the masses and flattered by the courts.

He was free from the envy which embitters little minds.

When the rise of Rudyard Kipling's star began seemingly to threaten his own ascendancy as the favorite of two hemispheres he assumed toward his rival an attitude of congratulation.

And at a banquet which was given to the latter in London he made his celebrated pun. Said he:

"Since the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family have been united in Kipling, let me indulge the hope that they will never be parted in Twain."

It was one of the characteristic flashes of his wit. Like sheet lightning, his brilliant repartees always illuminated; but they carried no fiery dart.

It may seem anomalous, but there have been few great humorists who have not known great sorrow. Charles Lamb and Tom Hood were the merriest of the king's jesters. But it was literally with aching hearts that they taught the world to laugh.

Mark Twain was not an exception to this rule.

He could well say with the distracted queen of Denmark:

> "One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
> So fast they follow."

Trouble, like everything else, seemed to love him. Sorrow as well as joy was his bosom friend.

He often knelt at midnight in the darkness; but he wore the morning on his brow.

It was only the oil of joy which he scattered broadcast. The thorns he kept for himself, but the roses he gave to all.

Dixieland feels a mother's love for Mark Twain. It was in the state of Missouri that his boyhood days were spent, and on the Mississippi river that his earliest cargoes were embarked.

No one more charmingly than he has portrayed the languorous life of the old South.

He became in after years a citizen of the world; and if he lost to some extent his provincial mannerisms, it was nevertheless the subtle spell of his native skies which he wove into his pages and cast upon his readers. He was bound to us still by the silken tie of sunbeams.

The depth of his affections is nowhere shown to better purpose than in the tender lines which he dedicated to his wife, who died in Italy some few years ago.

They will do to place beside the tribute which Landor paid to "Rose Aylmer"—the idol of his dreams.

But we forbear to trespass longer upon grief.

The world will be darker for days and days to come because of the going down of this man's sun.

Little children will be less happy on the playground.

The very birds of the air will miss him.

But better it is for Mark Twain. His long day's work is done. His well earned rest has come with the eventide. At last he sleeps.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs his sweet repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

ANDREW JOHNSON—FROM TAILOR TO PRESIDENT.

(June 7, 1909.)

One of the most dramatic careers in American history was recalled to mind by the formal dedication at Greenville, Tenn., on Monday last of the national burial ground which bears the name of the seventeenth president of the United States—

Andrew Johnson.

For thirty-five years the grass has covered his almost forgotten grave in this quiet little village of the dead.

Around him on every side loom the peaks of the Blue Ridge. But not less rugged were the angular outlines of his checkered life. For there was much in his character which suggested an intimate resemblance to his native mountains.

Fate was both kind and cruel to this extraordinary man. At times she stroked him with a glove of velvet. Again, she scourged him with a lash of scorpions. She lifted him to the very highest round of the ladder of fortune—giving him the office which was filled by the martyred Lincoln; but she made him shoulder his cross of anguish and walk the "Via Dolorosa."

It is doubtful if there ever lived a man who was more signally honored or more bitterly reviled than Andrew Johnson.

In the long line of presidents reaching from Washington to Taft, he is the solitary exception among the occupants of the Federal white house to be arraigned before the bar of the senate on an issue of impeachment.

By a single vote he escaped the brand of conviction.

But we must bear in mind the violent passions and the stubborn misunderstandings which vexed this turbulent era of reconstruction.

There was too much fever heat in the blood to admit of calm pulse-beats.

Luckily the deciding ballot was cast in judicial moderation; and posterity, without being blind to the faults of the defendant, has ratified and indorsed the verdict.

It is wholly impossible to contemplate the career of this extraordinary man without being impressed with the opportunities for distinction which are offered by our free institutions to the very humblest youth in the land.

Born of obscure parentage and bred to manual labor, this plain man of the people began life in the role of a village tailor. He was ignorant of the common rudiments of an English education. But he chose the right woman to be his helpmeet; and thanks to this gentle daughter of the Tennessee mountains, who guided his awkward pen, and taught him to unlock the treasuries of his mother tongue, he was soon able to discard the local vernacular.

Moreover, his ambition was fired. He gained admission to the bar; and from law he turned to politics. He became an orator of national reputation and an oracle of consummate wisdom. His fellow-citizens were only too proud to honor the man who had overcome such handicaps; and sustaining himself with splendid credit in the state legislature, he was sent for eight years to congress.

On account of the sharp issues of this period he naturally developed some opposition; and, knowing how strongly he was intrenched in his own district, an effort was made to defeat him by gerrymandering the state. But he boldly met the challenge by successfully making the race for governor of Tennessee; and later he was sent to the senate of the United States.

The gathering war clouds found him an emphatic unionist. Because of his stubborn resistance to secession and his refusal to acquiesce in the majority sentiment of his state upon the issues of the conflict, he was appointed by Mr. Lincoln in 1862 war governor of Tennessee. Events tended to make him the most conspicuous figure upon the Southern horizon in Republican politics; and when the party met in national conclave in 1864 he received the nomination for vice-president. It was an effort to weaken the arm of the Confederacy and to win converts from the dismayed camp of Dixie following the disaster at Gettysburg.

Then rang the assassin's shot in Ford's theater.

Abraham Lincoln, by the infamous act of a madman,

was removed from the public stage and Andrew Johnson was sworn into office by Chief Justice Chase.

The tailor of Greenville had become the president of the United States.

But he was destined to pay an exorbitant price for the presidential honors. He was no longer popular at the South because of his avowed determination "to make treason odious." Yet it was the moderation of his policy toward the South which aroused the enmity of his party in congress, which resulted in the atrocious military measures of reconstruction and which finally culminated in an effort to disgrace him by process of impeachment.

The position which Andrew Johnson took was that since secession was never legally recognized, the seceding states were already within the Union; but congress was bent upon declaring them to be without the Union, until they had ratified the constitutional amendments and swallowed the unwelcome pill of negro suffrage.

In the light of subsequent developments the position of Andrew Johnson has been vindicated.

When he left the presidential chair in 1869 he was in temporary eclipse. Twice he was defeated for public office —first for governor of Tennessee and afterwards for United States senator. At last he was honored with the toga. But his health was broken; his brow was furrowed; his head was bent. Andrew Johnson was no longer the same man; and in 1875 the sod of Tennessee pressed the nerveless bosom of the old statesman.

Then came the years of forgetfulness.

But on Monday of last week ten thousand people flocked into Greenville to do him honor. Over all the country roads the wagons began at daybreak to race into the little mountain town. The North was there. The South was there. And not a word of bitterness was spoken. Andrew Johnson was upon the heights again!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE MAN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

(Feb. 12, 1909.)

The smoke has lifted. Another generation has come upon the scene since 1865; and babes who were not born when the Stars and Bars went down in tragic eclipse are passing the line of the meridian. For even the youngest child whose cradle was rocked amid the convulsions of the great Civil war period the westering rays have commenced to slant; and upon most of the participants in the great iron conflict the sun of life has already set.

In both sections of the country the traditions of heroism —the achievements of valor—the fidelity to principle which characterized alike the Blue and the Gray are still sacredly cherished—but the bitterness is gone.

At the North there is hourly growing an unfeigned admiration for Robert E. Lee; and no higher tributes have been paid to the genius, to the soldiership and to the character of the great Virginian than have fallen from the lips of Northern men.

President Roosevelt, in his "Life of Benton," has declared that Lee was the greatest soldier of the age. Horace Greely and Alexander K. McClure, two of America's foremost editors, have registered the same high eulogium. Charles Francis Adams, who inherits the blood of the old Puritan family of Massachusetts, has put Lee in the very forefront of the modern war captains; and George R. Wendling, the gifted prince-eloquent of the American platform, has predicted that the time is not far distant when the same rays which fall upon the towering monument of Washington will yet gild the marble brow of Lee in the nation's capital.

Nor is this disposition among men of Northern birth to recognize the true nobility of Lee more strikingly an index of the better understanding which the years have brought than is the change which is slowly but surely taking place in the mental attitude of this entire section toward Abraham Lincoln.

Who has forgotten the great speech of Henry W. Grady, delivered before the New England Society of New York in 1886?

The echoes of this eloquent outburst are still ringing in the ears of the whole American people:

"My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me say that he has already come. Great plants are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists—from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood—slow-perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American—the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature the virtues of both were fused and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost."

To this estimate of Mr. Lincoln, which was delivered more than twenty years ago by the inspired prophet and evangel of the New South, no challenge has been offered—no demurrer has been filed.

One of the very finest of the many biographies of the martyred president has come from the pen of Henry Watterson, the brilliant veteran editor of The Courier-Journal; and today no higher tributes will be paid to Mr. Lincoln on this hundredth anniversary of his birth than those which two eloquent Georgia orators—Judge Emory Speer, in New York city, and Congressman William M. Howard, at Decatur, Ga.—will lay upon the bier of the great emancipator.

Mr. Lincoln was himself of Southern origin. He was born in the wilderness stretches of the old Kentucky pioneer belt. It was in an humble log cabin of the backwoods that he first saw the light. It was in hand-to-hand encounter with the bitterest experiences of poverty that his sinews gathered strength; and, in fighting his way from the lowest to the highest station, this stalwart rail-splitter has emphasized the possibilities of brain and character under the benign stimulus of free institutions. He has blazed the way to usefulness and honor for the poor but ambitious lads

of all lands; and he has made the little town of Hodgenville, the Mecca of countless caravans.

While Mr. Lincoln was not of plebian blood, the fact that his boyhood was inured to hardships and privations and that his father was not an owner of slave property may, in part, explain his repugnance for the feudal system of slave labor, in which he possessed no vested rights and interests; and, subsequently, changing his place of abode to the northern banks of the Ohio river, his convictions upon this vital issue of American politics were confirmed by his free-soil environment.

But Mr. Lincoln could not lose the essential elements of kinship which bound him to the people of the South; and, in the cooler and calmer light which has dawned at last upon this section, it is easy to recognize the lovable characteristics of this great man of the common people, who in all his life doubtless never harbored an ungenerous sentiment.

What Burns and Whittier were to the world of song, this unique man was to the world of politics.

It is useless to deny the Providence which molds the great events of history, and the same divine hand which guided the destinies of the young nation undoubtedly raised up this strange man, who, to the utter amazement of all the political seers, defeated William H. Seward, the logical candidate of the anti-slavery hosts, for the presidential office in 1860.

No less a power could have checked the gray battalions or stayed the victorious sword of Lee.

What might have happened had the assassin's bullet been turned aside on the fatal night in Ford's Theater, it may be useless and idle to speculate, but there are few Southern men who doubt that much of the gall of bitterness which characterized the days of reconstruction would have been removed had the life of Mr. Lincoln been spared. He not only knew and understood the South, but he also possessed the breadth of mind and soul which this stern era required. Moreover, his intense love of the Union, which was always greater than his hatred of slavery, would have

made him eager and anxious to pour healing oil upon the wounds of sectional estrangement.

Perhaps no single utterance of Mr. Lincoln better illustrates his entire freedom from the poisonous venom which belongs to little men than the one contained in the final paragraph of the first inaugural:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every home and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The martyrdom of Mr. Lincoln has imparted to his whole life a melancholy tinge; but he was ever a man of kindly humor, of quick and generous sympathies, of genial and sunny comradeship. He was open to approach. He possessed none of the obsequiousness of the time-serving politician. He was above bigotry and bitterness. He voiced the aspirations and spoke the language of the great masses; and this explains why the Gettysburg oration, which was written on a fragment of note paper, has outlived the attic prose of Edward Everett—why the whole American people today vie with each other in paying him affectionate homage and honor.

Atlanta is in the very heart of the South; but on Sunday evening next, at Trinity Methodist church, the Confederate Veterans will unite with the members of the Grand Army of the Republic in paying tribute to Abraham Lincoln.

The invitation has been extended and accepted.

Thus the silent agencies which, for two-score years, have been mantling the green graves have likewise been knitting together the old ties.

The work of reconciliation is almost finished. Only an occasional episode tells of the dying throes of the demon of discord.

For the part which the South took in the great civil conflict she has no apologies to offer. She fought for con-

stitutional freedom. She appealed to the arbitrament of the sword; but, having lost the issue, she returned to the Union which she helped to establish, and to whose muster-roll of immortals she contributed Washington and Jefferson, Monroe and Madison, Marshall and Henry, Jackson and Scott. The Spanish-American war has attested her fidelity to the flag. So,

> "After all,
> One country, brethren, we must rise or fall
> With the Supreme Republic!"

VALE, IK MARVEL.

(Dec. 17, 1908.)

The older generation of book-lovers will feel an acute sense of loss in the death of Donald G. Mitchell, the genial Ik Marvel of American letters.

Crowned with the hoar frosts of four-score and six years, Dr. Mitchell was one of the last survivors of the pioneer school of authors that included Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper and a host of others who have long since joined the choir invisible. To quote the familiar phrase of Dr. Holmes, he became "the last leaf on the tree;" but, down to the close of his long pilgrimage, he was characterized by few of the infirmities which attach to old age.

This was largely because of the fact that, in an age of feverish worry and excitement, he exemplified the philosophy of the simple life.

"Edgewood," his beautiful country seat on the outskirts of New Haven, embodied many of the rural charms which the epic singer of Mantua has so exquisitely embodied in the Georgics.

It is something of a commentary upon the forgetfulness of the times that most of the press dispatches announcing the exit of this gentle spirit have been reduced to the simplest paragraph; and perhaps many will read this editorial comment who have missed the news item altogether.

But such is ever the way of the world.

When the poet-laureate of England passed away ten years ago, a prize fight in the city of New Orleans was the topic of absorbing interest. Consequently there was unlimited space devoted to the minutest details of the fistic battle between the sluggers; but only a line here and a line there begrudgingly given to the glorious Tennyson, who chanted "The Idylls of the King."

However, these inequalities are often righted in the slow progress of the years.

There is a breeziness of wholesome humor and a tropical luxuriance of style about all the writings of Dr. Mitchell. In both of these salient qualities he was perhaps the legitimate successor of the genial optimist of Sunnyside, who has created the immortal character of Rip Van Winkle.

But the books of Dr. Mitchell which are likely to endure the longest are "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor." They were written in the romantic hey-day of early youth, and they are still treasured in many well-selected libraries because of the enduring charm which they possess.

Fare thee well, genial Ik Marvel! Peace to thy spirit in a land whose leaf and flower are fairer even than the rose-tints of thy Reveries!

"LA FAYETTE, WE ARE HERE!"

It was a thrilling moment in history;—a moment into which was fused all the varied elements of the drama;—a moment meted to a Shakespeare's power of imagination—when, at the grave of the great Paladin of Liberty, an American soldier stood with uncovered head and exclaimed in a sentence which electrified two hemispheres—

"La Fayette, we are here!" *

It was a moment, freighted with tremendous consequences not only to France but to Europe, and not only to Europe but to Christendom;—a moment into which was packed a millennium;—a moment in which the bloodiest of wars, Humanity's Armageddon, reached its foreordained

*Words of General Pershing.

pivot;—a moment in which poetic justice, full and final, was rendered to a brave and gallant people;—a moment whose exquisite pathos, too deep for tears, was destined never to be forgotten in the memory of man.

"La Fayette, we are here!"

In those four words—worthy to rank with Caesar's laconic message—America redeemed her pledge to France, discharged in full a debt of honor. In those four words she cancelled an obligation which, since Yorktown, had stood unbalanced upon her ledger. In those four words she erased from her escutcheon an ignoble blot. But, like strains of music from some Aeolian harp, they melted into the very heart of weary France and woke an echo of response from all her bleeding valleys.

It was in the darkest hour of our struggle for independence that La Fayette came to us, like a knight of old. Swift as the wind—careless of consequences—he hastened to us, on Liberty's errand. Born not only to riches but to rank, he put everything aside for Freedom. In his own vessel, he sped to America, to espouse the cause of the colonies and to uphold the arms of Washington. When independence was achieved, he was still on the field of war, to participate in its culminating scenes.

To his grave in France, he carried the scars of battle, received in fighting for our liberties, in what to him was a foreign land. With America's name, his own will be forever linked. On two separate visits to our shores, a grateful people rewarded him with honors. But these were for him, not for France; and, in many a troubled hour, across the seas, she has looked to us in vain. Till now, we have temporized and hesitated; but now, at the head of an invincible army, it is our own knight of chivalry, the heroic General Pershing, who exclaims—

"La Fayette, we are here!"

Never was more of magic's spell contained in the utterance of mortal man;—an ocean condensed into a rivulet;—a century distilled into a syllable of time—an Alexandrian library compressed into a few brief accents of a soldier's tongue. Never was an orator more completely the master

of his theme. Never was an ambassador at court more fittingly the spokesman of a people by whom he was accredited. Methinks the spirits of our martyred boys who, from the trenches, have risen to a golden peace beyond the stars, have greeted the great Paladin with the same joyous salutation—

"La Fayette, we are here!"

Those words will live and linger. Every wave of the sea, which binds France to America, will be vocal with their music, in all time to come; and every pulse of air, which fills the sky between us, will be fragrant with their sweetness. On the wings of the wind—spiced with the mellow perfumes of Autumn—we send to France this message: To the number of two millions, our boys are already there, to fight for the lilies. But, on the sea, in camp, at a myriad places of enlistment, two million more are coming—coming to join our old ally till the lost provinces of the Rhine are restored; till this cruel war ends in a glorious victory, the glad news of which will ascend to La Fayette's soul in Heaven.

NEW ENGLAND'S TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN STATESMANSHIP.

(March 16, 1910.)

Too significant to escape the notice of observant readers was the tribute which Puritan New England paid to the memory of the great nullifier on Saturday (March 12, 1909), when the statue of John C. Calhoun was formally unveiled with impressive ceremonies in Statuary hall, in Washington, District of Columbia.

More emphatically than anything else in years it bespoke an era of the olive branch in American politics.

For, according to most of the historians, John C. Calhoun preached the disruptive philosophy which underlay the doctrine of secession and which resulted in the gigantic cataclysm of 1861.

Among the distinguished New Englanders who took

part in the exercises were Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Representative Samuel W. McCall—both sons of Massachusetts.

They spoke for the commonwealth in which the crusade against African slavery in America was cradled—which produced Charles Sumner and Wendel Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison—which developed the earliest and bitterest antagonism to the so-called "Southern school of statesmanship;" and they spoke in fervent praise of South Carolina's great Calhoun.

It suggested the famous scene in the United States senate in 1830, when Daniel Webster made his celebrated reply to Robert Y. Hayne, on which occasion he spoke of the comradeship which had existed between South Carolina and Massachusetts from the time of the Revolution.

Critics have most savagely assailed Mr. Calhoun for supporting with his keen and subtle powers of logic such a pernicious heresy as the doctrine of nullification.

But the doctrine sprang quite naturally from his viewpoint in regard to state sovereignty; and when we once accept his premises, we can not escape his conclusions.

Moreover, it was in the Hartford convention of 1813 when the second war with England was threatening the commerce of the Puritan commonwealths that the principle of state sovereignty was first coupled with the threat of secession.

Mr. McCall ventures to suggest that it was possibly during Mr. Calhoun's residence in Connecticut that the seed which afterwards bore fruit in this dangerous doctrine of nullification were first planted.

Just read this paragraph. Says Mr. McCall:

"His biographer, Mr. Hunt, tells us that he rarely read poetry, and that when he once essayed to write some verses every stanza began with 'whereas.' His two years spent in Dr. Waddell's 'school fitted him for the junior class at Yale college, from which, after two more years of study, he graduated. He then took a two years' course in a law school in Connecticut.

"Thus, of six years spent at school, he was for four years in the North. We should expect that his residence there would have affected his views upon the great constitutional question with which he was afterwards identified. And this is not at all unlikely, for the theories that were kindred with nullification were probably as rife at that day in Connecticut as they were in South Carolina. And there is evidence that one of his law teachers was of the opinion in 1804 that the time had arrived for New England to separate from the Union.

* * * *

"He believed the state to be sovereign. Our history at that time was full of instances, which might serve him as precedents, where the authority of the central government, as against the states, had been questioned. The Virginia resolutions, which had been drawn by Madison, one of the fathers of the constitution; the Kentucky resolutions, which were the work of Jefferson; the proceedings of the Hartford convention, which had been participated in by nearly all of the New England states, gave basis for the claim that the states might nullify an unconstitutional law of the nation."

With respect to Mr. Calhoun's statesmanship, he pronounced the following deliberate judgment:

"In point of intellect and purity of character, he ranks among the very greatest of our statesmen, and, although his name is more conspicuously identified than any other name with the theory of nullification, a theory to which his extraordinary power of logic gave practical force as a political principle, more than once in critical times he devoted himself to the work of preventing a rupture between the central and the state governments and of maintaining the Union. He was throughout his whole life devoted to his native state. His first recollection was of South Carolina as a completely sovereign republic except for the articles of confederation which had little or no binding force. He was nurtured in the idea that his state was his country, and in his political philosophy his primary allegiance was to her,

and through her he derived his more remote and less affectionate relations with the Federal government."

Senator Lodge devoted the greater part of his speech to the ancestral molds in which the character and intellect of Mr. Calhoun were cast, and incidentally he paid an eloquent tribute to the sturdy and stubborn Scotch-Irish.

Touching upon the compromise of 1850, the last of Mr. Clay's patriotic but futile efforts to keep the antagonistic forces of the government from rushing into disunion, Mr. Lodge said:

"Clay's compromise, as everyone knows, was adopted. There was a brief lull, and then the mighty forces of the age swept it aside and pressed forward into the inevitable conflict.

"I think Calhoun understood all this, which is so plain now and was so hidden then, better than either of his great opponents. If they realized the situation as he did, they at all events did not admit it. Clay, with the sanguine courage which always characterized him, with the invincible hopefulness which never deserted him, gave his last years to his supreme effort to turn aside the menace of the time by a measure of mutual concession. Webster sustained Clay, but with far less buoyancy of spirit or of hope. Thus, just 60 years ago, they all stood together for the last time, these three men who gave their names to an epoch in our history and who typified in themselves the tendencies of the time. Before two years more had passed they had all three gone, and the curtain had fallen on that act of the great drama in which they had played the leading parts. It is a moment in our history which has always seemed to me to possess an irresistible attraction. Not merely are the printed records, the speeches that were then made, and the memoirs, then written of absorbing interest, but the men themselves not only filled but looked their parts, which is far from common in the case of actors in the never-ending drama of humanity. They all look in their portraits as imagination tells us they should look, and I share the

faith of Carlyle in the evidence of portraiture. Over the vigorous, angular and far from handsome features of Henry Clay is spread that air of serenity and of cheerfulness which was one among the many qualities which so drew to him the fervid affection of thousands of men. We can realize, as we look, the fascination which attracted people to him, the charm which enabled him, as one of his admirers said:

> To cast off his friends as the huntsman his pack,
> For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

"A gallant soul, an inspiring leader, a dashing, winning, impulsive nature, brilliant talents—I think one can see them all there in the face of Henry Clay. Turn to the latest portraits of Webster and Calhoun, and you pass into another world. They are two of the most remarkable heads, two of the most striking, most compelling faces in the long annals of portraiture. They are widely different, so far as the outer semblance—piercing, yet somber, eyes looking out from cavernous orbits, the high, intellectual forehead, the stern, strong mouth and jaw, all printed deep with the lines of suffering endured in silence. But if we look again and consider more deeply we can see that there is a likeness between them. The last photographs of Webster, the last portraits of Calhoun, show us a certain strong resemblance which is not, I think, the mere creation of a fancy bred by our knowledge of the time. Both are exceptionally powerful faces. In both great intellect, great force, and the pride of thought are apparent, and both are deeply tragic in expression. It is not the tragedy of disappointment. The shadow of the coming woe fell darkly across their last years, and the tragedy which weighed them down was the tragedy of their country."

In conclusion, Senator Lodge characterized Mr. Calhoun as the greatest man ever contributed by South Carolina to the nation.

As to his intellect, he declared it to be one of the most powerful and far-sighted in the history of American politics.

But the New England senator's most cordial tribute was to his character. Said he:

"We do well to place here a statue of Calhoun. I would that he could stand with none but his peers about him and not elbowed and crowded by the temporarily notorious and the illustrious obscure. His statue is here of right. He was a really great man, one of the great figures of our history. In that he stands out clear, distinct, commanding. There is no trace of the demagogue about him. He was a bold as well as a deep thinker, and he had to the full the courage of his convictions. The doctrines of Socialism were as alien to him as the worship of commercialism. He 'raised his mind to truths.' He believed that statesmanship must move on a high plane, and he could not conceive that mere money-making and money-spending were the highest objects of ambition in the lives of men or nations.

* * * *

"He was one of the most remarkable of men, one of the greatest minds that American public life can show. It matters not that before the last tribunal the verdict went against him, that the extreme doctrines to which his imperious logic carried him have been banned and barred, the man remains greatly placed in our history. The unyielding courage, the splendid intellect, the long devotion to the public service, the pure, unspotted private life are all there, are all here with us now, untouched and unimpaired for after ages to admire."

SAM DAVIS, OF TENNESSEE.

(May 3, 1910.)

The soil of Tennessee is rich in heroic dust. It holds the bones of "Old Hickory," who at the siege of New Orleans defeated the British troops which afterwards fought at Waterloo under Wellington. It pillows the head of Bedford Forrest. It caught the mangled form of Pat Cleburne,

who fell in a hail storm of bullets on the field of Franklin. It is sprinkled all over with the ashes of hardy yeomen who in the adventurous days of the pioneer endured the privations and braved the foes of the wilderness.

But there is not a rood of ground in the whole commonwealth—from the bluffs of the Mississippi River to the slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains—which is not enriched by the grave of a beardless boy who forty-six years ago perished upon the scaffold.

His name was Sam Davis.

On the capitol grounds of Nashville on Thursday last a statue of bronze resting upon a pedestal of Tennessee marble was unveiled to the memory of the martyred youth.

Thousands upon thousands witnessed the impressive ceremonies. Governor Patterson himself delivered the oration and accepted the noble work of art on the part of the state. It was a great speech which Tennessee's chief magistrate delivered. But even more eloquent than the burning words of the orator was the spectacle of the old veteran who elbowed his way through the crowd and, bending heavily on his crutch while he gazed into the smooth face of his comrad,e who stood once more before him, exclaimed with tears in his eyes:

"Thank God, I have lived to see this day."

The story of the life of Sam Davis deserves to be told over and over again. He wore the Confederate uniform; but his lofty contempt of death and his stainless record of honor is a song of heroism which can be set to the national anthem and sung by patriots on the birthday of the flag.

Let us turn to the page on which this stirring narrative is written.

Sam Davis was dispatched with important papers to General Bragg, whose headquarters were at Missionary Ridge. He belonged to a party of scouts under Captain Shaw, in General Cheatham's division; and he was intrusted with this difficult and dangerous commission because he was a man of proven fidelity who was known to be absolutely fearless of danger and an expert horseman.

When some fifteen miles from Pulaski the bold scout was intercepted and captured by a regiment of Kansas troops; and, on being searched, a letter for General Bragg was found in one of his boots, maps and descriptions for fortifications were discovered in his saddle seat and other papers of importance were revealed on his person. It was an ominous hour. But he was fully aware of the risk when he undertook the hazardous errand. So accurate and so important was the information disclosed by the papers that General Dodge, before whom he was brought, suspected that certain secrets of war had been disclosed by one of his own men.

On being questioned by the Union officer, Davis was stoically silent.

"You are young," said General Dodge, "and perhaps you do not fully realize the situation in which you are placed."

But Sam Davis understood. Without the slightest tremor he replied that he fully realized the gravity of the situation and was willing to take the consequences.

Seized with admiration for the bold stripling who could thus defy him, the astonished soldier told the youth that while death was the sentence which the courtmartial was certain to impose if the case went to trial, he was willing to release him if he would only make the desired disclosure.

By simply pronouncing a name Sam Davis could have saved himself from an ignominious death. But it meant a compromise with honor and rather than betray his trust he preferred to keep his counsel. So Sam Davis replied:

"I refuse to answer. There is no power on earth which can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I must die, I will do so feeling that I have done my duty to my country and to my God."

This was the final answer of Sam Davis.

On November 27, 1863, he entered eternity through the gates of martyrdom.

Loyal to the last!

The eve of the fateful day found him writing to his old mother. Except for the gentle woman who bore him upon her bosom there was no wavering on the part of the brave lad—no trembling of the pen. His eyes may have grown moist as her withered face arose before him, but he was bringing no shame on her cheek. She could ever recount with pride the manner in which he had met and vanquished death.

"I must bid you good-bye forever, mother. But I am not afraid to die."

This was his valedictory message to her.

And having written the letter, it is said that he fell asleep.

Side by side with Nathan Hale's let the name of this youth be written on the honor roll of the immortals:

Sam Davis, of Tennessee!

In the language of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, Tennessee may well exclaim: "Behold my jewel!" It is nothing but right that she should rear this statue to his memory on the beautiful grounds of her capitol; for no purer knight ever battled for Arthur and no fairer legend of chivalry was ever hymned by Tennyson in "The Idylls of the King."

WEAR A WHITE ROSE FOR MOTHER.

(May 5, 1909.)

Sunday is Mother's day. By no solemn enactment of the law makers, either state or national, has the day been consecrated. But for months past a sentiment has been quietly crystallizing in favor of a memorial of some kind to motherhood. The beautiful idea has caught the favor of the public to such an extent that in many cities of the continent this coming Sabbath will witness the formal birthday of a custom which is destined to expand into international proportions.

It is the wearing of a white rose for mother.

The emblem is most appropriate. Not only its subtle

fragrance but its immaculate purity suggests to us the holiest of life's relationships. What love is purer than a mother's? It contains no taint of selfishness. Both in essence and in origin it is something divine. It recoils from no sacrifice. It complains of no labor. It outlingers all the other loves of earth.

The father may turn his boy adrift. He may deny him the shelter of the ancestral home. He may disown him before the whole world.

But mother's love is spun of finer silk.

In texture it is even more delicate than the finest thread in Penelope's loom; but it grips us like the cables of the Great Eastern.

The years have sped since we knelt at chilhood's altar to lisp the sweetest of earthly prayers. Some of us are bent beneath the weight of life's burdens. The snows have begun to gather thick. The furrows of care are deep.

But we have found no holier shrine at which to bend than mother's knee.

And the influences of the fireside! Who can weigh or measure them?

We are fated to forget many things. But there are some accents which ring in our ears like the music of silver bells. We hear them above the roar of the loudest cataract. On the darkest day they pour laughter and sunshine into our hearts, and they are sweeter than bugle echoes because they are mother's.

Who can equal the pies which she used to bake?

Or rival the wonderful stories which she was wont to tell on the evenings long ago, when she unlocked for us the realm of the fairies with the mystical key of "once upon a time?"

We have often wandered abroad in the harvest season, but we have scented no musk in the autumn fields which can equal in sweetness the memories of childhood; and the reason is found in one short word, "mother."

Enough.

Whether she be here or yonder—among these blossoms of an earthly springtime or beneath those boughs of fade-

less evergreen—she is with us still in ten thousand hallowed recollections.

Aye, we will wear the white rose for mother.

For when all the keys have been touched and when all the chords have been swept and when all the minstrels have sung, it still remains that the sweetest of life's lingering strains is the one which tells of her—

> And he who fares the best may say
> With him who fares the worst,
> Man's truest sweetheart after all
> Is she who loved him first.

THE DISASTER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[This editorial which appeared in the Georgian, Dec. 20, 1908, called forth a beautiful letter of acknowledgement from the pen of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.]

While the gala events of the holiday season are in full swing (Dec. 20, 1908), and the sprigs of mistletoe still beguile the loitering footsteps of the Old Year, there bursts upon the astonished world the tragic news of the eruption of Mount Etna with the attendant catalogue of horrors.

Midway beween two festivals is poised the demon of ruthless destruction.

The industrious wires have flashed to all quarters of the globe the startling details of this frightful disaster.

And if the accounts are only half true, it is one of the most destructive visitations of modern times.

In the loss of human life, neither the belching of Vesuvius nor the burning of San Francisco can compare with the savage sweep of this latest besom.

Fire and earthquake and flood have combined in a triple alliance to convert one of the fairest beauty spots of the whole earth into a tragic scene of appalling pathos.

The Island of Sicily, which lies some twenty leagues from the toe of the Italian boot, is the tropical gem of the Mediterranean, and the famous old fire-cone whose trail of smoke has for centuries warned sailors far out at sea suggests the descriptive language which Goethe has given to Vesuvius: "A peak of Hell rising out of Paradise."

After more than three decades of comparative quietude, the hungry old death-trap has been sprung again.

And 100,000 victims have perished!

To picture the reign of terror which the lower world has belched forth, the pen must be held in a grip of iron. It must be tipped with volcanic flames. It must be dipped in blood. It must tell its hideous tale of death upon parchments of Egyptian darkness.

What a chapter of horrors for the holidays!

Bells were pealing—banners were waving—processions were in progress on the island; but the ironical fates, in addition to garments of festive bunting, have woven shrouds for the Sicilian revellers.

Lamentations have succeeded anthems. Agonizing cries have routed glad peans. The death's head has affrighted the guests at the banquet. Beauty has been exchanged for ashes—hope for despair—laughter for tears—morning for midnight.

The spectacle of King Victor Emmanuel hastening with his royal spouse to minister in person to his suffering subjects is calculated to command the world's plaudits.

It stands out in bold relief against the somber background.

And the appeal of the aged pope of Rome will awaken responsive echoes in thousands of hearts which beat beyond the pale of Catholicism.

Poor Italy!

In her wealth of flower and fruit she resembles the garden of Gul, but she is also the home of seething volcanoes; and, since the last days of Pompeii her history has been a series of tragic eruptions.

The lessons of this latest disaster must not be lost.

In the midst of life's gay festivities—when the minstrels are sweeping the harps—we are prone to exaggerate our self-importance and to match our puny strength against the arm of the Infinite.

To show us "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," the seismic fires which light the molten interior

of the planet have for an instant only lifted the lid of an island-cauldron.

And finite man stands aghast before the mysterious force which will one day contravene the law of gravitation, dissolve the solar system into lifeless atoms and consign the earth to the universal ash-pit of extinguished worlds.

But, conscious of the divine spark which glows within him, such convulsions of nature can have no power to uproot his faith and he can still defy the darkening universe

"To quench his immortality
Or shake his trust in God."

DEAD AT HIS KEY.

(Feb. 6, 1909.)

Death is a visitor whose moods are often varied. Sometimes with appalling suddenness. Sometimes like an autumn leaf, full-ripe, which the frost-king barely touches. But he always comes. Then who of us could choose a happier mode of exit from life's tragic stage than the one which, unobserved amid the early morning hours of Friday last, was made by the train dispatcher, Fabius Larkin, when death found him at his post of duty in the little watch-tower with his finger resting upon the button?

Dead at his key!

There is a note of victory in this brief line. It swells a triumphant pean. Despite the pathos involved in the ending of a young life whose hopes are prematurely chilled, there is something in this way of leaving tide and time which partakes of the nature of the beautiful. In an age of the world which is all too prone to shirk its appointed task, the spectacle is an inspiring object lesson.

Then let us curb the disposition to say, "Poor fellow," and rather be moved to exclaim, "Happy man!"

Dead at his key!

The soldier who, amid the smoke and din of strife, drops in the ranks upon the field of battle is called a hero because his death is accompanied by the testimonials of valor and

ennobled by the sentiment of patriotism. But is there not something equally courageous—equally sublime—in the spectacle of this pale youth who, with no martial music to arouse his pulse beat, plods wearily through the long nights of monotonous routine until death, heading the relief corps, overtakes him, not on the field of battle, engaged in destroying human life, but in the little watch-tower, flashing the signals which are meant to save.

Dead at his key!

If an epitaph is ever carved above the breast of this brave boy, let it tell of the simple manner in which he bade the world good-bye, and with the same key upon which his fingers rested in the nerveless touch of death, let us hope that he has unlocked the palace portals and swung back the golden bars of the Gates of Life.

DIXIE'S MONUMENT: THE FEDERAL PENSION ROLLS.

(April 28, 1910.)

We are reminded by the halting footsteps of the old Confederate veterans who paraded the streets yesterday that the most eloquent tribute to the marksmanship and valor of the noble army of men who fought under Lee is to be found in the Federal pension rolls in Washington, D. C.

This statement is made in no spirit of braggadocio and with no desire to wound.

It has been more than forty-four years since the surrender at Appomattox. Time has paroled thousands of the old soldiers who survived the ordeal of battle. But on the Federal pension rolls today there are not less than 1,006,053 names.

Far back in the seventies, General Grant was of the opinion that the maximum amount of money for pensions had been appropriated.

He was usually very conservative in his judgment.

But higher and higher the figures have continued to climb. Each year has brought tribute to the growing pyramids.

What crack shots the boys in gray must have been!

For after all deductions are made on the score of the Spanish-American war it still remains that on the Federal pension rolls today there are more pensioners upon the bounty of the government than there were soldiers mustered in the Confederate ranks from Sumter to Appomattox.

True there are many names on the pension rolls which have been illegally and fraudulently inscribed upon this scroll of honor. But the government can not afford to be ungrateful and the South cannot afford to incur the criticism of being disloyal. Consequently the list has continued to swell and the South has cheerfully and willingly borne her share of the burden, feeling that while it was unjust, it was ill-becoming on her part to challenge this official monument to her prowess.

In view of the fact that when the war began the South was without an organized military or naval equipment and that embraced within the limits of the Confederate government there were only eleven states to confront the fighting strength of the American Union, it is amazing that for four years the South was able to give battle to the North, winning victory after victory and yielding at last only to the overwhelming force of superior numbers.

Dr. Parkhurst, the celebrated New York divine, once made the remark that the South was lifeless when the conflict started.

If this be true, she was certainly represented on the battlefield by the most glorious and stubborn apparition.

The fighting qualities of the Confederate soldiers have been strikingly embalmed in the famous retort which was made by Henry Ward Beecher to the man who interrupted him while he was delivering one of his great speeches in England during the war.

"Wasn't it said at the North," interjected this stubborn Englishman, "that the people of the South could be subdued in thirty days?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Beecher, "and the reason why the Southern people were not subdued in thirty days is because the Southern people are Americans and not British."

THE SIGHTLESS SEER OF THE SENATE.

(June 17, 1909.)

The blind senator from Oklahoma is rapidly becoming the picturesque centerpiece of the American house of peers.

On both sides of the chamber his colleagues have learned to respect him; and, whenever he arises to speak, there is profound silence in the hall—every ear is turned to catch his lightest accent—every eye is riveted upon the boyish figure of this extraordinary man of the people.

To no other wearer of the senatorial toga is such marked tribute paid.

Nor is it due alone to the pathetic infirmity which envelopes him in physical darkness.

For back of the sightless orbs an intellectual dynamo of marvelous power is at work.

This man who has never looked into the faces of his comrades nevertheless knows the minutest peculiarities of each.

It is interesting to watch him in debate. Both his sense of hearing and his sense of touch are wonderfully acute. He never seems to grope, and confronting the man who interrupts him while on the floor, he appears to survey him from head to foot and to photograph him in effect with the keenest of kodaks.

His repartee is like lightning—instantaneous and vivid.

And in the grapple of argument he suggests the muscular thews of some giant who has been refreshed by sleep.

So completely is he the master of the subject which he undertakes to discuss—so well balanced in his own mental equipoise—so resourceful in meeting unexpected turns—that he is never in the least ruffled.

But the most wonderful characteristic of the blind statesman in his singular retentiveness of memory—a gift which he demonstrated to the utter amazement of his colleagues in the course of the tariff debate last week when he marshaled statistics, column upon column, without misplacing the dot in a single decimal.

It was in the nature of an effective rebuke to some of the old senators who are so much in the habit of getting

tangled up in their notes that they invariably suggest the "voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Not only is he an encyclopedia of information upon topics of public interest, but he is perfectly at home in the realm of letters and quotes like a schoolboy from the great authors.

One of the senators in the tariff discussion last week made some allusion to the play of Macbeth.

"Mr. President," retorted the Oklahoman, "I remember something else from the tragedy of Macbeth. It is this:

> "And be these juggling fiends no more believed
> That palter with us in a double sense,
> That keep the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope."

It is said that Senator Gore never forgets anything worth remembering. The reason is that he has cultivated his power of memory by making it do the work of sight. He gets his wife to read to him in the evenings whatever he thinks will be helpful to him; and he carefully puts it away in his brain cells for future use.

In this way he has unlocked the golden treasury of knowledge.

According to one who is intimate with the blind senator it is said that the time when he does his thinking for the day to come is in the quietude of the night after he has gone to bed. Thus he frames the speeches which he expects to deliver.

Only last week Mrs. Gore is said to have heard him muttering to himself at 4 o'clock in the morning.

"Are you going after them again, Tom?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the blind senator, quietly resuming his speech.

It is no trivial asset which the United States government possesses in this unique public servant. He is already a power in the affairs of the nation. When it comes to mental vision there are few senators who possess keener optics than this man whose eyes are closed to the material world around him; and unless every sign fails he is destined to stamp his impress indelibly upon his time.

But the greatest service which the blind senator is today rendering to his country is in the incentive which his splendid example supplies to the youth of the land.

For there is something fairly inspirational in the achievement of one who, smitten with total blindness, yet climbs the ladder round upon round until he plucks the toga of the American senate and enters the world's highest arena of statesmanship.

POE IS LAURELED AT LAST.

(Jan. 1, 1909.)

Time is the great adjuster. One hundred years ago the South's richest and rarest poetic genius was quickened into life. Forty years later—buffeted and beaten by the most tragic reverses of fortune, the prey of morbid sensibilities, the victim of intemperate habits—this melancholy Hamlet of the realm of letters passed away in complete eclipse—all but penniless—well-nigh bereft of friends—an utter physical wreck. But today the whole civilized world recognizes in this same morose and erratic child of genius the most unique, the most original and, in some respects, the most creative force in American literature—Edgar Allan Poe.

By what may be termed a caprice of fate, this ill-starred poet of the somber brow was born in the metropolis of New England. But his parentage was Southern. He was reared and educated in the South; and he always called Richmond his home.

At the University of Virginia the poet's alma mater is celebrating with appropriate ceremonies the one hundredth anniversary of his birth and is dedicating to his memory the room which he occupied when a student. Similar memorial exercises are being held in Baltimore, the city in which occurred his untimely death; in New York, within the present environs of which stood the famous Fordham cottage, in which his adored child-wife breathed her last; in Providence, R. I., in Boston, Mass., in Richmond, Va., and in many other places. Aye, laureled at last! And let it be

added that, even in the great universities of Europe, unstinted tribute is paid to the man whose genius has enriched the spiritual inheritance of all lands.

It is not to be gainsaid that the belated appreciation of the real Poe is due, in large measure, to the shallow-minded jealousies of one who, professing to be the poet's fast friend, became his first biographer, Rufus W. Griswold. The story is too well known to be repeated here; but even the most studious effort to obscure his virtues and to parade his faults in print has failed to rob him of the world's warm admiration; and Griswold today owes his narrow escape from merited oblivion to the genius of the man whom he sought to malign.

In like manner, Sir Walter Scott has immortalized the schoolmaster who once put him upon the dunce-stool; and Sir Thomas Lucy is remembered only for the sound flogging which he gave to the youthful Shakespeare.

Edgar Allan Poe was never the hard drinker of the apochryphal legends. Far from being an habitue of the tavern, he seized the glass only when driven to this dire necessity by the demon of despair. He employed the fiery liquid to drown his sorrows—not to stimulate the activities of his brain. Yet so frail and delicate was his physical organism that the intoxicating fluid produced the effect of poison. Each indulgence left him weaker—plunged him deeper into the Stygian shadows, when once the spell was over. Scores of contemporary writers have testified to the purity of the poet's life, both in speech and in action—among them N. P. Willis. Witnesses have arisen without number to squelch the malicious libel that he was addicted to opium; and, in regard to the tragic circumstances of his death, it is well established by evidence that he was drugged at the polls on election day and that he died not of delirium tremens, but of malignant fever superinduced by this brutal conspiracy on the part of others.

In the trenchant powers of criticism Poe has rarely been equaled; and he was also absolutely fearless. When he

accused Longfellow of plagiarism, he put him in the front rank of American poets; and he likewise extolled Lowell and Hawthorne and Tennyson when they were youngsters like himself, struggling for recognition. In the affinities of genius Hawthorne was perhaps his nearest intellectual kinsman.

The prose-writings of Poe are amongst the wierdest tales in existence. They deal in uncanny and supernatural phantoms; and they bespeak an imagination, diamond-like but distempered. They are all steeped in the occult. They are characterized by the mysterious and the grewsome. They make the blood run cold; and to read them is to carry through life the horror of passing a graveyard after nightfall.

This same atmosphere pervades and tinctures his verse; but the charm which has made Poe immortal among American poets is the power of producing the most woderful hypnotic spells by the soothing jugglery of musical sounds. The London Review has declared that his ear for melody was unmatched in all times. Take, for example, his unrivaled masterpiece, which begins:

"Once upon a midnight dreary."

No one can read "The Raven" without being haunted by its rhythm—without owning the squeamish chill of the phantastic shadows, without beholding the sepulchral bird perched above the bust of Pallas, without feeling the soul-piercing echoes of the hopeless "Nevermore!" Every word in the poem seems to be an echo of the sense—an ambassador of wierd music from the night's Plutonian shore. Despite the funereal draperies which Poe has given to his muse, he has exemplified his own peculiar definition of poetry, which he declared to be the rhythmical creation of beauty, designed not to instruct, but to please; and he further advanced the additional idea that the true poem must necessarily be short.

Much of the cypress gloom which steeped the unhappy life of Poe may be explained by his abnormal sensitiveness

and by his tragic vicissitudes. He was an orphan at three. Adopted by a wealthy merchant of Richmond, he was nursed in the lap of luxury only to be turned once more adrift. Expelled from West Point because he was more of a poet than a soldier, he began to earn a precarious living with his pen. When he presented himself in Richmond to claim a prize of $100, it is said that his coat was tightly buttoned around his neck to conceal the absence of an orthodox shirt. Fortune smiled upon him at times; and, when the gales were favoring, he married his child-cousin, Virginia Clemm, "the lost Lenore" and "the beautiful Annabel Lee" of his poetic sobs.

But even at best it was a struggle for existence; and, when the wife of his love was stricken, it drove him almost to madness. For she was his midnight's only star. This was the period of his deepest melancholia—of his most frequent potations. It was also during these lingering days of suspense and poverty, when the Dread Event was staring him in the face, that he wrote "The Raven."

Poor, unhappy Poe! Notwithstanding his engagement to Mrs. Whitman, he never fully recovered from his sore bereavement, and he survived his beloved child-wife by only two years. Like Byron and Burns, he died in the spring-tide of song—in the morning-tide of life! Few, indeed, were the golden sheaves of recompense which he garnered; and he passed away—a man of sorrows. But let us hope that in the distant Aiden to which his feverish fancies looked he has finally assauged the grief which warped his harp and found once more the rare and radiant maiden who has lifted the shadow from his brow and sweetened the tenor of his song.

HUMANITY'S OLD PRESCRIPTION.

(July 24, 1909.)

From the task of compiling a list of books in which there is no mention made of an old-fashioned volume which occupies the center table of nearly every home in Christendom, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard

University, turns to announce the advent of a new religion which we are asked to embrace.

Says he:

"It will not be bound by dogma or creed. Its workings will be simple, but its field of action limitless. Its discipline will be the development of co-operative good will. It will attack all forms of evil. There will be no supernatural element. It will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature."

Alas!

If Dr. Eliot aroused the protest of the orthodox world when he omitted the Bible from his list of books several weeks ago, what has he done now?

From the rim of the frying pan we fear that the great educator has leaped into the fire.

We feel kindly toward Dr. Eliot. In the realm of education he has held the rank of prince imperial. He has been a power for good. He has said and done many wise things for which he deserves to be gratefully remembered.

But even the man who wrote the Book of Proverbs was not proof against an occasional slip; and, since relinquishing the reins of Harvard, Dr. Eliot has apparently found it difficult to keep his feet on the pavement.

Let us put what he says upon this subject of a new religion under the microscope of thought.

Of course, it is true that progress is the watchword of the age. But does progress demand of us a surrender of the old oracles of religion? We have been taught to believe that the sacred Scriptures unfold to us the truth of God; and, if truth be truth, why make it something different?

Amid the restlessness of the times in which we live, it is satisfying to know that there is something which does not need to change and which, in the very nature of things, can not change—which is the same yesterday, today and forever —Jehovah's word of truth—the Rock of Ages.

Observe, if you please, what Dr. Eliot says to the effect that this new religion is to contain no supernatural element.

For this is the contention upon which the Bible must either stand or fall.

If the miraculous is to be eliminated, the Book of Books becomes only a code of morals—something like the Koran of Mohammed or the ethics of Confucius. It is robbed of its strength. It is shorn of its power. It is not what humanity needs.

For once and for all, let us divest ourselves of the idea that it makes against the truth of Scripture to call it old-fashioned.

There are many old-fashioned things in this world which we could never think of giving up. It is an old-fashioned thing to love. It is an old-fashioned thing to labor. Home is an old-fashioned institution. The hills—the stars—the great waters—the sunlight—these are all old-fashioned.

But they can never be out of date because they minister to our well-being.

And so with the Book of Books which the critics are trying to pull to pieces.

It is an old-fashioned religion which the world needs, because the ills which beset the human race are old-fashioned ills.

Sin—sorrow—death—these are all old-fashioned.

You will remember the words of Dickens in describing the deathbed scene of Paul Dombey—

"The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments and that will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll—the old, old fashion—Death!"

Dr. Eliot tells us that the new religion will be a skilled surgeon.

But he gives us no assurance that he will be any improvement upon the Great Physician.

We can not give up the supernatural element because in essence it requires us to give up the Bible and we can not give up the Bible, Dr. Eliot—even for you. It has been our pilot in too many a storm. And, surely, if there be any balm in Gilead, it is found in the pages of the Old Book, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE STREET CAR.

(August 3, 1909.)

It is neither in the ball room nor in the parlor that the social standards of the day are registered, but in the commonplace civilities of everyday life—in the littler as well as in the larger chivalries.

This can not be gainsaid; and, if the South, in an age of Iron and Steel, continues to observe the polite formalities which link her to an age of velvet—which the courtly and gallant race of cavaliers brought from England to Jamestown and from France to Baltimore and Charleston—which still constitutes in a measure the distinguishing hall-mark of the typical Southern gentleman—then the etiquette of the street car becomes a subject which needs to be thoughtfully considered.

The charge has frequently been made of late, sometimes in jest and sometimes in earnest, that the representatives of the sterner sex are much slower in tipping their hats and in resigning their seats to ladies than they used to be in times less strenuous and commercial.

It is useless to traverse the indictment. The lure of trade—the spell of mammon—the feverish impatience to overtake the skirts of Dame Fortune—these have cast upon us the magician's spell.

And we have been prone to forget the birthright which we have inherited from the old South.

But, in no boorish thrust of ungallantry, it may be said that the women themselves are to some extent to blame for the conditions which today exist.

Let us illustrate: On Sunday last when the churches were beginning to pour upon the highways a stream of worshipers there boarded one of the street cars of the city a handsomely gowned lady of fashion who held by the hand a robust youngster of five years. But one seat was vacant. It was beside a man who promptly edged toward the window in order to make room for the fair passenger. She sat down, taking the boy upon her lap. But instantly a thought struck her. She arose deliberately, planted the boy upon the seat and remained standing in the aisle until the gentle-

man, constrained by the instinct of politeness, begged her to take the seat which he occupied and forthwith stepped into the aisle and reached for one of the straps by which to hold.

His hair was touched with gray and his back was bent, but by virtue of the artifice which the clever woman employed he was made to yield his seat to this healthy lad.

And when the conductor came down the aisle the lady paid for herself only—the child rode free of charge!

The refinement—the gentle breeding—the true instinct of politeness exhibited in this little episode was entirely one-sided.

Incidents of this kind are of course rare.

But repeatedly it happens—even here in Atlanta—that women accept the seats which men are prompt and ready to give them on the street cars without deigning to make the least sign of acknowledgment.

Time and again young school girls have been known unceremoniously to accept proffered seats from old men—to whose burden of years has been added the day's fatigue; and it isn't considerate or kind.

True, this is an age of the world when more stress is laid upon woman's rights than upon woman's privileges. The tendency of the modern crusade is to make men somewhat forgetful of the courtesies which they once lavished upon the gentler sex. But to claim a seat for which a man has paid his fare is not one of woman's rights.

And no law, human or divine, can force him to move one inch.

If a gentleman yields his seat to a lady on the street car it is because he is constrained by the code of etiquette—a code which in this particular latitude is held in the very highest respect, but which can not be enforced by the courts of law.

It is a courtesy, therefore, not a right which happens to be involved in this instance; and courtesy in relinquishing seats certainly demands courtesy in accepting them.

Ladies, there is no section of the country in which men are more chivalrous in the delicate little attentions which

are paid to womankind than in the South. It is one of the beautiful traditions of the old regime. Elsewhere it is not an unusual sight to see the women holding to the straps while the men sit complacently reading the newspapers. Unless you wish to see the last of an old custom in the observance of which this section is almost alone, then cultivate it by the winsome smile which you know so well how to bestow.

It is the only requital which the true Southern gentleman can ask.

If the men of the old South were gallant it is because the women of the old South were gracious.

Back in the old feudal days of England it was not so much the laurel wreath of the tournament as it was the presence and the encouragement of the fair women who bound it to the forehead of the victor that steadied the lance of combat in the uplifted arm of the knight—

> "And kept the lamps of chivalry
> Aglow in hearts of gold."

HATS OFF TO THE NEW HAVEN REGISTER.

(Sept. 17, 1909.)

"Hats off to The New Haven Register!"

We repeat the enthusiastic salute which The Charleston News and Courier gives to the New England paper for issuing the most magnanimous and generous message to the South which has proceeded from the North since Appomattox.

It concerns the recognition at Washington of the first and only president of the Southern Confederacy—Jefferson Davis.

Some time ago The Charleston News and Courier, in the spirit of good natured banter, challenged The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle to an expression of opinion concerning the contemplated presentation by Mississippi of the great Confederate chieftain's marble image to Statuary Hall, in Washington.

The idea was suggested by Virginia's example in offering the statue of Lee.

Days passed. But still the gauntlet lay untouched by the editor at whose feet it was hurled.

And then The New Haven Register dashes into the lists at full tilt—but instead of brandishing a lance it bears an olive branch.

This is The Register's ringing editorial:

Very well, The Register on its part accepts the challenge. There is something to say about Jefferson Davis and his admission to the national Temple of Fame. It is high time it was said. It is high time that the mist which for half a century has distorted the North's view of this son of the South was cleared away. It is in justice time that the man who in his day suffered more than any other Southerner for the cause in which he believed should cease to be reckoned a traitor and coward, and be esteemed for what he was—a brave, true Southern gentleman.

Jefferson Davis had his faults; the South, which knows best what they were, admits them. The South understands that had its president been a man more after the Lincoln type the result might have been different. But the South will never cease to admire and honor the man of iron nerve, of dauntless courage, of ceaseless loyalty, of unsullied honor, of tireless energy, of peerless chivalry, who suffered and dared and all but died for the cause he loved and lost. Of that host of true men who gave their best and their all for the Confederacy because in their deepest hearts they believed they were doing right, none was more sincere than he. Of that multitude who lined up for the struggle against their brothers of the North, none was braver and none was nobler. His sacrifice was as extreme as it was sincere, and his treatment by the victors after the crash came was sore medicine for a heart that was breaking.

It is a century and a year since Jefferson Davis was born. It is near to half a century since his cause was lost. It is twenty years since his death. What better time could there be to signify, by the placing of his statue in the na-

tion's capitol, that the wounds of that war are healed, that in the blood of brothers shed the Union is forever cemented on a foundatin that standeth sure. There let his presentment stand, erect, noble, commanding, impressive, as he stood in the days when he was master of the destinies of half a nation. Let it there remind the South that it was mistaken and the North that it misunderstood. Let it picture a martyr to a cause that, though lost, was not wholly vain, since it taught brothers to appreciate a relationship they were in danger of forgetting. And not inappropriately might there be carved on it the inscription which an unknown poet of the South once suggested for his statue:

"Write on its base: 'We loved him!' All these years,
Since that torn flag was folded we've been true,
The love that bound us now revealed in tears,
Like webs, unseen till heavy with the dew."

Let us be frank. Considering the latitude from which this editorial emanates, it is not only just, but generous.

If there is a sentence or a phrase which irritates, it is more than offset by the friendly temper of this extraordinary utterance.

And it can not fail to touch the heart of a chivalrous and loyal people who revere the memory of the vicarious sufferer.

The South has always felt that the attitude of the North toward Mr. Davis would in time yield to the softening influence of serener days.

Veins are now cooler and visions clearer than they were forty years ago.

In the light through which the great historic drama is today scanned by the unimpassioned eye, it is easy to see that Mr. Davis was in no sense a fomentor of strife—that if he believed in the right of the state to secede, he believed in common with more than twenty millions of people what was taught in the oldest school of statesmanship on this continent—and if he was elected to preside over the for-

tunes of the storm-cradled nation, it was only by a majority of one vote that he was called to the civic helm.

Then wherein does he deserve to be considered an arch-offender?

Surely the steadfast devotion—the unflinching loyalty with which he adhered to the fortunes of his people—does not entitle him to the execration of mankind?

True, Mr. Davis was never readmitted to citizenship. He died an outcast from the government which he had served in the Federal senate—in the office of secretary of war—and on the fields of Mexico. To use the language of the victorious side, he was never "pardoned."

But down to the last lingering hour of this old man's life he was the nation's fast friend.

Never once did he point to his scars and plead for sympathy or incite to insurrection.

He bore his sufferings in silence. He counseled obedience to law. He preached peace. And, though spurned and outlawed, there was no truer son of the republic.

To remove the stigma which unjustly rests upon this old man's name—to accord him the place to which he is rightfully entitled in the hall of heroes—what an apex it will be for the period of reconciliation.

And the government will honor itself in honoring Mr. Davis.

But whatever the republic's attitude may be, the place of the great Confederate chieftain in history is secure. For like Marco Bozarris, he is

> "freedom's now and fame's
> One of the few immortal names
> That were not born to die."

CRIME AND QUININE IN THE SOUTH.

(Dec. 2, 1909.)

From The Los Angeles Times (of November 14, 1909) we reproduce herewith an editorial which contains more solid ignorance to the square inch than we have ever known

to be compressed within the same space by any American newspaper.

It may be gravely doubted if the limitations of human knowledge have ever been more shockingly advertised since Caxton invented the art of printing.

But let the editorial speak for itself.

Says The Los Angeles Times:

The unending series of crimes of violence, vendettas, feuds and other outbreaks that are reported from the Southern states with painful monotony from week to week may undoubtedly be traced in great measure to physical causes. Throughout a large portion of the Southern states the climate is hot, humid, and debilitating, a climate that is not well adapted to the Anglo-Saxon race. There is also much swampy ground down that way. When you add to this the exceedingly unwholesome diet of the Southern states, with its excess of starches and sweets, it is no wonder that malaria is developed, for malaria is due, not to the mosquito, as falsely asserted by the bacteriologist, but to emanations from moist, decaying vegetation, added to lack of resistance through wrong diet.

Here is an example of the kind of meals they eat down South. That is to say, those who don't eat moldy corn or clay. It is from a dispatch describing what the president did at breakfast in Savannah. He had been offered a mint julep, which he declined. Then:

"He looked at the inviting mixture, smiled and then got busy with a bountiful Southern breakfast. He had plenty to eat, including waffles, quail, fried chicken, sausage, steak, broiled ham, broiled chicken and grits.

" 'If this is what you call breakfast, I wonder what dinner would be like,' commented the president."

Fancy this kind of thing twice—or even sometimes, perhaps, three times a day—in a climate like that of the Southern states. Can you be surprised that disease and crime are rampant there?

The direct cause for a large number of these crimes has, however, not yet been mentioned. It is not so much the malaria as the remedy which the drug dispensers give for

malaria—quinine (pronounced "kee-neen.") This remedy is worse than the disease. The deafness and headaches which it causes are only minor evils. In southeastern Africa it has caused decent, respectable German officials to be transformed into monsters, practicing most horrible barbarities upon the unfortunate natives and quarreling with their fellows. Quinine is only a little less deadly than mercury. An excellent substitute for quinine frequently mentioned here is as follows: Take a fair-sized pomelo, wash it, slice it, peel, seeds, and all, pour on it a quart of boiling water, let it stand, mash it up, and then take three or four times a day a tumblerful of the liquid, hot or cold, as you prefer. If you can not get pomelo, substitute lemons. Great appetizer, this. Safe and effective.

However, prevention is better than cure. Drain the swamps, or fill up the swampy ground, use plenty of subacid fruit and raw green stuff, avoid a surplus of starches, hog flesh, slops, sweets and greases, cut down your food one-half, and you will not be troubled with malaria. Whatever you do, however, avoid quinine as you would avoid a pestilence.

Whoopee!

Some of us have been living in the South for more than four score years. We have taken occasional trips on the railway, sometimes for pleasure, sometimes on business. We have read the newspapers. We have tried to keep up with the times. But the information contained in the foregoing diatribe is positively packed with news concerning ourselves and at last we know what it is to realize poor Bobby's prayer:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as ithers see us."

The editor of The Georgian resided on the Pacific coast for two years. During the greater part of this time he lived in Los Angeles—the charmed center of things terrestrial. And on the basis of this comparative observation he is prepared to say that neither in climate, in education, in

religion, in culture, nor in average intelligence does the resident of southern California possess the least advantage over the dweller in this particular "neck of the woods."

We are berated for our cooking. But if there are any worse exponents of the culinary art to be found in either hemisphere than vegetate upon the Pacific coast, may the good Lord in mercy spare us from ever meeting them. Of the most savory dishes which are set before the guests in the very best hotels it may be said that they are "fearfully and wonderfully made." As cooks, the Japs are simply atrocious; and for wholesome diet the year around, we would not exchange the plainest meal which old Aunt Liza cooks on wash day for the most royal banquet feast of the mikado.

If it be true that the cooking of the South incites to crime, then pray tell us what in the heavens above or in the earth beneath accounts for the malfeasance in public office, for the civic corruption, for the monumental graft, for the reign of lawlessness, for the epidemics of suicides, for the saturnalias of murder, for the outbreaks of violence which ever and anon terrify the Pacific slope?

No one who has ever tarried at a hotel or broken bread at a restaurant in the state of California need ask this question.

What The Los Angeles Times says upon the subject of malaria in the South is most amusing. The idea that this entire section abounds in swamps is so industriously inculcated by ignorant editors and writers who have never once set foot in this part of the United States that there are hundreds of deluded people who actually believe that everywhere in the South trailing moss hangs from the trees, that alligators swim up and down the creeks and that lizards lay eggs upon the sidewalks.

It is positively amazing that intelligent men should credit such utter nonsense.

As for the use of quinine, we do not know that any more of this efficacious drug is consumed in the South than in other localities, but we do know that the doctors who

prescribe it and the patients who take it have no occasion to look to southern California for enlightenment.

While malaria exists to some extent in certain parts of the South, it may be well to note that this entire section is ridged by mountain ranges on either side of which spring foot-hills and highlands; and the whole countryside is steeped in an ozone which can not be surpassed on God's green foot-stool.

Immigrants from all parts of the North and East declare that the climate of the South is ideal. The summers are not too warm and the winters are not too cold. As for the climate of southern California, it is better suited to invalids than to men and women of robust health. The uniform temperature is monotonous, enervating. And every one knows that the average resident of southern California is compelled every now and then to take a trip away from home for no other purpose than to be regalvanized.

On the other hand, the winter season in the South, while not cold enough to be rigorous, is nevertheless sufficiently touched by frost to produce the effect of an exhilarating tonic.

Yet this oracle of wisdom most profoundly remarks that the climate of the South is too sultry for Anglo-Saxons.

Great Caesar's ghost!

To what purpose has the writer of this libelous article upon the Southern people read American history?

The eloquence which roused the colonies, the skill and valor which achieved the victory in our war for independence, the constructive statesmanship which formed the Federal constitution, the judicial learning which interpreted the organic law—these were contributed in large measure by pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons of Southern birth.

The civilization which produced Robert E. Lee and which enabled an army of 600,000 men to defy the world in arms through four long years of battle lacked much of being effete.

And the prosperity of the South today speaks in bugle

accent of what can be accomplished by thrift and enterprise under the benignant sun of the South.

Enough.

There is really no need to defend this section against the aspersions of an article which is utterly devoid of truth from beginning to end and which instead of bespeaking the calm poise and the mature thought of the editorial sanctum, suggests the work of some cub reporter blundering over his first assignment.

In an age of books, of railways, of newspapers, of multiplied facilities for inter-communication, it is marvelous that such ignorance can be found, especially in an organ which is supposed to disseminate popular intelligence. Yet why marvel? Eagles love the ether, but moles are well content to burrow.

VALE, HARRIMAN.

(Sept. 13, 1909.)

In a sepulcher of rock, encompassed by the autumnal woods—in a beauty spot of nature whose foliage suggests the forest in which Shakespeare often dreamed—hard by an unfinished hall of granite beside which Kenilworth was but an inn—sleeps Harriman, the man of millions.

The colossal brain which planned the greatest railway system of the century is steeped in the cold insensibility of death.

The hands that clutched the reins of power are nerveless.

The shoulders which upheld a globe of finance have been unburdened.

The man whose slightest nod was fraught with the witchery of the magician's wand is no longer feared by his foes.

For One who is mightier still has spoken from His pavilion of clouds.

And money bags have been relinquished—plans for consolidation and extension have been abandoned—coupons and rent rolls have been forgotten.

"In the democracy of death all men are equal!"

When the Grim Exciseman comes to collect his tax—Dives must yield his riches—Lazarus must relinquish his rags.

Poor Harriman!

With all his golden accumulations he was unable to purchase the smallest increment of time from the great eons.

And not only was his flesh mortal, but—if reports be true—he died a victim to the malignant ravages of cancer.

Thus again we are taught the lesson that we need not envy another man's lot. Our own may be happier.

But the dominant note—the fundamental truth—the supreme message for us in this event of the divine ordering is voiced in the somber quatrain of the poet Gray:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

WHICH WAS THE REBEL?

(Oct. 8, 1909.)

In the current number of Harper's a contributor by the name of F. B. Sanborn sounds the first really discordant note which the presentation of General Lee's statue to Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C., has called forth.

Mr. Sanborn does not oppose a monument to the South's great military hero.

But he says that the memorial should be erected on the spot which witnessed his surrender to General Grant.

And he adds that Appomattox was the turning point in General Lee's career just as the hour of dawn when the signal came from the barn yard marked the turning point in the career of Simon Peter.

For it was at the Confederacy's last stand that the illustrious soldier recalled his oath to support the government of the United States.

At a time when the whole civilized world is virtually a unit in admiration of both the character and the soldiership of Robert E. Lee, it is hardly worth while to notice a slur which reflects more seriously upon the author who casts it than upon the object at which it happens to be aimed.

On the surface at least it appears that Mr. Sanborn has scanned the New Testament.

But there is nothing whatever in his article to prove that he has read the history of the United States.

He does not deign for one moment to consider the high motive which actuated General Lee nor to cast even a glance of polite respect at the principles involved in secession.

He remembers only the oath.

And in contrast with Lee, the traitor, he points us to Washington, the patriot.

But if the fertile soil of the Old Dominion ever sprouted a rebel it was the venerated father of his country—George Washington.

He bent the knee of allegiance to the house of Brunswick. He pledged himself to uphold the government of Great Britain. He held commissions to which the royal signatures were affixed.

But when the rights and liberties of the colonies were invaded he flung his oath to the winds.

He became the chief factor in throwing off the yoke of England. He slaughtered her soldiers. He riddled her flag into threads. He humbled her pride in the dust.

Why, then, this harsh discrimination between Virginia's two illustrious sons—this invidious distinction which absolves the one and which brands the other?

Tell us, O Muse, the wherefore! Let the answer come in words which all can read!

And seizing the pen she writes in bold letters upon the historic page:

"Washington succeeded!"

DR. HAWTHORNE: A PRINCE IN ISRAEL.

(Feb. 25, 1910.)

While the death of Dr. J. B. Hawthorne at his home in Richmond, Va., was not an unexpected event, due to his prolonged ill health, the sad announcement has carried an acute shock to thousands of devoted friends in Georgia.

For nearly half a century this prince of theologians was a tower of strength in Zion.

Both physically and intellectually he loomed above his contemporaries like a cedar of Lebanon.

The flash of his eye—the ring of his voice—the intensity of his feeling—the majesty of his presence proclaimed him an orator in all the wealth of meaning which belongs to an often abused term.

The congregations which flocked to hear him preach during the fruitful and splendid years of his Atlanta pastorate have never been surpassed.

As a preacher of righteousness he exemplified the stern and fearless school of Elijah, the Tishbite.

It was no dubious note of uncertain orthodoxy which he sounded from his pulpit.

In an age of new and strange departures he kept in vital touch with the apostolic times and with the Pentecostal fires.

His was an old chart. He steered by the fixed stars. The cables of an invincible faith gripped him to the Rock of Ages.

On the moral side of every issue which divided the community, he was heaven's bugler.

Shoulder to shoulder with Henry Grady in the never-to-be-forgotten campaign of 1887, he fought for local option in Atlanta and successfully inaugurated the crusade which twenty years later swept Georgia into the ranks of state-wide prohibition.

Wherever he lingered in his ministry of service among men he left an abiding incense of good deeds—an alabaster box of fragrant spikenard.

Atlanta—Nashville—Richmond—these places are full of Dr. Hawthorne's monuments.

When he last visited Atlanta several months ago, it was evident that he was nearing the mysterious border land.

And now he is gone. The lips of the old man eloquent are sealed. But thousands of beating hearts still bear his gentle image stamped upon them.

Peace to his ashes! If the acorns which his hands have scattered could this day be brought together, he would sleep embowered in the lap of an imperial forest!

HIS MAJESTY: THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

When the British lion deigns to make obeisance to the American bird, it is a matter of interest to note the precise terms in which the tribute is couched. Not long ago The London Times delivered itself of an eloquent apostrophe to the eagle, and so felicitous is the language of this eulogium upon Uncle Sam's pet representative in the world's menagerie that The Georgian reproduces it herewith. Says The Times:

"However much the eagle may be in awe of man, there seems to have been no age in which man has not accepted the 'playmate of the storm' as the symbol of kingship or power. Its sovereignty among the birds—

> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deeps of air—

is more indisputable than that of the lion among beasts; and nation after nation—Assyria, Persia, Rome, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Poland, and the United States—has used it either as the royal crest or as its military standard. No great man but has been an eagle to his eulogists, and, gleaning from the poets at random, we find Napoleon, Pindar, Otho, Madoc, Duguesclin, Lochiel, Wolsey, Prince Hubert, the Duke of York, Bacon, Herminius, Coriolanus and many others equipped with aquiline qualities.

"Certainly more than one sculptor of the head of a Roman emperor and more than one painter of imaginary

portraits of Napoleon, have borrowed from the eagle the straight line of the eyebrow, just cutting the full, round, unlidded eye, which gives the bird even in captivity its wild majesty of appearance. Every motion, every attribute or tragic circumstance of life raised to its highest power is compared in verse or by the essayists to the royal bird; so fame, ambition, science, reason, danger, pride, hatred are 'eagle-eyed' or 'eagle-taloned.' No mountain is so high as those which are 'eagle-baffling.' Even the skies are eagle skies.' Greatness itself becomes 'eagle greatness,' success is 'eagle-gripped,' and the true victory has eagle's wings. What dignity, then, is lacking to the bird which 'builds among the stars,' which soars 'swimming in the eye of noon,' and fronts the sun itself on equal terms?"

SENATOR GORDON'S FAREWELL: AN EPISODE OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

(March 1, 1910.)

Here's to Senator Gordon, of Mississippi. What no man in American public life ever before accomplished—at least within the memory of the present generation—must be placed to the credit of this sunny tempered old gentleman from the delta commonwealth.

During a tenure of less than sixty days in the United States senate he won the affections of his colleagues on both sides of the chamber.

The old man's personality was so genial that both Republicans and Democrats were irresistibly drawn toward him by threads of silk.

Political differences were either fused or forgotten in the cordial fellowship which he inspired, and somehow, without the least conscious effort, he seemed to cast upon every one about him the magic spell of his climate.

But the culminating triumph of the aged senator's brief career in the upper house came when he formally bade adieu to his associates.

It was a spectacle rare enough to be an exotic in the

great hall of argument to witness the rapt attention with which he was heard by the veteran legislators of the nation's highest forum.

In simple phrase he spoke of his life from early boyhood; and artlessly, after the manner of men somewhat advanced in years, he rambled from topic to topic. But there was a freshness and a candor about what he said which was fascinating to the ears of men who were only too accustomed to the bitter wranglings of debate and to the hollow insincerities of politics. When he came to the negro question he incidentally recited one of his own poems to show his tenderness of sentiment toward the black race. He touched upon the tariff, spoke of his birth in the ranks of millionairdom, recounted his good fortune in losing the greater part of his means, and sympathized with his fellow countrymen who were still burdened and oppressed with large possessions. He also recalled the days when he wore the uniform of the Confederate soldier, but he gave his brethren to understand that no one was more loyally attached to the restored union of the fathers. Before resuming his seat he spoke of how his mother used to tell him of the high place in the world which he might hope some day to occupy if he were only true and steadfast, and of how his ambition had been fully realized when on the day before he had occupied temporarily the chair of the president.

What an antidote to the intemperate outburst of Senator Heyburn last week, when he assailed the memory of General Lee, was this sweet-spirited little speech of Senator Gordon!

And even the reviler of the dead was himself touched when the old man invited him to come to Mississippi and to be his guest on an old-time Southern plantation, that he might understand why the people of the South still loved the great chieftain who led them.

It is no wonder that the whole continent has been thrilled and electrified by Senator Gordon's farewell speech.

In the literature of senatorial adieus it is most charmingly unique—a gem of valedictories.

For though he had been a leader during the iron days of the Civil war, no thorn of malice rankled in this old man's heart of gold—no bitter prejudice—no unkind feeling toward his former foes.

And in contrast with the narrow-minded bigotry of Senator Heyburn, who never once inhaled the smell of powder on the battle field, his magnanimity of spirit was something beautiful to behold.

One is almost tempted to regret that the Mississippi deadlock did not result in the retention of this old man in the seat which he held under Governor Noel's temporary appointment; but perhaps he was too far advanced in years.

Scarecely a newspaper in the United States has failed to touch upon this unique episode in the public life of Washington.

Senator Depew voiced the universal sentiment when he said:

"No matter how wonderful a colleague succeeds him, he can not be James Gordon, of Mississippi."

And The Washington Herald was none too enthusiastic when it wrote in praise of him the following paragraph:

"Whatever may be the full measure of Senator Gordon, of Mississippi, as a constructive statesman, he is surely one of the most honestly engaging and pleasantly picturesque senators Washington ever knew. To know him is, literally, to love him. Within two short months he has won the cordial friendship of the entire senate, without regard to political creed or personal opinion. His valedictory—which also might have been called his salutatory—was a gem of purest ray serene. It was a fragrant flower of patriotic persuasion, that shall not be permitted to waste its sweetness on the desert air. It was unconventional, and it rang true. It was optimistic, uplifting—and it was more than all of that! It was a benediction!"

Like an exhilarating breeze from the tops of the mountains, the speech of Senator Gordon will be long remembered.

It will abide when the traducer's venom and the politician's cant are forgotten.

And the sixty days which this guileless old gentleman spent in the nation's upper house will live in the traditions of Capitol Hill as an open mid-winter made tropical and verdant by an unexpected caprice of the gulf stream.

HIDE YOUR HEAD, SENATOR HEYBURN.

(April 14, 1910.)

Undoubtedly the meanest fling which any man in public life has ever made at the character of the South's peerless chieftain of battle was made before the Union League of Washington, D. C., the other evening by an individual of whom we have had occasion to speak heretofore—

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho.

The system of the man must be fairly diseased with venom who, at the expense of one of the whitest and purest spirits this world has ever looked upon, could indulge in vituperation the like of which has come from this man's lips.

He says that he has himself examined the records of the government and has found that when Robert E. Lee resigned from the United army it was after Lincoln had promoted him to a full colonelcy and that he drew his pay as such three days after he had accepted a commission from the Confederacy.

"That," said he, "is the man whom we are asked to accept as a hero and a soldier."

If the speaker's language is to be construed according to the rules of English syntax, it simply means that the government was three days behind in paying to General Lee the sum to which he was properly entitled, but what this mutilator of his mother tongue intended to say was that General Lee drew pay for three days' service as colonel when he possessed no right to such compensation.

Is this the only flaw which after the lapse of nearly half a century can be found upon the character of Lee?

If so, then clean, indeed, must be the record upon which his traducers, by every sort of device, from chemical analysis, to sheer fabrication, have sought in vain to find a blemish, and the ridiculous extremity to which this man has resorted is inferentially a tribute of the most astounding character to Lee's unsullied fame.

General Lee was a man of means. At the time of his resignation from the United States army his home was at Arlington, one of the lordliest estates in Virginia, overlooking the Potomac river just opposite the city of Washington.

Yet he deliberately connived to defraud the government out of three days' pay!

In the name of Simple Simon, when did an intelligent man ever seek by such an absurd argument to blacken virtue or to besmirch honor! It only shows into what straits of folly we are sometimes betrayed when we nurse malice and hatred. Instead of harming General Lee, the author of such an attack only makes himself ridiculous.

At the close of the war General Lee was stript of his fortune. He was then dependent upon his hard earnings. But we find the old soldier declining more than once a salary of $50,000 a year. To accept what? The presidency of an unpretentious college in the valley of Virginia.

Yet the noble old Roman who in days of adversity could decline the overtures of wealth was not above the temptation in days of affluence to defraud the government of three days' pay!

Senator Heyburn, if you are not wholly lost to shame, go hide your head.

You are not the first vulture who has envied an eagle; but you can no more sully the good name of this prince among men than you can sully the snows on the Rocky mountains!

Nature made but one such man and broke the die in molding Lee.

Men like Senator Heyburn are great only in their own littleness and wise only in their own conceit.

When the world forgets that he ever existed, it will

still be chanting the praises of the great Virginian. There are some men whose souls are so shriveled and whose minds are so shrunken that either would rattle in a mustard seed. Senator Heyburn may not belong to this category, but he is endeavoring to make the world believe that he does.

SAMUEL SPENCER: ORGANIZER AND BUILDER.

(May 23, 1910.)

With impressive ceremonies on Saturday afternoon last (May 21, 1910) the handsome monument to the late Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern railway, was unveiled in the presence of several thousand spectators on the plaza in front of the Terminal station; and thus the memory of one of the South's foremost captains of industry has been fittingly honored.

It is no longer the statesman or the soldier who alone commands a monopoly of the world's veneration.

We live in an age of the world which puts the emphasis of achievement upon practical affairs.

Nor is it the language of mere fulsome or obsequious compliment to say of Mr. Spencer that he embodied within his quiet personality the most potential forces of the generation which produced him. When he came to man's estate the South was prostrate. The demand of the hour was for willing hands to aid in the work of rehabilitation. The times were strenuous. But Samuel Spencer lacked not the requisite qualities, either of brain or of temperament, to meet the draft, and resolutely he applied himself to the task.

In an eminent degree he possessed the genius for organization and development.

But it was apparently an insignificant trifle upon which his colossal fortunes in life hinged. He was indebted at least for his start to an incident which most young men would have ignored. One day while swimming under a cul-

vert near the town of Columbus he noticed a crevice through which the water was seeping. It was too small to attract attention except from the most observant eye, but it was likely to prove disastrous unless stopped. The youth reported the matter at once to the railway authorities, and workingmen were immediately sent to make an examination. At first they failed to find the leak; but Mr. Spencer accompanied them in person next time and showed them exactly where it was. This is said to have been the initial flash of the future railway magnate's mechanical genius.

Thoroughness in whatever he undertook was one of Mr. Spencer's prime characteristics. He realized the importance of details. If he possessed the massive intellect to grasp the industrial needs and opportunities of the South, he also possessed the ability to execute with the minutest precision any and every task which he sought to accomplish.

It was this predominant trait which placed him at the very head of one of the greatest railway systems on the continent.

Some two years before his death Mr. Spencer delivered an address to the graduating class of the Georgia School of Technology, in which he emphasized another very important factor in his career. He quoted from old Chancellor Lipscomb this sentiment:

"Young gentlemen," said he, "let truth be the spinal column of your characters, in which every rib is set and upon which the brain itself reposes."

The tragic death of Samuel Spencer in the gray dawn of Thanksgiving day, on November 29, 1906, while traveling in his private car, is one of the strange mysteries of providence which the finite mind cannot fathom; but for his noble and splendid part in the great work of rehabilitation the South will always enshrine him in grateful remembrance.

It is most appropriate that his statue, while reared by the contributions of 30,000 employees of the Southern railway system, should stand on the plaza in front of the Terminal station, and there in the very core and center of the

city's heart it can not fail to remind both the home people and the visitor of what this man wrought for the New South.

UPWARD SOARS THE COST OF LIVING.

Prices continue to mount. If the American farmer is not materially benefited by this upward trend in the cost of living, then it will be useless to argue that it benefits the producer to put an increased figure upon what he sells in the market. Cotton is bringing sixteen cents. The quotations on fresh meat show that the cow has actually performed the feat of jumping over the moon. Mother Goose has been vindicated. Even the hen has commenced to lay in airships—far above the nests of the eagles. And the wag was right after all—

> There's music in the minstrel's lay—
> Sir Walter turned a magic pen;
> But he couldn't make his verses pay
> Like the lay of the modern hen.

FLEMING G. DuBIGNON.

(Nov. 20, 1909.)

The great soul of Fleming G. DuBignon has crossed the bars.

After years of patient suffering the tortured tabernacle of flesh has released the captive spirit of this brilliant son of Georgia. To his racked body has come at last the boon of rest. But to his radiant mind let us hope that in some higher sphere of action has come the bugle call of life eternal.

In the untimely passing of one who in almost every phase of his character was so thoroughly furnished unto good works—so splendidly equipped for service to the commonwealth and to the nation—lies one of the strangest of providential enigmas.

Why it is we can not tell. The wisest as well as the simplest minds are subdued by the bewildering pressure of the great mysteries.

Twenty-nine years ago Mr. DuBignon made his advent in the Georgia legislature. The assembly was composed of strong men. It is doubtful if the state has ever been more ably represented since the war. Pope Barrow and William D. Tutt and Augustus O. Bacon were members of the lower house. But Fleming G. DuBignon was "the bright particular star" of the constellation. Whenever he took the floor he enforced instant attention. Between his pauses the ominous tick of the clock could be distinctly heard. The lightning's flash was in his eye. His voice was like Apollo's lute.

And his clean-cut, classic features suggested the handsome young Athenian who was beloved of Socrates.

Swiftly he mounted the ladder. Honor succeeded honor. He became president of the senate of Georgia, counsel for the Southern Express Company, chairman of the Democratic state executive committee. In the language of Lady Percy:

> "He was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

—the very Hotspur of eloquence—the beau ideal of orators. But alas, when he stood upon the Pisgah height—in reach almost of the coveted toga of the American house of peers—the divine hand was laid upon him in affliction.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth"—perhaps the discipline of suffering was only the stepping stone to higher things for Fleming G. DuBignon.

Who knows?

But it was God who did it; and how can we better take leave of him for a little while than in the broken accents of Horatio:

> "Fare thee well, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

MILTON A. CANDLER.

(Aug. 9, 1909.)

Milton A. Candler belonged to the Old Guard. The tocsin of war found him in the legislative halls at Milledgeville. But he was restless until he elbowed his way to the front of battle.

On the field he won distinction for soldiership and courage.

But he did not cease to make a bulwark of his bosom when the war ended. The days which really tried men's souls in this section were the days which followed the defeat at Appomattox. It was during the hideous carpet-bag era, when the foundations of society were shaken and the nightmare of negro domination threatened an Anglo-Saxon civilization, that the hardy sinews of this man were tested. In the lexicon of his allegiance to Georgia there was no such word as fail; and, like the Iron Duke, he stood four square to every wind of heaven.

For two consecutive terms he was honored by his constituents of this district with an election to congress. On retiring from the national arena he resumed the practice of law; and for more than fifty years he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the court house. At the bar of DeKalb he was both Nestor and Achilles.

Strong in his religious faith, he was for forty years an authority on Presbyterian polity and doctrine and an honored elder of the kirk.

One of the sturdiest representatives of the clan which has represented Georgia in almost every field of endeavor, he was rspected by his fellow-citizens for his robust traits of character and for his long career of public usefulness; and to multitudes in Georgia his memory will be fragrant when later blooms have faded.

DR. WILLIAM H. FELTON: A RETROSPECT.

(Sept. 25, 1909.)

In the death of Dr. William H. Felton at the patriarchal age of 87 years, one of the most striking figures of his day and time in Georgia has passed from the scenes of his

stormy political campaigns to where "beyond these voices there is peace."

Physician, minister, congressman, publicist, orator—he filled many roles, but he filled them all with brilliant distinction.

The eloquence of Dr. Felton on the stump is proverbial.

It converted the Seventh district of Georgia into one of the famous battlegrounds of the republic.

On the floor of the national house he was ready at a moment's notice to measure lances with any foeman in debate—and he was always the victorious knight.

In his congressional fights Dr. Felton was an independent Democrat and it was due entirely to his superb equipment as a campaigner that he defeated the regular nominees.

When his shoulders were stooped and his locks were white he took his seat in the state legislature—then past the age of 60.

But "the old man eloquent" never arose to speak without electrifying the assemblage. The Promethian fire was still unquenched.

In the momentary pauses each tick of the clock upon the walls could be distinctly heard.

The colloquy between Dr. Felton and Colonel Edgar G. Simmons, of Sumter, is one of the most familiar episodes of Georgia politics.

And not since Macaulay wrote his essay upon Bareare has the equal of Dr. Felton's invective been couched in English.

It was due largely to the Herculean energies of this statesman from the mountains that the Western and Atlantic railroad was saved to the state of Georgia and leased for another term of years at an increased rental.

The result was an extra $120,000 per annum for the common schools.

Dr. Felton was also an uncompromising friend of the state university, and the last time his voice was ever raised in public was when summoned to Atlanta in the summer

of 1898 to address the general assembly on behalf of his alma mater.

In the quietude of his home near Cartersville he spent the tranquil eventide of his days.

The brilliant woman who for more than fifty years had been his loyal helpmeet and companion—who had shared his warfares—who had divided his laurels—was at his side when the end came.

And the tenderest sympathies of the entire state are hers in this hour of grief and loneliness.

Dr. Felton's enemies have been legion. But the tender touch of the years has softened most of the bitter memories; and even the harshest critic in the light of his finished career could chisel upon his monument—

Here lies one who loved Georgia.

ALLEN CRAWFORD'S DREAM: A LESSON FOR LABOR DAY.

(Sept. 6, 1909.)

Hundreds of Georgians remember Allen Crawford. He was not a man to be forgotten. His frank and open countenance—his genial play of spirits—his sunny temperament—these were characteristics which made him kin to his climate. To meet him once was to know him always; for he stamped his personality upon the most casual acquaintance with an indelible impress.

His friends in Georgia were legion.

But few who read the meager news dispatch last week announcing the death of Captain R. A. Crawford on the far western side of the continent, at San Pedro, Cal., realized that it was Allen Crawford, who—25 years ago—stood among the graduates of the state university at Athens and received his diploma from Dr. Mell.

The class of 1884 was composed of strong men.

There was Ben Conyers, a prodigy of intellect. Athens is full of the traditions of how he could master a lesson without appearing to open a text book. There were also

Sam Atkinson and Harry Dunwoody—two men who have won high distinction in Georgia. There were also Joe Pottle and John Mell and Bob Moye and Harvey Johnson—all of whom have made their mark. And State School Commissioner J. M. Pound was likewise among the number.

But there was no finer face in this splendid group than Allen Crawford's.

Perhaps his most striking trait was his determination. He may have derived this characteristic from his old grandfather, the great William H. Crawford, whose colossal figure at the court of France under the first empire is said to have astonished the great Napoleon.

Young Crawford's ambition was to accomplish something—something substantial and solid. He chose the profession of civil engineering and went first to Missouri. Here he was put in charge of important work on the Mississippi river, and his employer was none other than the United States government. He steadily advanced in his profession —did faithful and conscientious work. He also assisted in planning for the great exposition; and while in Missouri he wooed and won an accomplished daughter of the state. He was moving on toward the attainments of his dream.

But ill health overtook him. The physicians recommended a change of environment. At San Pedro, Cal., the government was planning to construct a breakwater. There was need of deepening the harbor at this point to make way for the coming metropolis of Los Angeles. And accordingly Allen Crawford was transferred to San Pedro and virtually put in charge of this important work of engineering.

The assignment required experience—skill—patience. For it takes time to construct a breakwater; but when built it endures for centuries—it defies both winds and waves. Allen Crawford was prepared to honor the draft. It was just what he wanted. The long-sought opportunity had come at last.

But fate is often fickle in her moods. He did not reap the contemplated benefit from the balmy elixir. He gradually grew feebler. The malady from which he suffered was something like paralysis. At length he lost almost entirely

the control of his lower limbs. He supported himself by means of a stick; and sometimes he was carried bodily to his place of work. But his resolution never wavered. To the very last his active brain was like a Golconda diamond. He was determined to succeed. And happily his courage was reinforced at the sweetest of home firesides. His wife and his little boy gave him hope—these were his golden spurs. Then, too, his mother and sister crossed the continent to see him. And what a visit it was! The light of boyhood crept back into his tortured face. The wrinkles disappeared. He romped again on the hills of Athens.

Thus reinforced in his firm purpose, Allen Crawford kept the dredge at work for four and one-half years.

There was no desire for rest—no thought of vacation—until at last he saw the wall of rock rise out of the liquid plain of salt and beckon to the far ships.

And one of the first to sight the splendid pile of stone bore phantom sails!

Was it a sense of final triumph or an intimation of the rest which was soon to soothe his tired limbs that made him apply at last for a leave of absence? He only wanted ten days!

The request was granted. In his snug little cottage which commanded an outlook upon the sea, he resigned himself to his loved ones. Lightly the moments came and went. Yes, he was getting better! But, one day, at the close of the evening meal, his head sank—his eyelids closed—his wrist ceased to flutter—rest had come with the night!

Who does not covet such an exit from the scenes of life when the time comes to say adieu?

Georgia is proud of Allen Crawford. His memory will be an inspiration. She can point her youth to no purer pattern of clean and honest manhood—to no finer record of achievement under stress of great difficulties; and such an example is worth everything in an age which has witnessed the squandered fortune of the Goulds. He well deserved the tribute of respect which he received in death from his grateful government. The story of his life's work is told in rock; and when the breakwater is finished and the

huge ocean greyhounds ride at anchor within the encircling ramparts of this unterrified fortress of stone, it will be not only the realization of Allen Crawford's dream, but—fitter still—his monument.

HOWARD VAN EPPS: A CHRISTMAS PARALLEL.

(Dec. 27, 1909.)

Twenty years ago, on Christmas day, the New South's eloquent evangel was laid to rest. It was a day never to be forgotten in Atlanta. The weather was ideally golden. From dawn till dusk the balmiest of Indian summer skies bent overhead. The customary fanfare of trumpets was suspended. No jarring noise of any kind disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness, and the sense of grief was universal. Even the little children wept. Thus to surrender a season of mirth to the sable vestments of mourning was a thing hitherto almost unknown. Yet everyone felt how appropriate it was that the life of the great peace-maker should have ebbed on the Christmas tide.

At the memorial exercises, which were held in the old DeGive opera house on Marietta street, one of the speakers was Judge Howard Van Epps. He had been a life-long friend of the deceased orator. Both had attended the State university at Athens; both had married the sweethearts with whom they fell in love in college days, and both had drifted to Atlanta in the early seventies—the one to become an orator of national reputation, the other an eminent jurist and lawyer.

Consequently, it was with no light burden of sorrow upon his heart that Judge Van Epps stepped to the front of the stage and, in accents clear and musical, but tremulous with emotion, said:

"The lightnings brought this message to Atlanta—Henry Grady spends Christmas in Heaven."

On Saturday morning last, when the little tots were laughing and romping through the house and the chimes

were ringing "peace on earth, and good will to men," a message was received in Atlanta announcing the unexpected death in Florida of Judge Howard Van Epps.

It was like a bolt from the blue.

Less than ten days ago the eminent jurist had been seen upon the streets of Atlanta. He appeared to be in the very best of health. His massive frame—his ruddy complexion—his clear eye—his resonant voice—his genial and jovial play of spirits—these all conveyed the impression of unwonted vigor. But outward signs are often misleading. Judge Van Epps was in reality far from well. The clutch of an unseen hand was upon him, and when the Christmas holidays drew near, bringing an opportunity for needed rest and relaxation, he turned languidly toward the palms.

It was the judge's last trip to Florida.

The end came while he was traveling. On board the train the dread shadow overtook him. In the twinkling of an eye the scene shifted—from the evergreens here to the evergreens yonder. He had gone to meet Grady.

And for Judge Van Epps it was Christmas in heaven.

In the death of this eminent jurist the bar of Georgia has sustained no ordinary bereavement.

He was an orator of rare gifts. The eulogy which he delivered at the grave of Colonel Robert A. Alston was a masterpiece of eloquence—unique and brilliant. It moved the assemblage to tears. Nor was the tribute which he paid to Mr. Davis, whom he styled "the chained eagle of Beauvoir," less fervid. Before the jury he was an impassioned advocate; yet, on the bench an impartial judge. He played with the touch of a master on the variant chords of the human heart; yet, was himself less swayed by appeals to sentiment than by cold logic. He was learned in the law, quick to detect the issues involved, fearless in the administration of justice, clear-cut in his charges, witty in his retorts, droll at times in his manner, but always an impressive figure in the court room.

The great jurist and the great advocate are seldom combined in the personality of one man. They demand qualities which are totally dissimilar. But Judge Van Epps excelled in both. He possessed the calm equipoise of the one and the tropical imagination of the other. In this blending of gifts, judicial and oratorical, he was scarcely inferior to Judge O. A. Lochrane.

But it was in the role of an author that his greatest service to the bar of Georgia was rendered. The various digests which he made of supreme court decisions—his scholarly annotations—his luminous notes—these all bear testimony to his laborious and patient research. It is singular that a man of such varied gifts should have been given to such industrious habits. But the fact remains.

To what extent the arduous labors of Judge Van Epps may account for his untimely taking off can not be gauged; but the task which he undertook was Herculean. It was also ill-proportioned to the meager recompense which it received; but when most of his colleagues and contemporaries at the bar are forgotten his name will be familiar to the ears of his fellow countrymen. Thus is the faithful devotee rewarded who serves his profession for something higher and better than its mere emoluments.

When eulogizing the lamented Grady in the speech to which reference has been made, he quoted the fine apostrophe—

> "O stainless gentleman!
> True man, true hero, true philanthropist,
> Thy name was 'Great Heart,' honor was thy shield.
> Thy motto, 'Duty without fear!'"

And the same poetic wreath may well be laid today upon the breast of Howard Van Epps. He was an humble follower of the Master. If he sometimes faltered he was no exception to the common run of men, and, like Peter, he loved his Lord. No priest or prelate ever defended more fervently the sacred book. No artist ever pictured more tenderly the beautiful face of the Man of Sorrows. The

Bible class talks of Judge Van Epps were religious classics; and there are hundreds of people in Atlanta who will miss them. In quiet ways he gave much to charity and was ever the poor man's good friend. The death of two beautiful children years ago turned his thoughts into spiritual channels. Bereavement never embittered him, and when the heaviest blow of all was laid upon him in the loss of his life's companion it only deepened upon his calm brow the reflected light of the better land. But his work was finished, and when he left last week for Florida, may it not have been the beckoning stretches of an undiscovered country that wooed him to the crystal waters which the Spaniard sought in vain?

THE INEQUALITIES OF THE LAW.

(Jan. 8, 1909.)

We are frequently so blinded by the colossal magnitude of great achievements that we entirely overlook the principle involved; and the man who commits some petty act of theft is promptly branded a felon, while the man who, by clever manipulation, dishonestly turns a million is called a financier of the Napoleonic school.

Not long ago a culprit, in Oakland, Cal., who stole only eight cents was sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years.

What the circumstances were the dispatches failed to indicate. The man may have deserved the full limit. But the action of the court acquires special significance by virtue of the fact that it sets an object lesson to the mills of justice on the other side of the bay of San Francisco.

This statement is not intended to reflect on individuals. Guilt should never go unwhipped of justice, however trifling or great; and innocence should never be made to pay the penalty for wrongdoing. But how true to human experience is the familiar quatrain:

"The law condemns the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common;
But lets the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose"

SPARE THE LONDON FOG, SIR OLIVER.

(Dec. 26, 1908.)

Sir Oliver Lodge, the well-known English scientist, has set not only all London, but all civilization, aquiver with excitement by his recent declaration that he has discovered a plan whereby it will be possible to abolish the great omnipresent wonder of the world's metropolis: the London fog.

Only the man who has been to England and who, from some high point of observation, like the parapets of Westminster or the dome of St. Paul has tried to get a bird's-eye view of London can deal in adequate terms with this delicate subject.

No matter at what hour of the day the visitor attempts to see London from either of the points above mentioned, it is like standing upon the bridge at midnight—

"Darkness there and nothing more!"

If Sir Oliver can really dispel the London fog he will rank in Anglo-Saxon history with Sir Francis Drake who flouted the Spanish Armada and with Sir Edward Jenner who annihilated the germ of smallpox.

But wait!

Does London really wish to part with her fog?

We must remember that this sacred old heirloom has come down from time immemorial. It has drifted along her avenues and hovered over her steeples since the days of King Alfred. It has wrapped her new sovereigns in swaddling clothes and shrouded her old sovereigns in drab for entombment.

Moreover, this London fog has been absolutely impartial. It has been as fair to the sexton who tolls the bell as to the priest who wields the mitre or to the prince who wears the

crown. It has no favorites. It breathes the spirit of the Great Charter. It is the grand old Democrat of England.

Still another point remains to be considered. Beyond anything else the whole island produces, this London fog is an advertiser. It carries the fame of the great metropolis around the world. The visitor goes to London not to inspect the crown-jewels in the old Tower, but to see the fog—the fog about which he has read and heard and talked and meditated.

In fact, no one can think of London without thinking of this oldest of British relics.

Can she afford to lose her fog?

We think not.

It might lift the ancient mists which have clouded the deliberations of the house of lords?

But the very thought of dispelling the time-honored fog of London is a sacrilege.

The subject is too painful to be discussed.

Let Sir Oliver proceed with his crusade! But when he gets his patent ready and undertakes to execute his masterstroke of dispelling the fog, up will bob the high sheriff of London with a bill of injunction.

"Stop!" he will say, in the stern accents of British conservatism. "Touch not this fog. It has come down to us from remote times. The precedent of keeping it has been established. Tudor and Stuart and Plantagenet have given it the royal seal. Therefore, let it stand!"

KING EDWARD BOWS TO DEATH.

(Mar. 9, 1910.)

Two hemispheres stand aghast at the suddenness with which the reign of Edward VII, king of England, has come to an end in the midst of an important crisis of British politics.

It was the purpose of the English Liberals to evoke from his late majesty a decision of the most vital character not only in its effect upon the present struggle between

the lords and the commons, but also in its bearing upon the future of the empire.

To what extent the health of the king was menaced by affairs of state is a question which is purely conjectural.

But the feudal warfare between the two hostile wings of parliament is known to have depressed the mind of the sovereign for months past and in helping to weave the pall of gloom which today shrouds Buckingham palace it doubtless played no minor part.

To outward appearances the king was in the best of health when he returned to London after his short visit to the continent some ten days ago, and even after he began to fear that the trouble with his throat might prove serious, it was little imagined by the outside world at least that an unseen messenger was lurking in the shadows of the royal boudoir.

Perhaps it was the recollection of what the old soothsayer had told him at the beginning of his reign that made the king averse to taking his bed. At any rate it is reported that the very morning of the day which witnessed his death found him occupying his chair. The fight which he made for life was in every respect worthy of his blood.

In earlier years King Edward was inclined to be dissolute but when he came to the throne as the successor of his royal mother, the good Queen Victoria, it was after his wild oats had been sown and he lived to see censure for his indiscretions converted into admiration for his statesmanship.

As a diplomat King Edward achieved his most signal success. In this respect he was doubtless without an equal among the sovereigns of the house of Brunswick.

Due to his popularity with the people, he possessed an influence much greater than attached to the crown itself. His love of the turf and his fondness for gaiety were dominant characteristics as long as he lived. His good fellowship was proverbial; but he always insisted upon the respect which was due his office as England's monarch.

His affability of manner and his punctilious regard for

the niceties of dress made him easily "the first gentleman of Europe."

Throughout the English speaking world he will be sincerely mourned, and nowhere more than in America, to which country he was genuinely and unaffectedly attached.

But death is no respecter of persons. He comes alike to the subject and to the sovereign. When the hour strikes both "the captains and the kings depart," and we are forcibly reminded in this connection of the words once spoken by the late Senator John J. Ingalls:

"In the republic of the grave there is neither rank nor station nor prerogative. In the democracy of death all men are equal."

Peace to the ashes of King Edward! To quote his own last words, he faithfully tried to do his duty; and let us hope that at the last he has only exchanged one crown for another.

GEORGIA MOURNS FOR CONGRESSMAN GRIGGS.

(Jan. 6, 1910.)

Congressman Griggs is dead!

With appalling suddenness, like an electric bolt, the end came at his home in Dawson, Ga., on Wednesday last, and from the festivities of the Christmas season the commonwealth in an unexpected moment is plunged into the shadow of sore bereavement.

It is no commonplace or ordinary grief which Georgia feels in the passing of this fearless and eloquent tribune of the people. He was outspoken, courageous. Neither the arts of the demagogue nor the expedients of the time-server were employed to hasten his rapid rise in public favor. It was due to his rugged honesty, to his vigorous and virile intellect, to his inherent patriotism. No man was ever more loyal to his friends or more faithful to his obligations; and while he was often placed in situations which were well calculated to test his mettle and to prove his merit, he remembered the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

In the office of solicitor general he made an effective prosecuting officer of the state, but he never sought to obtain convictions for mere victory's sake.

On the bench he was an able judge, and notwithstanding his youth, was easily the peer of any of his brethren of the ermine. What he lacked of the veteran's experience he supplied with the student's research. Moreover, his strong and native powers of mind gave him an intuitive grasp of legal problems.

But his best service was rendered in the forum of national affairs.

It was in the arena of statesmanship that his mental fiber was most severely tested, that his greatest achievements were scored and that his brightest prospects opened up before him in the future's fair vistas. Never was his section maligned nor his people traduced on the floors of congress during the dozen years in which he represented Georgia without an emphatic protest from his lips which the assailant was destined never to forget and which shook the halls of legislation like an equinoctial storm.

His shield, like Sir Lancelot's, bore the indentations of many a fray, but never once was he unhorsed on the field of tournament; never once was his lance splintered or his helmet dislodged, and no deed or act unchivalrous ever blurred his knighthood's escutcheon or stained his laurel wreath.

At an age which registered his physical and intellectual prime—in the noonday of his splendid public service—Death, the fell sergeant, has touched his armor, and while Georgia weeps for her fallen champion, the muse of heroism sings:

"Rest, soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battlefields no more."

FAME A BAUBLE.

What the poet Gray, in the sombre lines of the Elegy, has said of the paths of glory seems to be given fresh confirmation with each swing of the pendulum.

Last week, at an auction sale in the city of New York, the personal effects of the late Edwin Booth, once the uncrowned king of the American tragic stage, brought only the paltry pittance of $3,000.

The simple figures alone constitute an eloquent commentary upon the emptiness of the bauble which men call Fame.

Few, indeed, were the nights in the gay flood-time of the theatrical seasons when the box receipts for the performances of Edwin Booth failed to net twice the amount which was realized at the auction sale.

The great American actor was the toast of both hemispheres.

Kings and emperors vied with each other in doing honor to the matchless interpreter of Hamlet.

But when the curtain fell upon the last act of the drama and the player's brief hour upon the stage was over, the world whose adulation had been so loud and whose homage had been so obsequious, proceeded at once to forget him.

Alas, not only our pleasure, but our ambitions, too, are

> "like popies spread;
> We seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-flake on the river,
> A moment white, then gone forever;
> Or like the borealis race
> That flits ere we can point the place."

Poor John Keats wrote for us all when he wrote for himself the heart-broken eitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

JOHN MILTON'S TERCENTENARY.

Three hundred years ago today (Dec. 9, 1908), in what is now the throbbing heart of the city of London, was born the immortal singer of "Paradise Lost."

It is not invidious to say that in the world's literature there are few names which can be written beside the name of John Milton. He was the legitimate successor of the great ancients in the realm of epic verse—the Latin Virgil and the Greek Homer. He was the sublimest of all the English bards; and today, in all English-speaking Christendom, there is no library—public or private—worthy of the name which does not boast among its richest treasures the inspired masterpiece of Milton's genius.

Yet "Paradise Lost" is said to have netted the poet only ten pounds sterling.

Think of this paltry pittance doled out to the great bard whose harpstrings were attuned to the celestial harmonies!

On account of Milton's connection with the English commonwealth—his association with Oliver Cromwell and his defense of the execution of Charles I, there is no fitting memorial of the great poet to be found in England.

Of course, the English people are proud of the classic which has come from Milton's pen—but this is all.

The visitor to London will search in vain through the crypts and niches of Westminster Abbey for some reminder of the most illustrious of the English poets.

Not even Lord Byron himself is more completely ignored by the sculptor's chisel in the British Hall of Fame.

Except for the simplest shaft of crumbling marble, which stands near the gate—John Milton sleeps neglected in the old church yard of St. Giles—this man who sang for England and who, above all the minstrels of her realm, has sweetened the music of her tongue!

Milton can afford the slight which is put upon him—but can England?

It was in almost total blindness that John Milton caught the visions and wrote the lines of "Paradise Lost," but, next to the divine oracles, he has given to the world the clearest medium through which it can gaze into the mysterious Infinite.

And whatever may be England's attitude toward the great dreamer, he is securely enshrined for all time to come in the world's affection: the blind seer of the things invisible —the immortal Milton!

BRING THE OLD GOVERNOR HOME.

(Dec. 15, 1908.)

Under one of the bee-hive memorials which congress, in a fit of gruesome humor, has erected in the Congressional cemetery, on the banks of the Potomac, sleeps one of the most illustrious of the early Georgians.

It is Governor James Jackson.

In all the splendid history of the commonwealth it will not be possible to find a name more redolent with patriotic unselfishness—more suggestive of distinguished achievement—more fragrant with the recollections which attach to heroic devotion and to unblemished personal honor than the name of this chivalrous citizen and soldier of the olden times.

When the good name of Georgia was besmirched by the mercenary traffickers in legislation and the iniquitous Yazoo fraud, involving the wanton sacrifice of millions of acres of wild land, was fastened upon the state by reason of the subtle arts practiced upon the legislature and the chief executive, it was this fearless old patriot who came boldly and resolutely to the front.

He was serving at the time in the United States senate; and, despite the fact that four years remained before the expiration of his term of office, he promptly relinquished the toga.

But this was not all.

He took his seat in the state legislature—and, with the prestige of his high character and wide influence, he proceeded at once to unclasp the gauntlet and to offer the gage of battle.

The opposition was securely entrenched. To undertake a crusade of this nature invited personal peril. It necessitated the making of enemies. It involved the acceptance of challenges to fight duels. It exposed him to covert attacks from the dark.

Even Governor Jackson's colleague in the United States senate was himself involved in the meshes of the Yazoo conspirators.

But the intrepid old governor was not the man to be

intimidated by threats. He was like the rugged old Scotch reformer in the sense that he feared not the face of mortal man. The war was prosecuted with relentless vigor; the measure was finally rescinded; and the good name of the state was saved.

When the time came to destroy the records of the Yazoo fraud in order that no trace of the foul transaction might be left upon the records of the state, old Governor Jackson thought that the destroying fire should come from heaven; and, with the aid of a sun-glass, he converged the solar rays and made the firmament itself contribute to the extinction of this foul blot upon Georgia's honor.

On account of the feudal animosities growing out of this dramatic episode, Governor Jackson became involved in numerous personal encounters on the field of honor; and his death, which occurred while serving Georgia again in the United States senate, was superinduced by his unhealed wounds.

Before he died, he was heard to declare that, if his breast should be opened after death, Georgia's name would be found lettered upon his heart.

Yet this glorious old Georgian, to whom the good name of the state was dearer than life, sleeps almost forgotten upon the distant Potomac hillsides.

Even, if the incongruous bee-hive under which he rests were the noble shaft of granite which he deserves to have, is it not time for Georgia to right an old injustice to one of the truest of her sons and to one of the stoutest of her champions?

What New York has so lately done for DeWitt Clinton let Georgia do for James Jackson—let her bring the old governor home!

He sleeps in no alien soil; but better even than the shadows of his country's capital are the rippling waters and the blooming bluffs of his beloved Savannah.

THE SECRET OF THE OCTOGENARIAN.

(Jan. 16, 1909.)

Much has crept into print of late concerning the secret of long life—the coveted Eureka of the octogenarian. Suggestions and theories have been advanced by many eminent scientists, both in this country and in Europe. Even the village whittler has taken part in the discussion and profoundly hinted at hardy ancestors and orthodox habits. But, better than all these speculations—better than all the recipes in the cook book, better than all the nostrums in the drug store around the corner—is an old prescription which was first compounded when the divine fiat went forth: "Let there be light!"

Whether taken in a physical or in a metaphysical sense, the best physician in town is Dr. Sunbeam.

He is the most successful killer of germs today known to the whole medical profession.

Professor Angell, the dean of American educators, celebrated his 80th birthday at the beginning of the present month. Despite the weight of four-score years, he is still actively at the head of the University of Michigan, and in youthfulness of feeling is perhaps the youngest member of the faculty over which he presides. Asked to explain his vigorous health at an age which ordinarily bespeaks decay, he replied by saying that he had always kept in elbow touch with young people; that he had always believed in the cheerful philosophy of optimism; that he had always lived in the sunlight.

This was undoubtedly the secret of Mr. Gladstone's long pilgrimage—bounded by the ninetieth mile post!

Living today in the Borough of Brooklyn, there is an old man of snowy locks by the name of Theodore L. Cuyler. He is 88 years old; but his step is still elastic—his cheeks are still ruddy—his eyes still sparkle. For more than 63 years Dr. Cuyler has been an eloquent evangel of the good news; but he still writes for the religious journals with an unwearied pen of gold. In feeling, at least, he is still one of the youngsters—because he is the apostle of sunshine.

Oliver Wendell Holmes exemplified this same formula

for keeping off the infirmities of age, when he wrote to Whittier on his 70th birthday: "It's better to be 70 years young than 40 years old."

In the current issue of Success, Mr. Marden touches upon this same line of thought in an article entitled "Growing Old a Habit." He says that the secret of long life is in keeping the mind fresh—in meditating upon the beautiful, whether in art or in nature; in cultivating the society of the young; in dispelling even the bare suggestion that old age is creeping on.

It is useless to deny the sympathetic connection which exists between the inner and the outer man. Mental habits picture themselves forth in the bodily aspect; and, if we wish to keep young, we must take the simple and wholesome tonics which will make us feel young. We must live in the sunlight. We must break this unseemly habit of growing old. We may never get back to the unabridged life-tenure of the old antedeluvians, but we will find that the Fountain of Youth is within us.

PATHFINDERS OF THE AIR: THE WRIGHTS.

On June the tenth next (1910) in the east room of the white house in Washington, an incident is scheduled to occur which is destined to mark an epoch in the history of the world's progress.

At this time, President Taft, on behalf of the Aero Club of America, will present gold medals to the famous brothers whose conquests of the air have made them the heroes of an age of wonder—

Wilbur and Orville Wright.

It is most appropriate that the ceremonies should be held at the nation's capitol.

Nor is it less in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that the chief executive of the United States should be the spokesman on this interesting occasion.

For the whole American people—irrespective of party lines and without regard to issues of creed—are proud of

what the Wright boys have accomplished in the way of gaining control of the upper elements.

If our readers will pardon the pun, it is no airy thing after all which has been achieved by these men of lofty designs!

The effort to navigate the air is not an offspring of last week. It is older than the marble ruins of the Grecian Acropolis. The very earliest of the Attic writers sought to exploit the idea; and in the legendary tales of the land of Homer, we read of Icarus, whose wings were fitted to his shoulder blades with wax. But unfortunately he sailed too near the sun; and the only monument which today tells of this first daring aeronaut is the sea into which he dropped.

From time immemorial the man who has sought to invade the welkin has been the target for ridicule the world over.

And the story of Darius Green is only the modern popping of an ancient chestnut.

But the laughter which was formerly provoked by the bare thought of the flying machine has softened into something like a low gurgle. Jest has been changed into earnest; and the wizards who have wrought this "magic presto" are twins of Uncle Sam.

Tennyson's dream of "the nations' airy navies" was more than half prophetic.

Tomorrow we will be shipping our cotton to Liverpool in modern aeroplanes and spending our honeymoons in the guest parlors of Venus.

Here's to the Wright boys.

Success to them in perfecting the wonderful invention which they have given to science; and may they subdue the stubborn ether to such an extent that the memorial which will best proclaim them will be Gemini among the constellations.

ONE OF GOD'S NOBLEMEN: JOHN BARCLAY.

(Jan. 22, 1909.)

Upon countless homes and hearts in Atlanta the icy touch of bereavement has been laid in the death of Mr. John F. Barclay. This man of golden deeds was one of God's true noblemen. If he ever spoke an unkind word, no one can recall it in this hour of sadness. Like the Master whom he served, "he went about doing good." It is no exaggeration to say that he was known at every humble fireside in Atlanta—by every palefaced little child. Weakness always found in him a champion, orphanage a father, humanity a friend. No plumed and spurred knight of the olden times ever rushed more swiftly to the rescue of the helpless.

The story of the Barclay Mission, which was opened in a box-car on the Western and Atlantic railroad some time in the eighties, reads like a romance. It recalls the apostolic days. It breathes the spirit of the lowly Nazarene Himself. To compute the results or to weigh the influences of John Barclay's work is beyond the power of arithmetic. The Mission will be his best monument; and high upon the honor roll of sweet unselfishness it will write his name beside Ben Adhem's.

From such a life we cannot fail to draw this useful lesson—it is what we do for others, not for self, that embalms us in the memory of an after-time; that gives to our good deeds a fragrance of virtue, suggestive of Arabian myrrh; and that links us, in a world's tender thought, with the devotion of Ruth, with the spikenard of Mary, and with the cedars of Lebanon.

Years ago, when the Christian Workers' convention met in Atlanta, John Barclay was in all his glory, because he was among congenial spirits like himself. He seemed to be breathing the atmosphere of his own Paradise. The account which he gave in simple words and in modest accents of his noble work thrilled and electrified all hearts. Fare thee well, sweet prince! Thou art gone to where thy crown is waiting. But the memory of thy life will linger

long behind thee, like the perfume which still haunts the shattered vase or the echo which survives the harp when the broken chords are silent!

THE DEMON OF SELF-SLAUGHTER.

(Feb. 5, 1909.)

Life is full of strange enigmas. When the demon of self-slaughter takes possession of some poor wretch who has lost his last dollar at the gambling table or who has felt the pangs of hunger until mind and body are both enfeebled by exhaustion, the cause for the rash act is, to some extent, laid bare. It excites no wonder if, goaded by suffering, he points the pistol to his brain or makes the mad leap of death in the chill starlight.

But when men like the late Ben Jones, who are seemingly blessed with an abundance of the good things of earth, adopt this tragic mode of departure in the very midst of life's flowering fortunes, it deepens the mystery of the problem; and the irrepressible question mark emerges like a ghost at the banquet—

Why?

It is difficult to solve the riddle. Perhaps there are skeletons in the closet which we do not see. Perhaps there are discords in the harp which we can not hear. Perhaps there are olive glooms in the deep Gethsemanes of the soul which we can not measure or comprehend. All that we know is that to the outward eye of sense they seem to possess what men are prone to covet.

But what we see is only surface deep.

One of the most depressing facts disclosed by the mortuary tables for the past year is that the suicide mania in this country is pathetically on the increase; nor is this malignant germ of self-slaughter restricted to the slums and pauper districts of the crowded centers of population.

Too frequently of late it has crept into the upper circles. It has invaded the marble precincts of the rich. It has

sprinkled with blood the doorposts of the palace. It has seized the heir of great expectations.

May it not be due to the complex way of living, for which in this feverish age of haste and hurry we have exchanged the simple life?

Without delving too deeply into causes, the rash act too often proceeds from momentary depression—from sudden impulse. Often the dark hour which inspires this deed of violence is the dark hour which borders upon better things. Almost in sight of the goal, the race is abandoned; and some voice from the gaping crowd whispers:

"If he had only waited!"

Alas, we are too prone to surrender to Giant Despair!

Twice in the play of Hamlet the melancholy Dane contemplated self-destruction; but his wiser instincts triumphed. Tennyson, crushed by the death of Arthur Hallam, felt the same morbid impulse to end the struggle. This he has clearly intimated in "The Two Voices;" but he lived to pour his sorrow into the nobler and saner lines of "In Memoriam," and to wear the leaf of the poet laureate. Former Associate Justice L. Q. C. Lamar was the victim of inherited melancholia. He was constantly afraid that in an evil moment he might repeat his brilliant father's tragic example. He was often sorely oppressed; but he lived to represent the state of Mississippi in the United States senate, to enter the cabinet of President Cleveland and to wear the ermine of the supreme court of the United States.

Then what is the moral?

Don't give up. Push ahead. If the great navigator had surrendered to vague fears and vain imaginings, he would have put back to Spain on the second day of the eventful voyage. The crew became disheartened. Both wind and wave conspired to sink the ship; but each day the instruction which he gave the man at the helm was "Sail on!" Finally the sea was crossed; above the horizon loomed the mountain peaks of the new world; and the reward of the sailor's long cruise was a continent!

MARCONI, THE MAGICIAN.

(Feb. 1, 1909.)

Without detracting from the honors which are due the gallant captain and brave operator of the wireless instrument on board the White Star liner which sank at sea last week (January, 1909), the real hero of this epoch-making event in the world's calendar wears the youthful face of the young Italian wizard:

William Marconi.

It sounds like the sheerest fairy tale of fiction to be told that this Prince Marvelous of twentieth century magicians, who has actually eclipsed the wornout wonders of the "Arabian Nights" and written the most brilliant page in the history of modern science, is still on the sunny side of 35.

But more than a decade has elapsed since William Marconi first announced to the scientific world his master-feat of jugglery with the electric spark.

If ever a youth was ridiculed and lampooned for exploiting the vagaries of an immature mind, it was this young Italian.

The miracle of making iron swim on the water was commonplace and trifling compared with this feat of transmitting wireless messages around the globe. Even the wisest of the savants shook his head. The consensus of opinion among the experts of both hemispheres was condensed in the one word:

Impossible!

Thus the world laughed at Robert Fulton when he babbled about propelling his little boat with steam. But the Clermont moved like a swan up the waters of the Hudson when he tried the experiment; and today the Lusitania makes the trip across the broad Atlantic in less than five days.

Thus the world laughed at Galileo when he prated about the circular form of the earth; at Morse when he appealed to congress for sympathetic aid in experimenting with the telegraph; at Edison when he vaguely hinted at the motor car and the incandescent light. These men were all hope-

lessly insane—fit subjects for the lunatic asylum. But the hilarity has ceased; and the men who were once laughed to scorn are today the recipients of the world's admiring homage.

Young Marconi was less than 16 when he began to dream about wireless telegrams. He knew that the electric current was capable of passing through any substance and of keeping an unbroken course if once started in any given direction; and this was the basis upon which he began to experiment on his father's farm at Bologna. He invented an apparatus for wireless telegraphy, but he received little encouragement from the Italian government and little recognition from the Italian scientists. This was due partly to the crudeness of his outfit. It was not by any means perfect; and the youngster was at once promoted to the chief seat among the numb-skulls and the crack-brains.

But he was not dismayed. He turned to England. At this time Sir William Henry Preece, the chief electrician of the English Postal Telegraph, was making experiments along the same line in London; and Marconi at once sought this brother wizard. The result of the visit was that the apparatus was thoroughly tested; and, to the mute amazement of the great electrician who had spent years in fruitless experiments, it was found that the young Italian had actually solved the great problem.

Despite the fact that Marconi's mother was of Irish birth and parentage, and his wife an English girl of noble birth, the British government refused to give him the recognition to which he was properly entitled. This was due to an Anglo-Saxon prejudice in favor of Sir William Henry Preece, whose electrical studies antedated the advent of the young Italian; but Marconi could not be deprived of the laurels which he had fairly earned.

Successful tests of the Marconi method were subsequently made by the Italian ministry of marine in sending a message from Spezia to a vessel some distance on the Mediterranean.

Later, signals were successfully exchanged across the

British channel; and, before the beardless youth had attained his legal majority, he was proclaimed the greatest of the world's wizards.

The only parallel in all history to this precocious example of youthful achievement is to be found in the child Messiah, who taught the rabbis in the temple at Jerusalem.

Marconi continued to perfect his wonderful invention until he finally succeeded in transmitting a message across the Atlantic; and in 1899 he came to the United States for the purpose of establishing wireless stations in the Western Hemisphere. Especially notable was Marconi's success in reporting the elections.

Since then wireless stations have been established in all parts of the world. On board the great ocean steamers daily newspaper editions are maintained by means of wireless telegraphy, and passengers far out at sea can communicate with loved ones at home. But the crowning tribute to the genius of the young Italian has been furnished by the marvelous and timely rescue off Nantucket shoals.

SHELLEY AND KEATS.

(April 9, 1909.)

More than ordinary interest attaches to the formal opening in Rome, Italy, of the memorial house which commemorates two noted English poets—Shelley and Keats.

Both died in this sunny clime of the Mediterranean and both are buried in the city of Rome, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezia.

And it sems like an avenging Nemesis that death should have overtaken him in this manner; for his first wife, whom he relinquished to elope with Mary Godwin, committed suicide by drowning.

However, it must be said to the credit of Shelley, whose views in regard to wedlock were somewhat peculiar, that he did not leave his first wife without means of support;

and her course in seeking self-destruction was doubtless prompted by her love for her erratic husband.

The atheistic philosophy of Shelley has kept him from touching the great heart of the world, but the structural form and beauty of his verse have given him a strong hold upon the esthetic imagination.

Keats went to Italy to check the ravages of consumption.

This ill-starred English poet was a genius of the rarest mold; but he wholly lacked appreciation in his day except by his two staunch friends, Shelley and Byron.

The poetry-reading public was still under the sway of Moore and Scott. The star of Childe Harold was just beginning to emerge; and the new school of poetry was yet to come into favor. Consequently "Endymion" became the target for the most ruthless assaults of criticism.

It sickened the heart of poor Keats. But he continued to write, struggling all the while with the malady which was slowly preying upon his vital cords—and finally the rupture of a blood vessel put an end to his unhappy existence at the age of 25.

No wonder in a fit of mental depression he wrote for his tomb the epitaph—

"Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

But today wherever the English language is spoken the name of Keats is honored; and instead of being written in water it is written upon the enduring tablets of his country's marble.

The exercises in connection with the formal opening of the memorial house were graced by the presence of King Victor Emmanuel; and the funds for the purchase of the building, which was the one in which Keats died, are said to have come in large part from this side of the Atlantic.

DR. BULL HAS FOUND RELIEF.

(Feb. 24, 1909.)

Behind the recent sad death of Dr. William T. Bull, the noted specialist, whose reputation for the treatment of the dread disease known as cancer was international and world-

wide, lies one of the most pathetic stories which the press dispatches have recently chronicled.

Over hundreds of emaciated sufferers the great surgeon had bent his charmed knife, to perform a miracle of healing.

There was something not only in the magic name but in the calm brow of this wonderful wizard which seemed to inspire hope in the breast of the pain-tortured victim.

He never permitted his face to wear the baffled look.

From all parts of the country and even from far off Europe the pale invalids flocked.

Some he undoubtedly cured. For others he lengthened the span of days and mitigated the acute pangs of suffering. To every one who came to him he faithfully applied the latest and safest balsams of his healing art.

But there lurked in this labor of love an insidious foe, who was only waiting for an opportune moment to seize the blade of the great surgeon.

Death was envious of the man who had plucked so many human lives from his skeleton clutches.

Alas, the bitter irony of fate! The time came at last when the noted physician, who had so often baffled the arch-enemy of human life, was himself the victim—of cancer.

Day by day the strong man waxed feebler and feebler. The only hand in the entire world which possessed the skill to give him relief was growing thin and white at his side. He was sealed for death at last, because there was no Dr. Bull to do for him what he had done for others.

But the spirit of the grim fighter was never once subdued.

His wife was a Southern girl, and when the cooler days set in he was brought to Georgia, where an ideal place of retreat was ready to receive him at Wimberly, on the Isle of Hope, amid the exhilarating breezes of the sea.

For a season he began to improve. The change was at once apparent. But Dr. Bull was destined never to get well. Another change came; and at last the feeble pulse grew still.

Cold in death, the marble brow still seemed to say, "I have conquered;" and who knows but what he has?

Strange providence!

But instead of impugning the power which permits such mysterious things, let us simply recognize the limitations of finite intelligence, beyond which lie myriads of enigmas which we can not unravel.

In the island-valley of Avillion we are told that the brave King Arthur was healed at last of his grievous wound; and perhaps in "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," Dr. Bull has likewise felt the healing touch which has made him whole.

At any rate, even the most arrant skeptic must admit that he well deserves the anodyne which sleep has brought him; for the tragic ending of this brave man's life proves clearly that the martyrs did not all die in the arena at Rome.

THE SILENT BISHOP.

(May 14, 1909.)

Over the new-made grave of Bishop Charles B. Galloway, at Jackson, Miss., is bowed the bereaved spirit of Southern Methodism.

The atmosphere of this entire section is moist with tears.

For Bishop Galloway was known and loved wherever a Methodist altar is raised or a Methodist congregation meets to worship.

He was something more than a member of the college of bishops. Endowed with the gift of eloquent speech, he was incomparably an orator. It is not unfair to his colleagues on the Episcopal bench to say that he surpassed them all in the power of utterance; and perhaps not since the days of Bishop George F. Pierce has there arisen one who has approached nearer to the standard of this peerless Demosthenes of the pulpit.

Death was envious of the tongue which could wake such music.

It mattered not where he preached. In the village chapel or in the city church he was the same magnetic man. Learned and unlearned were eager to hear him. He cast the magician's spell upon all alike. Most public speakers require the stimulus of great occasions to arouse them; but the spur to Bishop Galloway's mental power was less the audience than the message. He was always the eloquent evangel.

And doubtless some of the most eloquent notes which ever fell from his lips were registered in wayside hamlets.

Yet he was effectual in seizing great opportunities. Those who have heard him in London can tell how the British congregations sat spellbound under the charm of his voice. In the monster gatherings he was often the accredited spokesman of his brethren, and he was never known to fall below the mark.

More than all else he was sweet spirited. He was open to approach. The most timid child was not abashed in the presence of this great dignitary of the church.

And the work which he undertook to accomplish was prodigious. Great gifts involve great burdens and numberless were the tasks which were laid upon the shoulders of this willing servant. Even when the fingers of disease were clutching at his vital cords he continued to perform his labors. He did not like to shrink from doing what was asked of him; but the time came when he could no longer bear the heavy load.

And now his eyelids are closed and his hands are folded.

Methodism will miss him. But sister communions will likewise feel the acute sense of loss; for his usefulness was not restricted to the bounds of his denomination. He was an ambassador of the King.

HEIR-LOOM HONORS—HISTORIC HOUSEHOLDS.

(June 29, 1909.)

While the formal induction of Joseph M. Brown into the office of governor of Georgia marks the first instance on record in the history of this state where father and son

have both occupied the chief executive's chair of the commonwealth, still there are numerous examples of hereditary honors to be found within the circle of American households.

The average grammar school pupil knows that the Adams family of Massachusetts has given to the nation two presidents.

And also that the Harrison family, which first appears in Virginia and afterwards in Ohio and Indiana, has likewise supplied two occupants to the white house, Benjamin Harrison being the grandson of William Henry Harrison; and both being descendants of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from the Old Dominion.

For several successive generations the state of Delaware was represented in the United States senate chamber by one of the Bayards.

From 1805 to 1813 the toga was worn by James A. Bayard, the first of the illustrious line. He afterwards signed the Treaty of Ghent and represented this country at the court of St. Petersburg. His son, Richard Henry Bayard, was twice commissioned to serve in this high forum. Another son, James A. Bayard, was three times honored in like manner. And finally Thomas F. Bayard, a grandson, sat in the United States senate from 1869 to 1884, when he entered the cabinet of President Cleveland; and later, it will be remembered, he was made ambassador to England.

It is one of the anomalies of American politics that on the day which witnessed the first election of Thomas F. Bayard to the United States senate, his father, James A. Bayard, was likewise commissioned to fill an unexpired term in the same august arena.

This is perhaps the sole instance on record where father and son were chosen by the same legislature to hold senatorial commissions.

Richard Bassett, who sat in the United States senate from 1789 to 1793 and also became governor of Delaware, was the father-in-law of James A. Bayard, who signed the Treaty of Ghent; and thus another name is added to the list.

Scarcely less distinguished on the muster roll of the state of Delaware are the Saulsburys.

From 1858 to 1871 Willard Saulsbury sat in the United States senate.

There is still a Saulsbury in the senate at the present moment (1919) in whom the traditions of the line are splendidly maintained.

He then relinquished the toga to his brother, Eli Saulsbury, who was re-elected in 1876 and in 1882, serving continuously for eighteen years.

On a plantation in Maine during the earlier years of the nineteenth century there were reared three brothers—Israel, Elihu and Cadwallader C. Washburn.

Leaving home in quest of the fickle Goddess of Fortune, they settled in different states of the middle West; but they all met at one time on the floor of the national house of represenatives.

Georgia was brilliantly represented in the United States senate by the two Colquitts, Walter T. Colquitt serving from 1843 to 1848, and Alfred H. Colquitt serving from 1882 to 1894.

John Sherman, the noted statesman, and William Tecumseh Sherman, the illustrious soldier, were descendants of Roger Sherman, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Connecticut.

Lyman Beecher, the famous New England divine, was the father of seven Congregational clergymen, the most distinguished of whom was Henry Ward Beecher; and his daughter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, was the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

David Dudley Field was an eloquent minister of Connecticut, who transmitted his gifts to four sons; David Dudley Field became an eminent lawyer and writer of legal text-books. Stephen J. Field rose to be associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. Cyrus W. Field laid the Atlantic cable; and Henry M. Field founded the Christian Evangelist, wrote numberless books and became the most noted traveler of his day.

To the foregoing summary, we might add the Lees of

Virginia, the Pinckneys and the Rutledges of South Carolina, the Kentucky Clays and Breckenridges and the Georgia Cobbs and Lamars.

From this hasty resume it will be seen that there are many families in which the fires of genius have been transmitted from sire to son.

If time permitted we could cross the water.

For the barest glance at the international horizon reveals the elder and the younger Pitt in England; Dumas, father and son, in France; Pliny, the younger and the elder, on the Roman peninsula, and likewise the two Catos.

But the field has been sufficiently surveyed.

It only remains to be added that Joseph M. Brown, besides attaining to the high office of governor, is also a scholar and a writer of distinction, having produced a story called "Astyanax," which is based upon early American antiquities and which has been extravagantly praised by the most conservative critics. So it is no unworthy son who wears today the mantle of an illustrious father.

SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL: A PEN-PORTRAIT.

The death of Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, removes from the nation's highest legislative arena one of the most impressive and picturesque personalities which American public life has known since the war.

As an orator, he possessed no superior in the august body which during his long tenure of service included John J. Ingalls, of Kansas; Dan W. Voorhees, of Indiana; Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina; George G. Vest, of Missouri; Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, and John T. Morgan, of Alabama.

His superb oration delivered at the unveiling of the Washington obelisk in 1884 is one of the classic masterpieces of American eloquence.

Had he lived, Senator Daniel would also have delivered the address on the unveiling of the statue of Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall.

But the distinguished Virginian was more than an orator. He was also a statesman. His grasp of the fundamental principles of the government was most profound, and his knowledge of the great problems of legislation was equaled by few of his colleagues. Moreover, he was a constitutional lawyer. At the bar of Virginia he was an acknowledged leader before he appeared upon the floor of congress. He also contributed to legal literature two standard text books.

It was during the troublous days of readjusterism in Virginia that Senator Daniel first entered politics. He was nominated in 1881 by the debt-paying Democracy for governor. The campaign was strenuous. Even to this day the silvery accents of his voice are still echoing among the Alleghanies; and though he was defeated by reason of the temporary strength of the powerful opposition, he became the popular idol of the state when the reactionary movement began.

Three years later he was elected to the national house of representatives. But it was not twelve months before he was transferred to the American house of peers.

In the latter body he served continuously for 25 years.

And he was just entering upon his fifth term when death ended his brilliant and useful career.

It is no exaggeration to say that Senator Daniel was one of the most commanding figures of the post-bellum era in national politics.

His familiar crutch—his broad intellectual forehead—his piercing eye—his raven locks—these made him the conspicuous center of every assemblage.

Senator Daniel lost one of his limbs in the terrific battle of the Wilderness. Hence he was sometimes called "the Lame Lion of Lynchburg." Until the hour of his death he held the supreme place in Virginia's affections; and whenever he appeared on any public occasion he was the recipient of enthusiastic ovations. His sway was absolute.

The courtliness of manner which characterized him in debate was reminiscient of the senate's best days. The atmosphere of the old South lingered fragrantly about him. In the truest sense of the word he typified the Virginia gentleman.

Fearless and upright, no taint of corruption ever soiled his toga.

Senator Daniel will be missed. In an age of graft, he embodied the republic's best ideals and traditions. His voice and his vote were ever upon the side of civic righteousness. Peace to his ashes on the hills which overlook the James!

SEQUOYA: THE MODERN CADMUS.

Several days ago the legislature of Oklahoma adopted a resolution providing for the erection of a statue to Sequoya, the famous Indian who devised and perfected the Cherokee alphabet.

The statue when completed is to be placed in the national capitol at Washington.

Senator Robert L. Owen, the senior United States senator from Oklahoma, and Hon. Charles D. Carter, who represents the same state in congress, have been designated to select the artist who will execute the statue.

Both men are distinguished scions of the Cherokee nation and both are proud of the ancestry from which they have sprung.

In this respect they are not unlike the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke, who often boasted in congress that he descended from a race which never forgot a friend or forgave a foe.

It may be gravely doubted if in point of intelligence the Cherokee Indians have ever been surpassed by any of the dark-hued natives of the American forest.

Prior to the removal of the tribes westward they occupied the mountainous region of country today embraced

within North Georgia, upper Alabama, East Tennessee, Western North Carolina and upper South Carolina.

Cherokee county in this state commemorates the former occupancy of North Georgia by the Cherokees.

Even before leaving the slopes of the Blue Ridge the Cherokee nation possessed a written language and a written constitution. Moreover, they were the only organized body of Indians on the North American continent who enjoyed this distinction. Sequoya's alphabet laid the foundations for both achievements.

Though born in upper Alabama, Sequoya lived for many years with his mother near Old Fort Loudon in East Tennessee, where his youth was spent. He was a lad of studious habits, due largely to the Caucasian blood which rippled in his veins, and it was through constant contact and association with the whites along the frontier that he conceived the idea of an alphabet for the language of his people.

No sooner was his invention submitted to the sages of the nation than it was forthwith adopted.

Old and young began to apply themselves to the task of mastering the strange characters. Nor was it long before most of the Cherokees in the Blue Ridge belt could read and write. Later Sequoya visited Arkansas, where other Cherokee tribes were living. He was equally successful in introducing his alphabet into the West.

Sequoya's English name was George Guess and on the authority of John Ross, the noted Indian chief, his father was a virginia planter, Colonel William Guess.

In honor of this Indian half-breed the name of Sequoya was given to the gigantic trees of California.

Thus he possesses already a monument, the like of which was never reared by the hand of man; but there is a propriety and a fitness in the movement to honor him in Washington.

DR. ELIOT'S SHELF OF BOOKS.

(June 24, 1909.)

The former president of Harvard, in undertaking to name the books of his wonderful library which is to give us on one shelf five feet in length the essentials of a liberal education, has exposed himself to the batteries of an indignant popular opposition.

There is hardly a point on the horizon which is not covered by a gun, the muzzle of which is aimed directly at the breast of Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

Like the Grecian, Ajax, he has defied the lightning and he must take the consequences.

For nowhere in this brief list of books in which he is supposed to distill for us the wisdom of the ages can be found one single drama of the immortal Bard of Avon.

By almost universal consent, Shakespeare stands at the apex of the pyramid of letters.

From no other author are we such constant and inveterate borrowers. His quips and phrases belong to the currency of everyday speech. Unconsciously we utter the language which he has put upon our tongues, for this marvelous magician with the key of genius has invaded all treasure houses and unlocked all vaults.

Well has he been called the myriad-minded Shakespeare.

For, to quote an admiring commentator: "He was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought."

Yet this potentate of the drama is given no place on this shelf of books.

We can find the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" and the "Journal of John Woodman," but in vain do we look for "Hamlet."

Most of us have been taught to reverence the old Bible. It has become a target of late years for the shafts of the higher criticism; and impious hands have sought to destroy this bulwark of truth. But in countless millions of homes it has been the very lamp of life. Few are the hovels too squalid to contain this one precious asset. It has softened the couch of pain. It has beautified the hour of death. It

has survived sword and famine and pestilence and fire. To multitudes of the human race it has been the sole substitute for an education. Upon it countless books have been written. It has tutored both the head and the heart. And today it constitutes the divine basis of the world's all-conquering religion.

Some of us may recall a packet which was put into our hands when we quit the doorsteps of the old homestead; and on the fly leaf in mother's own familiar hand was written the adjuration:

> "May this blest volume ever lie
> Close to thy heart and near thine eye
> Till life's last hour thy soul engage
> And be thy chosen heritage."

And the contents of this little volume have revolutionized the philosophies of men.

Yet the Bible is given no place on Dr. Eliot's shelf of books.

We can find the philosophy of Plato and the lay of Tam O' Shanter, but in vain do we look for the proverbs of Solomon and for the songs of David.

PRESERVERS OF GEORGIA'S HISTORY: CANDLER—NORTHEN.*

[This essay was published as an introduction to VOL. XXII, Colonial Records, Part 1.]

On October 26, 1910, ex-Governor Allen D. Candler passed to his reward, at the ripe age of seventy-six years. The end came peacefully to the aged public servant at his home in Atlanta, Ga., surrounded by the sorrowing members of his bereaved household. The extent of his labors as Compiler of Records was vast. He left at his death, in manuscript, some twenty-four volumes, in addition to thirty volumes previously compiled and published, covering the Colonial, Revolutionary and Confederate periods.

To the memory of Governor Candler, Georgia owes a profound debt of gratitude. Time will not diminish this

obligation; for as the years go by the measure of service which he gave to Georgia as her first Compiler of Records will grow in popular recognition. He filled this office from 1902 to 1910, a period of eight years, but the area of his researches covered the better part of two centuries.

Except for certain records in the Spanish archives at Seville, pertaining to the Colony of Georgia and dealing with the Spanish Wars, little remains to be done in the Colonial period beyond supplying an index for the first three volumes of the series. To the Revolutionary period, it is only necessary to add a Roster, together with such additional data as may be obtained under a Democratic administration from the War Department in Washington, D. C. The Confederate Records, though still incomplete, are well advanced.

To Miss L. T. Henderson, Governor Candler's faithful assistant in office, the appreciative thanks of the state are due for her painstaking and efficient work in editing his unfinished manuscripts. These only need to be indexed with care by one familiar with Georgia's history, so that in each instance the key-word may be supplied; and for the convenience of students making historical investigations, it is also important to extend the work by making marginal annotations. As rapidly as the funds will permit, the manuscript volumes will be put into print.

These periods—the Colonial, Revolutionary and Confederate—Governor Candler has made, in a peculiar sense, his own; and whatever the task of the present Compiler, in preserving the history of Georgia for other periods, these belong to him; and to him they will be accredited while the archives of our state endure. With the Compiler's pen in his hand—unwearied to the last—Governor Candler fell asleep

> "His twelve long hours
> Bright to the edge of darkness. Then
> The calm repose of twilight and the crown
> Of stars.

Succeeding Governor Candler in office, came ex-Governor William J. Northen, than whom Georgia never bore a more devoted son. Stainless in every act of his life, he was a

model public servant, a man without fear and without reproach. But ill-health incident to advanced years, prevented this noble old Roman from realizing the full measure of his ambition in the office of Compiler; and to the infirmities of age were added political embarrassments. But the manuscript of the present volume (Colonial Records, Vol. XXII, part 1) shows that Governor Northen carefully scrutinized every paragraph, while his familiar handwriting appears throughout the volume in frequent notes and captions. When too feeble to write, he supervised with the utmost care his stenographer's work. The last sentences which he ever framed for these records were dictated with great physical pain from his death-bed. He passed away, at the age of seventy-eight years, on March 24, 1913, just as the opening chapters of the present volume were going to press. Georgia will ever cherish the memory of this true patriot and hold in affectionate remembrance his manifold virtues.

In succeeding by executive appointment to an office filled by these choice spirits and adorned by these splendid names, the present Compiler enters upon his task with serious misgivings. The standard set by his predecessors is high. But he takes up the unfinished work of these men with the consciousness that, whatever he may lack of wisdom to make him worthy of such an honor, he can at least count upon love to keep him loyal. The office of England's poet-laureate was not more reverently assumed by Tennyson when he became in 1851 the Court Singer of the Victorian Age; and if I may paraphrase the laureate's lines addressed to the queen, it will be to make them read:

"Georgia—since your royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of men who uttered nothing base—

Take, Madam, this poor book of mine,
For though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness."

INTRODUCTION TO "GOLDEN ROD AND CYPRESS."

To quote an almost forgotten writer, "poetry is unfallen speech." It was the language spoken by our first parents in the Garden of Eden, and down to the end of time it will continue to be the mother-tongue of noble minds. The songs of a nation are powerful factors in shaping its laws and molding its institutions; and even in an age wedded to material things, we cannot—without an implication of self-reproach—affect to despise the eldest of all the arts. This exquisite volume of verse comes from the giften pen of one whose writings are already known to thousands throughout our broad Southland. The formality of introducing Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers to an audience of friends, most of whom have long felt the subtle charm of her genius, is quite a needless one, but the privilege of penning these simple lines of tribute is nevertheless most eagerly embraced, if only for the borrowed radiance with which it gilds an humbler name. When the clouds of war first began to hover over our homes, on the ominous eve of the great sectional conflict, Mrs. Rogers—then a girl in her teens—first discovered the divine gift which was destined to weave for her many a green laurel in the years to come; and when she bade adieu to historic Wesleyan, in the summer of 1857, her commencement composition was the first poem ever written by a graduate of the oldest female college in the world. It was a gem meet for the crown of her Alma Mater.

Some of the happiest poems of Mrs. Rogers were inspired by the chivalry of Dixie's gray battalions. Under the silken folds of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," she saw our brave defenders go forth to battle. She cheered them in victory. She consoled them in defeat. She bent over them in the hospitals where they languished in pain and suffering. With the enthusiasm of youth, she gave her maiden songs to a Conquered Banner. The civilization of the Old South —its lofty ideals of honor—its noble standards of culture—its beautiful memories of plantation life in the old feudal days—these have always been favorite themes with Mrs. Rogers, themes which have never failed to touch her deep-

est chords of feeling and to kindle her sweetest strains of music. Though loyal to the flag under which she now lives, she has never deigned to apologize for the flag to which she once vowed allegiance and today her heart is still an Ark of the Covenant in which the precious manna of the Confederacy is kept.

But her love for the South was fore-ordained. She comes of an aristocratic old Southern family, the name of which is linked with the earliest traditions of a land of Cavaliers. She could not be other than what she is—loyal in every fiber of her being to the home of her birth. Some may smile at the claims of long descent. But lineage counts in the making of character. The bias of heredity is even stronger than the influence of environment; but in weaving the ties of loyalty which were to bind this gentle daughter of Dixie to her beloved Southland, both of these forces contributed. Mrs. Rogers traces collateral descent to Sir Ralph Lane, Jr., who sailed from Plymouth, Eng., in one of the vessels equipped by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585, and by virtue of his official commission he became the first Colonial Governor of the New World. Her great uncle Joel Lane, was the founder of Raleigh, N. C., while her grandmother boasted not less than five nephews, who became Governors of five different states, viz.: Joseph Lane, of Oregon; Henry Lane, of Indiana; Alfred H. Colquitt, of Georgia; David Swain, of North Carolina, and Governor Lane, of Alabama. Her great-grandfather, Jesse Lane, was a soldier of the Revolution, and fought with his three boys in the battles of Cowpens, King's Mountain, and Guilford Court House. In the light of this exhibit we can readily understand why it is that her love for the South is no ordinary passion. Mrs. Rogers, herself, is no ordinary woman. The home of her girlhood, in Upson County, Ga., was a typical old Southern home of the ante-bellum days, and in an atmosphere of books, sweetened by the enjoyment of social life and by the gentle precepts of religion, her rare intellect began to flower.

For several years in her childhood, she and her sister were taught by a competent governess in their own home,

called Bellwood. Afterward they were sent to Central Female College, Culloden, under Professor John Darby, of "Prophylactic fame," thence to Georgia Episcopal Institute, Montpelier, Ga., a celebrated school under the supervision of the Right Reverend Bishop Elliott. When this excellent institution was suspended, they entered the halls of Wesleyan College, at Macon, Ga., where she graduated.

We are told with an accent of impatience that the age in which we live is hopelessly devoid of sentiment. But no one can read this little volume of verse and hold to the doctrine that poetry is a lost art. The most powerful factor in the lives of men today is sentiment. It does not always appear upon the surface. Like the waters of Arethusa, it may sparkle in concealment, but it drives the engines, and feeds the dynamos, and lights the incandescent lamps. As long as there are human hearts to enshrine the master passion, which we call love—as long as there are friends to cherish—as long as there are tender memories to which we may fondly cling—as long as there are fragrant hearthstones around which our affections can center—as long as there are ideals to be kept before the minds of the youth of our land—as long as there are hopes and dreams and visions to beckon us on to higher and better things in a Heaven beyond—so long will the voice of poetry find an echo in human lives. The same God who has stored our hills with coal and iron and marble, has beautified our fields with verdure and glorified our sunsets with gold. The same God who made Adam of the dust of the earth, also breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. If we have bodies to be clothed and fed, we also have spirits to be nurtured for the skies. To deny sentiment is to deny God.

Mrs. Rogers has given us in this little volume of verse, a rich collection of melodies. It is a book to be prized. On every page there is sunny optimism, bidding us be of good cheer and to keep on friendly terms with Hope. There is practical religion, bidding us cling to the unseen realities and to walk the companion of Faith. There is sound and sane philosophy, bidding us do with our might what our

hands find to do in the little spheres of life around us, shrinking from no allotted task but remembering while we toil that every duty, however humble, is divine. She has given us poems in many keys, but her own life—tranquil and serene and lovely—is her real masterpiece—the sweetest poem of them all.

How one, circumstanced like Mrs. Rogers, engaged in a thousand varied employments—a devoted U. D. C., a loyal D. A. R., an active worker in the ranks of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a zealous church woman, intent upon the Master's business—has accomplished anything in a literary way is little short of marvelous; but she has nevertheless found time to write songs which the world will not willingly let die. Usefulness has kept her heart young. Purity and faith and love have held her in touch with childhood's golden charm, and though her locks are now almost white, there is still a youthful sparkle in her eyes, a buoyancy of younger days in her footsteps, and a hint of blooming April in her cheeks. Long may she live to charm away our griefs; and when her smile is missed among us, let us still rejoice amid our tears that she has left to us and to Georgia this best emblem of herself, this fragrant wreath of evergreens.

March 25, 1914.

INTRODUCTION TO "I HEAR DE VOICES CALLING."*

This little volume of verse is sure of a warm welcome from a discriminating public. One needs only to glance hurriedly through its charming pages to find that while, diminutive in size, it contains the vital elements of a real literature. Wit, humor, pathos, imagination, wisdom, melody, all are packed into a space of dainty proportions. In an age, the chief characteristic of whose literary product is mere bulk, it is refreshing to encounter this little volume which contains in essence so much of distilled beauty, which reflects in miniature so much of a vanished world.

It is something more than a mere cluster of songs in

*From the pen of Mrs. M. L. Gaines, of Decatur, Ga.

dialect. Both the historian's pen and the artist's brush have been employed by the author. She visualizes the past with true fidelity to life. We hear again the plantation melodies. Before us looms the stately old Southern mansion, back of which, as in the dead days, are grouped, in a picturesque fashion, the slave quarters. Reaching away to the horizon, extend the white fields of fleecy cotton, all a-teem with industrious labor, all vibrant with the airs of a simple but song-loving people.

Her characters are not mechanical. She endows each with an individuality, separate and distinct. Her work is convincing because artistic. In the molds of dialect, she preserves the quaint humor, the droll philosophy, and the unfailing wit of the old-time Southern darkies. The relationship, tender and beautiful, existing between white and black, under the old feudal regime, is sketched with a loving hand. The old black mammy lives again in these pages, her laughter as contagious and her heart as loyal as ever. One almost forgets in reading this little book that the days so charmingly recalled by the author belong to a past whose memories are fast fading and that over the death-strewn field of Appomattox the gentle rains of more than half a century have fallen.

There is not a single note of bitterness to be detected in the author's work, not a trace of sinister sectionalism. It is all sweet and wholesome like mountain air. Only the beautiful things are recalled. It is also free from local obscurities and limitations. It is marred by no provincialisms. The author is both in and of the South. Born in the Old Dominion, a daughter of one of its patrician families, much of her life has been spent in Georgia. Her range of observation has, therefore, been wide. The life which she portrays is not peculiar to one isolated section, but is typical of the South as a whole. The ante-bellum regime is reflected as in a mirror. Yet all within the limits of a single duodecimo. How much of the soul of Dixie is packed into this volume—how much of its treasured lore—even as a drop of water contains in its chemistry the ingredients of an ocean.

Such a volume will lend itself readily to programs for Southern evenings in schools and colleges, in women's clubs, and in literary societies. Our Northern friends who desire a genuine bit of the old South will here find it; while those of our own number who wish to keep in vital touch with the past and to hear its living voices, will find in this little book a faithful guide into the land of Southern yesterdays, a truthful interpreter of its ideals, and a sweet minstrel of its memories.

December 1, 1916.

PRIZE ESSAY: THE ADVANTAGES OF MATHEMATICAL STUDIES.

[Written during the author's junior year at the University of Georgia.]

It does not require always an intimate knowledge of a subject to qualify one to form an estimate of its benefits. If such were indeed the case I could never be induced to give expression to my ideas on the advantages of mathematical studies. If there is anything in which I am hopelessly deficient it is a knowledge of the intricate mazes of mathematics. On various occasions and ofttimes to my discomfiture I have been experimentally convinced of this fact.

Nevertheless I am not in any sense unmindful of the value to the world of this foremost and grandest of the sciences. For, while it is true that I cannot appreciate the so-called beauties of Calculus nor find delight in the abstruse problems of Analytical Geometry, it does not follow that I am lacking in regard for the grand division to which they belong. I have ever felt for the science of mathematics the profoundest reverence, a feeling somewhat akin to the awe with which the traveler is inspired when he gazes upon the majestic height of some towering peak. For the men of genius who have consecrated their lives to its study, I entertain the highest veneration. In my opinion, their usefulness as factors in the civilization of mankind at least equals if it does not transcend that of the statesman, for

they toil at the base of the pyramid and lay the broad foundations upon which the masonry of thought is reared.

The science of mathematics is as old as the human race. Indeed its principles preceded the creation of man and sprang into existence when the divine Creator first gave shape and substance to our planet and studded the firmament with stars. The discovery of these principles, their grouping into systematic order and their application to the arts of human life, have engrossed the thought of the philosopher in every age. Slowly from year to year, by gradual accretion and by ceaseless effort, have its grand laws been evolved and today, though an exact science, in some of its departments, perfect in many of its demonstrations, the science of mathematics, viewed with respect to its ultimate possibilities, is as incomplete as it was in days of Aristotle.

But, notwithstanding its incompleteness, there is no science which occupies so broad a range. It is fundamental to all the mechanical and industrial arts. It is the basic principle of all harmony and it speaks in every voice of music. It is the mother of architecture, of sculpture, of poetry and of painting, It even enters into the petty details of daily living. There is not an hour of our conscious existence, not an expenditure of effort nor an exercise of thought, which does not involve the application of some mathematical principle and which does not relate itself to the colossal science which governs the whole universe of God.

It matters not which way be turn, we encounter the expression of some one of its laws. We find them alike in the simple outlines of the humblest minister and in the dew-drop which rounds itself upon the leaf. We find them in the rainbow which spans the heavens and in the dew-drop which rounds itself out upon the leaf. We find them in the ponderous globes which rotate through the infinitude of space, and in the smallest particles of dust which glitter in a sunbeam. We find them alike in the infinitesimal and in the infinite. In fact, nearly every object presented to our sight, whether framed by the

ingenuity of man or created by the wisdom of Providence bears some relation to the science of mathematics.

But we are not to discuss this subject in its deep profundities. It will answer a more practical purpose, if we seek to apply it to the daily wants of the individual. In the first place, then, we derive from mathematical studies a discipline which we can nowhere else obtain. It even surpasses the boasted culture of the classics, when it comes to developing the latent powers of intellect. We may not possess the least taste or talent for figures and, perhaps, after long and tiresome study, we may not in the end retain a single principle. But, for all this failure to assimilate, our time has not been wasted nor our energies misemployed. The process of reasoning, through which we have passed, in the study of mathematics has imparted to our minds the power, not only of grasping ideas with readiness but of expressing our own with clearness and precision.

Another benefit which we derived from the study of mathematics is one of self protection. The world in which we live is full of charlatans. Every trade has its tricksters. It may savor of pessimism perhaps to make such a statement, but there are few men who are proof against the wiles of the tempter. The architect or the carpenter or the tradesman, if he thinks he can do so unobserved, will seldom fail to take advantage of the opening to turn an extra dollar. The shrewd accountant if aware of his employer's lack of early training, is often tempted to extract money from the drawer and to deceive his uneducated eye with apparently correct balance sheets. The man who has been schooled in the study of mathematics is not apt to be thus duped. He does not fall an easy prey to such designing rascals. If he wishes to erect a house, he can make his own calculations, he can keep an eye upon every bill which he pays, and he is more than apt to bring the cost within the estimated limit. If he happens to be a merchant, he can inspect his books; and so, in various ways, he can make his knowledge subservient to his interest.

To the lawyer, especially, a knowledge of mathematics is of paramount importance. He may possess all the other

qualities necessary to success, but without the power for mathematical reasoning he is out of touch with the commercial age in which he lives. His eloquence may possess the charm of a Cicero's, his fancy rival the immortal Homer's, but without the power for combining and harmonizing his facts with mathematical precision, without the discipline which this one study gives to the faculty for argument, he cannot hope to sway a jury or convince a judge in any court where reason holds its sway. To plead successfully before the modern bar, this power must not be lacking.

It has often been observed that the present is a practical age. Its inventions and discoveries easily surpass those of any previous era. But what are those inventions and discoveries but the crystalized forms of mathematical thought—the fruits, so to speak, of applied mathematics? We have accomplished much, but the noontide hour of Science is yet to come. The sun is still on the horizon. In the vast store house of God's creation, there is ample material with which to work. Heat, Light, Electricity—these have not yet been exhausted. Each is full of unplumbed possibilities. Perhaps embosomed in the coming century there are triumphs of achievement to which nothing in the present century can hold a taper. What part in these future conquests is mathematics to play? The question clearly suggests its own answer.

Press forward, then, thou grandest of the sciences, toward the completion of thy divine mission. In its last analysis, it is the province of mathematics to uplift mankind. Nay more, to unbare the mysteries which underlie creation—to reveal man's origin and destiny—to assert eternal Providence and, in the end, to justify the ways of God to man. Speed on the glorious day, whose faint dawn is now glimmering in the east—that day before whose kindling beams all skepticism, doubt and unbelief will vanish, and in whose noontide radiance the eternal government of God will be universally acknowledged and approved.

AN OPEN LETTER: BUILD A MEMORIAL TO UNCLE REMUS.

[This letter, which appeared in the Atlanta Journal, on July 6, 1908, contained the first suggestion of a memorial to Mr. Harris. Though a monument was not built, his home in West End was purchased by the public. The chairman of the committee was Mrs. A. McD. Wilson. Over the grave of Mr. Harris, the family has placed a handsome boulder of granite, rough hewn.]

Mr. Editor: Not long ago, in the city of London, I visited the quaint old burial ground in which stands the simple monument which the children of two hemispheres have erected over the dust of Daniel Defoe. It contains no delicate or elaborate carvings of the chisel. It is simply an unpretentious shaft of plain white marble. But to me it was the most exquisite of memorials because it embodied the spontaneous tribute of the world's childhood to the creator of Robinson Crusoe.

Yesterday afternoon, when I saw the hundreds of sorrowful little children who lined the streets of West End and sprinkled the path of the funeral cortege with summer flowers, my thoughts flew back to the old cemetery on the banks of the Thames.

What an appropriate tribute it would be for the children of America to rear such another shaft to Uncle Remus!

If all the little people who have reveled in the marvelous exploits of Brer Rabbit and have carried lighter and happier hearts to bed because of the golden legends of this prince of story-writers were only to contribute the merest mite of money, the shaft would not only be erected before another year expired, but when completed it would overtop the tallest pine on the peaks of the Alleghanies.

Then add to this fund the contributions of the gray-haired grown-ups whose trundle bed dreams in childhood days have been lit with the stories of the old plantation!

What impressed me even more than the wealth of flowers in which Mr. Harris' casket was submerged on Sunday afternoon were the crystal tokens of affection which glistened upon the eyelids of his little friends. No sweeter tribute was ever paid to king or conqueror. Some deplored the terrific downpour of rain; but to me it seemed that the floodgates were swollen by the grief of little hearts and

that the hard shower was only the collected teardrops of little children all over the land.

Besides being the hero of my boyhood days, Mr. Harris was the colleague and companion of my riper years in editorial work. I knew and loved him as I have known and loved few men and I can say of him as Hamlet said of his noble father: "He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Strong and gentle, he was oak and violet. In the chaplet of his clustering virtues, modesty was the queen-regent of all the flowers. No thorn of malice lay concealed beneath his laurels. No bitterness rankled within his bosom. He was the apostle of sunshine; and like Ben Adhem he loved his fellow-man.

Without him, for days to come, there will be less light on the horizon, less laughter upon the lips of little children. Songless and silent will be all the fields of cotton.

But gradually the truth will dawn upon us that we have not lost him and that we cannot lose him, without losing the finer things of the spirit. The tear will creep back and the smile will venture forth again. For we will realize at length that while Joel Chandler Harris is indeed dead, Uncle Remus still lives and when the evening lamps are lit we will find him still the welcome guest of every hearthstone.

Aye, the stories of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are the nursery classics of the English-speaking world. They will always be the delight of happy youngsters. They can never die; and, when the ivy-vine deserts the moldering pillar and ceases to hug the castle keep, they will linger still to pilot pilgrims to the fragrant hillock where the childlike friend of childhood sleeps.

Atlanta, Ga., July 6, 1908.

LETTER TO PRESIDENT TAFT—"THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE SOUTH TO THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

[This letter was published in the Atlanta Constitution of March 10, 1911, when President Taft was one of the speakers to address the great Southern Commercial and Industrial Congress at the Auditorium.]

To His Excellency, the Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States:

Dear Sir: Your visit to the Gate City of the South, on the assembling of our great Commercial and Industrial Congress, makes you the honored guest of thirty millions of your fellow-citizens. The occasion is most auspicious. It not only brings together for co-operative effort our men of practical affairs who, in the endeavor to build a Greater South, are helping to evolve a Greater Nation, but it also gives us an opportunity to answer this vital question:

Is there anything of permanent or real value in the contributions of the south to the literature of the republic?

The degree of ignorance which prevails in many parts of our country concerning the south's literary resources is little less than startling, especially when we consider the actual extent of these resources and the intrinsic importance which attaches to them, from the national point of view. It is much to be regretted that the popular misconception in regard to our section has been shared to some extent by our own people; but, happily, there has come from the press within the past few months a work of monumental value upon which the leading scholars and educators of our section—some three hundred in number—have been industriously engaged for over six years. It is wonderful how it clarifies the atmosphere. Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, the distinguished president of the University of Virginia, is the editor-in-chief of this work, a publication consisting of sixteen handsome octavo volumes; and the rich collection of gems may well be called the regalia of Dixie's crown jewels. It shows exactly what the south has accomplished in the sphere of authorship and reviews the whole field of achievement in this respect, from the landing of the Cavaliers at

Jamestown, a period of three centuries. And the exhibit is positively amazing. So much so, indeed, that the president of one of the great New England universities has frankly declared: "It will mean the reconstruction of American letters."

I commend it not only to our own people, whose intellectual character and prestige it properly sets forth for the first time in history, but I commend it to candid and thoughtful men everywhere who are interested in us. Not as an isolated section, but as an integral part of the American Union, the south invites the most rigid inspection of her literature, and she is willing to abide the result.

Let us, then, briefly scan some of the national elements in this literature of the south.

In the first place, it was in Tidewater Virginia that the very earliest documents which relate to English colonization in America were penned. The list inclues a collection of priceless value, consisting of letters, diaries, journals, and fragments of old manuscripts.

To find the crude beginnings of our national literature, therefore, we must go beyond the settlement at Plymouth Rock to the chronicles of exploration which were kept by Captain John Smith who, in 1607, planted the first permanent Anglo-Saxon settlement on the North American continent.

It is from the pen of this adventurous Cavalier that we get our earliest authentic account of the coast of New England.

The first of the long line of presidents to occupy the exalted seat of power which you today so ably fill was a man of southern birth. It is no disparagement to his successors in office to say that he was the one pre-eminent American whose pioneer work as a civilian and as a soldier in blazing the path of free institutions rightfully earned for him from an undivided people the reverential sobriquet of "Father." The most recent edition of the writings of Washington are comprised in fourteen handsome volumes,

edited by Worthington C. Ford. They constitute one of the nation's most precious legacies to future generations. No single piece of literature is more frequently quoted by statesmen, of whatever school of politics, than is the farewell address; and certainly no maxims have been more influential in shaping life and character than have the simple rules of conduct prescribed by Washington.

It is, therefore, with unaffected pride that the south names among her foremost contributars to American letters the illustrious soldier and citizen who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The most eloquent voice in the American colonies to protest against the iniquities of the Stamp Act was Patrick Henry. He was our forest-born Demosthenes. His eloquence was articulate fire—a cataract of burning syllables which kindled a continent into flame. His impassioned outburst, "Give me liberty or give me death!" was the nation's baptismal prayer.

The most powerful pen which the revolutionary cause unsheathed in 1776 belonged to Thomas Jefferson. From its point leaped the immortal protest against oppression—America's great charter of freedom. Jefferson was also the most voluminous and the most brilliant political writer of his times in America.

Mr. Gladstone, the great English commoner, once declared of the American constitution that it was the grandest instrument ever conceived by the brain of man. The political organizer who stamped his genius indelibly upon this instrument—the recognized and revered father of the constitution—was James Madison.

His essays on the science of government are enduring monuments to his political wisdom, and are studied by statesmen the world over.

It was John Marshall who, during the most critical period of the nation's history, held the high office of chief justice of the United States. He made the great tribunal over which he presided "the living voice of the constitution." He was the profoundest interpreter of the organic

law—the nation's wisest oracle. His decisions welded the state together, strengthened the loose joints in the structure of the government, and made the national fabric compact and secure. In the light of subsequent developments, he did more to preserve the union, amid the convulsions of civil war, than did either Grant or Sherman, with the federal armies behind them.

Marshall's worthy successor in office was Roger B. Taney.

The author of the famous Monroe Doctrine, which has played such an important part in modern international diplomacy, was James Monroe, of Virginia.

Mr. Lincoln was himself of southern birth, but, without including the great emancipator, not less than ten representatives of the south have occupied the high office of president of the United States. They were entrusted with the reins of government for an aggregate period of fifty-four years; and the state papers which they drafted, the messages which they transmitted to congress, and the speeches which they delivered upon great national issues, are enduring contributions to the republic of letters.

Two of the great triumvirate of American statesmen were southern men—John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay. The speeches delivered by them in the United States senate registered the high-water mark of American eloquence in the ante-bellum period.

Thomas H. Benton, the most colossal figure of the middle west, was a native of North Carolina. His great speech advocating a trans-continental line to connect with the commerce of the Pacific ocean, was an epoch-making triumph of forensic oratory. It embodied both a plea and a prophecy; and the forecast which he made of future events, in this far-sighted argument, has been verified to the letter. On the base of his monument in St. Louis is chiseled his famous utterance:

"There is the east! There is India!"

The hero of New Orleans, whose rugged speech and bold initiative made him the most commanding figure of his day in public life was a Tennessean; and while the writings

of Andrew Jackson possess rather more iron than velvet, they have most powerfully influenced the fortunes of democracy and the history of politics.

In the field of American scientific research, few giants of thought have made themselves more conspicuous than have the noted brothers, John and Joseph LeConte. They have been styled, "the Gemini of the scientific heavens." Today the writings of these eminent scholars are pronounced masterpieces—recognized as such by the leading savants of Europe.

Joseph LeConte deserves special mention in this connection for the reason that no American scholar has shed clearer or stronger light upon the origin and structure of mountains, or has accomplished more toward reconciling the theory of organic evolution with the truth of revealed religion.

The laying of the Atlantic cable is admittedly one of the greatest of modern achievements. It solemnized the marriage rites between two hemispheres. The way for this colossal enterprise was paved by a work entitled: "The Physical Geography of the Sea." It came from the pen of a southern man of science. And Cyrus W. Field, who engineered the great project of linking two worlds together, has put this testimony on record: "I did the work, and England supplied the funds, but the brains for the enterprise were furnished by Matthew F. Maury."

The greatest of American ornithologists was John J. Audubon, of New Orleans. He not only described with his pen, but also portrayed with his brush the wonderful bird-life of America; and his great work remains to this day an unrivalled masterpiece in this important domain of science. At an enormous price of $1,000 per copy, several editions of Audubon's famous "Birds of America" were exhausted.

The earliest of American humorists was the pioneer Virginia planter and magistrate, Colonel William Byrd. In the long line of his successors are included Bagby, Long-

street, Baldwin, Hooper, Smith and Thompson. Even the delicious humor of Mark Twain is distinctively southern.

In the field of history the south is ably represented by Thomas E. Watson, whose "Life of Napoleon" is a classic even in France; and by Woodrow Wilson, who has lately stepped from the executive chair of Princeton University to the governorship of New Jersey, an office which opens to him a prospect of the white house at Washington.

Edgar Allan Poe, the centennial anniversary of whose birth has been signalized by his somewhat belated admission into the nation's "Hall of Fame," is now conceded by critics to have possessed the most original and the most creative genius of any poet in America. Both in literary technique and in musical power of expression he is unsurpassed. "The Raven" will be read and treasured by lovers of literature for all time to come. As a magician in the realm of wierd and fanciful prose, he is rivalled only by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The distinction of being the poet's poet is no longer exclusively enjoyed by Lowell. It has come to be the titular award of Georgia's lamented laureate—Sidney Lanier. He was both a musician and a singer. Beyond any of his contemporaries, he understood the basic principles of harmony; and his great work on "The Science of English Verse" alone entitles him to rank with the great masters of English rhyme. Lanier's poetry is today critically studied in the great universities of Europe.

Richard Henry Wilde's famous lyric, "My Life Is Like the Summer Rose," was pronounced by Lord Byron to be the finest American poem.

Our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," was struck, amid the carnage of battle, from the patriotic brain of Francis Scott Key, a Marylander.

It was from the pen of an exiled son of this same state, James Ryder Randall, that the greatest of martial airs leaped into life: "Maryland, My Maryland!"

The only American poem which has received official

recognition from the United States government is Theodore O'Hara's immortal elegy, "The Bivouac of the Dead." It is found today in all the national cemeteries, inscribed upon tablets of iron.

Among the poets also may be mentioned James Barron Hope and Alexander Beaufort Meek, both of whom wrote odes on "Balaklava," which will rank with Tennyson's. There is also Father Ryan, whose "Conquered Banner" will live in history while the firmament endures. Nor should Timrod and Ticknor and Hayne and Flash be forgotten. On the list of the living minstrels are Stanton and Cawein and Malone and Hale—all of whom have caught the ear of the nation.

The most effective plea for national brotherhood, after the close of the late sectional conflict, was made by L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, when he pronounced his great eulogy, in 1874, over the bier of Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, in which he uttered the famous plea: "My countrymen, let us know one another and we will love one another!"

Scarcely less powerful was Ben Hill's withering reply to Blaine in which he denounced sectionalism in the never-to-be-forgotten words: "We are in our father's house, and we are here to stay, thank God!"

In the person of Henry W. Grady the south has likewise made one of her largest contributions to the union. He was not only an editor and an orator of transcendant gifts, but an evangel of brotherhood whose message to New England has made Plymouth Rock twice historic. His epitaph fitly describes his mission: "And when he died he was literally loving a nation into peace."

Unsurpassed among the delineators of character in modern American fiction is the most beloved of southern writers, Joel Chandler Harris—until his death associated with Dr. Alderman as editor-in-chief of this work. The folk-lore tales of Mr. Harris have made him childhood's favorite story-teller and companion wherever the English language

is spoken. The exploits of Br'er Rabbit are nursery classics in England as well as in America. The creator of "Uncle Remus" has come to share an immortality of fame with DeFoe and Dickens. Not less than seventeen different languages embalm the quaint negro dialect of Mr. Harris. With his cabin songs of the old regime he has literally put a girdle of music around the globe, and even in the library of the New England scholar, he has made the southern cotton patch as classic as the Roman arena.

Before the late civil war an American author who rivalled Fenimore Cooper in the sphere of pioneer fiction was William Gilmore Simms. His fascinating stories of adventure constitute a library within themselves. He was also a controversialist, a poet, and a statesman; but the outbreak of hostilities in 1861 prevented the national recognition of his genius. The novels of Simms will some day be revived, not only because of the potent charm of narrative which they possess, but because of the transparent light which they throw upon our early American annals.

In the elements of romance the south is peculiarly favored. The whole section abounds in the traditions of chivalry, an inheritance from the old English cavaliers, enriched and reinforced with a dash of impetuous Huguenot fire. The ruins of both French and Spanish civilizations are likewise found among us, together with an endless chain of historic legends. Ours, too, is a land of flowers—an Italy of filtered sunshine. The warm temperature of our climate feeds the poetic imagination and temperament of our people and the possibilities of artistic development which open before us at the South are well suggested by the fact that the world's great masterpieces of art have been produced on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Time will barely suffice for the mention of some of the most prominent of our present-day writers of fiction.

The Kentucky mountaineers have been portrayed with the most wonderful fidelity to life by John Fox, Jr.; those of Tennessee by Charles Egbert Craddock, and those of

Georgia by Will N. Harbin. The Creoles of Louisiana have received luminous and splendid treatment from George W. Cable, from Grace Elizabeth King, from Kate Chopin, and from Mary E. M. Davis; and, in this connection, it may be observed that Louisiana is the only state in the union whose literature is bi-lingual. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the creator of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," spent much of the formative period of her life in Tennessee; and Amelia E. Barr resided for several years in Texas, a state from whose history she derived some of her happiest inspirations. There is also Augusta Evans Wilson, the author of St. Elmo."

James Lane Allen's best work, "The Choir Invisible," established an epoch in the artistic and intellectual development of the American novel.

The droll humor of the Kentucky poor whites has been transferred to the printed page, with the most exquisite touch of art, by Alice Hegan Rice; Colonial times have been most delightfully revived by Mary Johnston, by Lucy M. Thurston, and by Harris Dickson. The civil war period has engaged the attention of George Cary Eggleston and of John Esten Cooke; and the period of reconstruction has enlisted the pens of Ellen Glasgow and of Thomas Dixon. Settlement work has engrossed Katherine P. Woods, and sociological problems have come to be most fascinating studies in the hands of Octave Thanet, of Abby Meguire Roach, and of Elizabeth Robins.

Nor must we forget to mention the clever and versatile artist-author, Francis Hopkinson Smith.

And there are scores of other writers who, through the medium of popular works of fiction, are likewise successfully engaged in making the country-at-large better acquainted with the little neighborhoods in which they live. they are depicting life in sympathetic and tender colors, sketching peculiar but virile and robust types of character; and around these they are throwing the delicate and subtle fragrance of environment. Thus the wealth of association

which belongs to each locality throughout the South—the aroma of our soil—the rich garniture of our fields—the luxuriant wardrobe of our forests—the musical lilt of our song-birds—the latent resources of our mines—and, best of all, the homespun virtues of our pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon population—these are being constantly added to the sum of our national inheritance and are helping to make the republic's life sweeter and stronger.

The country is to be congratulated that in an age of the world which puts the emphasis upon material things so many of the south's leading scholars have banded themselves together, at no small sacrifice of personal ease, to produce this masterful work—an exhaustive symposium of the south's intellectual treasures.

To the splendid feast of material prosperity which the present congress in Atlanta spreads before you, Mr. President, it adds the exhilarating wine of our choicest vineyards. The work bears the imprint of The Martin & Hoyt Company, of Atlanta, an establishment which cannot be too highly praised for lending itself with such an expenditure of money to this enterprise of patriotism. If it does nothing more than make the world better acquainted with Irwin Russell it will render a meed of grateful service to thousands of readers. Only a handful of Mr. Russell's leaflets of song were ever printed in book form. But he was the pioneer in the line of negro dialect; and he paved the way for Joel Chandler Harris and for Thomas Nelson Page.

It was by the discovery of the Rosetta stone, in the rich sediment of the Nile, that scholars were enabled to read the inscriptions upon the Egyptian monuments; and the unearthing of some precious fragment which has long lain dormant may yet open for the south larger and clearer vistas of vision. At any rate, it will prove an abiding stimulus. And, after all, the intellectual and spiritual must crown the material and the sordid. The real south is not in her factories, but in her songs. Greece still survives in Homer, though her market-places have stood in ruins for twenty centuries. The England whose power today grips

the world's deepest thought is not the England whose ironclads patrol the seas. It is not the England of commerce, with her looms at Manchester and her forces at Birmingham. It is the England of history—the England of literature—the England of Shakespeare and of Milton, of Chaucer and of Tennyson.

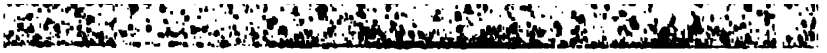
I remain, sir, most respectfully yours,

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.

Atlanta, Ga., March 10, 1911.

SECTION III

POEMS



CHI PHI ANNUAL POEM: AN ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

[Read at a banquet held during the annual convention of the Chi Phi Fraternity of the United States, at the Kimball House, in Atlanta, Ga., November 18, 1891.]

I

The golden summer, with the changing year,
Again has withered in the garnered sheaf;
Autumn's red fires are kindled far and near,
And trembling sunsets glow in every leaf.

The mellow season, in its soft return,
With memory's musk fills all November's sky,
And spreads again, where bright the tapers burn,
The sweet repast of friendship and Chi Phi.

The far-off Rockies, giants of the West—
The Alleghanies, monarchs of the East—
The Northern Lakes—send here the welcome guest
And every climate mingles at our feast.

II

We miss, tonight, the flower of Eta's sons,
The best-beloved of all her darling brood,
Who sought to reconcile divided ones
And, dying, died for human brotherhood.

He sought to bind in love the hearts of men,
To make old feudal fires of hatred die,
Till, with a holy prophet's flaming pen,
He wrote "Re-union" on a nation's sky.

No cloak of office from his shoulders hung,
He wore no title, played no usual part,
Yet left an epitaph on every tongue
And found a sepulchre in every heart.

III

I tune my harp—if haply but to fail—
And like the minstrel of the border lays,
With trembling hand, I sweep the measured scale,
And wake the symphony of other days.

The banquet fades, and from its withering sight,
My spirit flies to other haunts of joy,
Where, mid the scenes of youth, restored, tonight,
We lose the man and live again the boy.

The campus green bright with the spring returns,
The lofty oaks, with their luxuriant arms,
And pleasures, long committed to their urns,
Revive once more, to wear their wasted charms.

IV

Once more we tread the old familiar grounds
The paths in which we loitered, still the same,
The fields of sport, where play awoke the sounds,
And eager faces watched the merry game.

The stern preceptors enter now the view
And once again their wonted places fill;
Their portraits which the idle artist drew,
Yet claim the walls and awe the truant still.

Again, when evening's quiet shadows fall
No longer worried with Cube Root or Greek
We gather radiant in our Chi Phi hall
Where mirth and music close the busy week.

Fond were the hours within the chapter spent,
When, study through, we faced a day of rest,
There each new joke around the circle went
And laughter owned the merit of the jest.

V

Fled are the days, with all the charms they brought;
No lingering hour of all the past remains;
Yet oft will memory guide the course of thought
And lead us back into their smiles again.

Alas, our eye-lids now grow moist with tears
And melancholy on our rapture wars;
For, some who shared the joy of other years,
Now rest beneath the cedars and the stars.

Chi Phi, for them, with sorrow stricken dumb,
A spot memorial in her heart will keep
And oft in spring-time, when the roses come,
Will offer love's sweet incense where they sleep.

VI

Away, sad reveries! Go, hug thy grief
Where sombre tears and solemn thoughts belong.
Come, genial laughter, with your heart's relief,
And lend your lighter music to my song.

Our colors wake the dawn amid the dew
And dye the liquid grandeur of the globe;
They wed each other in the violet's hue
And blend in royalty's imperial robe.

Dame Nature is herself a true Chi Phi
With sapphire tints her lofty dome she fills
With scarlet tinge she wakes the rose's dye,
And lights the flaming sunset on the hills.

But lovelier yet than Nature's dreamy skies
Or Dixie's flowers, in summer's pomp arrayed,
They smile from ambush in soft, azure eyes,
And rouse the blushes of the Chi Phi maid.

Long may she rule, queen of the heart and home,
Her loyal subject and her lover sings.
Till heaven, though little, shall improve her some
And make her perfect with a pair of wings.

VII

Adieu, sweet maid! I tune my harp again
And give to friendship its unworthy chords
With trembling effort I arouse its strain
And pour its soft soprano into words.

What charms, O friendship, at thy mention start
And own the magic of thy gentle sway
As music swells beneath the touch of art
Or roses answer to the call of May!

The haunts of youth, where pleasure first awoke
And made each playmate to the bosom dear,
Ere sombre grief the rippling current broke
And taught the eye the secret of its tear.

The soft companionship of later moons,
The twilight rambles in the shady grove,
The nook where courtship crooned its amorous tunes
And charmed the lighter passion into love.

Whatever grief or sorrow claims the heart,
Thy kindred sympathy its share partakes
Whatever bliss an hour may impart,
Thine own sweet charm its ecstacy awakes.

VIII

Friends are the brightest jewels we can wear
The truest solace to our sorrows given;
They make our daily burdens light to bear,
And give to home the portraiture of heaven.

The man who seeks for wealth instead of friends,
Though reach he may the end for which he tries,
Will find that sorrow the success attends
And own the passion greater than the prize.

The miser bloated with a wealth untold
Who greets no friendly caller at his door
Lives wretchedly amid his garnered gold
And dies in sight of all his plenty poor.

And yet the tenant of the lowly cot
Who shares with friendship what his fortune brings
Finds in his own rude fare a regal lot
With which to shame the luxury of kings.

O, Time, when life beats feebly in the veins
And wintry snow upon my hair descends,
Take health and strength and all my paltry gains
But leave me still life's best of gifts, my friends.

IX

But still there draws apace the parting hour,
The misty vision of the tearful eye
When o'er life's couch the clouds of evening lower
And hearts around us breathe the last "good-bye."

O, then, will friendship wither in the breast
Where Nature nourished it with thoughts sublime
And share for aye, death's mute, inglorious rest
Beneath the crumbling monuments of time?

No, no; 'twill bid defiance unto death,
The separation of the bleak, cold sod,
And bright in Paradise renew its breath
Among the smiling evergreens of God.

X

Enough. I draw my poem to its end
The music ceases and the tale is told
It only follows that we act the friend
And shape our conduct to the faith we hold.

It matters not that we achieve renown
And wear the fleeting honors of the earth:
We can afford to waive the meaner gown
If, in its stead, we wear the nobler worth.

A people's favor purchased by disgrace,
Though proud the office is not worth the cost,
Better a living in a lowly place
Than lofty station with its honor lost.

We can afford to brave the world's cold slight
And calmly suffer with the ones opprest,
If, true to heaven, we wrestle for the right
And satisfy the critic in the breast.

XI

Chi Phi, my friends, will consecrate the heath
Though no pale marble looms above our clay,
If friendship there shall lay her silent wreath
Or with a tender eloquence shall say:

Here lies a man, without reproach or blame,
Or deed unfriendly in the race he ran,
Who neither cringed nor crooked the knee to fame
And only toiled to be God's masterpiece, a man.

XII

Adieu, sweet friends. I breathe a soft "good-night."
But ere pronounced I feel a clutch of pain;
For, through the glamour of the golden light,
There steals the whisper: "shall we meet again?"

God grant we may, beneath far lovelier skies
Than bend in beauty o'er the balmy South,
Where, mid the hills, sweet friendship never dies
And life is templed in eternal youth.

ON AN EIGHTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

[Lines written to Mrs. Wm. D. Grant, on celebrating her eightieth anniversary, February 22, 1919. There are eighty lines in the poem, one for each year, and all who know Mrs. Grant, young at four-score, will recognize the fidelity of the picture drawn.]

What, eighty! Eighty what, pray madam?
Tell this benighted son of Adam?
If eighty years, then Old Four-score
From youth has never borrowed more.
Though doubly fair, I must, in rhyme,
Say this—you've cheated Father Time,
For, on your soft, unchequered brow,
I find no tracks to mark his plow.
Once more I look and—on my life!—
His wisdom's there, but not his scythe.

What power has time to do thee harm
Who steals a year but adds a charm?
How can we deign to call thee old
Whose heart's young music beats in gold?
Whose gentle laughter, rippling back
O'er sunny childhood's beaten track,
Puts music into every throat,
Makes winter more and more remote,
Till fumbling Time hath lost his way
In years where every month's a May.

However much it be revolved,—
There's here a riddle to be solved.
If Time with eighty pearls hath strung
Life's necklace for thee—why so young?
If aught of autumn's frosty air
Has silvered o'er thy silken hair,
Each spring has only bent to trace
Its flight in sunbeams o'er thy face;
Each darkening cloud which winter throws
Has somehow drifted with its snows;
While, like a path, each wrinkled seam,
But leads to where the violets dream.

Eighty! I gaze in wonder wide,
Methinks the almanac hath lied.
Portents there be of wisdom weighty
But not a line that hints of eighty.
Pray when did four-score years, forsooth,
E'er blend with age so much of youth?

If eighty's there, I cannot gage
Its proof by any test of age.
Despite the calendar, 'tis plain
That gentle June is here again,
Or else her sun hath never set
And all her roses linger yet.

To figure eighty—this we can't.
We're from Missouri, Lady Grant.
Methinks from that sweet face of thine
Scarce more than forty suns can shine
If eighty, then, pray, at your pleasure,
Suggest to us the baffling measure.
'Tis but an irony of fate's
To vex us with this maze of dates
The irksome task my muse encumbers
To think of one like thee in numbers!—
If numbers unto thee belong,
They're music's, softly set to song.

If Time's sole measure, then, be worth,
Thou art an ancient of the earth.
This is the truth—if e'er I told it—
Twice eighty years can hardly hold it.
Nay more:—to speak in outline rough—
Methuselah's age is not enough.

Soft benedictions from thy hands
Have sparkled like the seaside sands;
Thy life, like some sweet story, reads—
A fairy wonder-book of deeds
Time, e'en its bare recital, bars—
To tell it all would tax the stars.

Faith, goodness, love—to measure these
We must not look for years but seas;
These, o'er thy spirit's tranquil calm,
Have wreathed sweet childhood's golden charm.
Here's to thy health! Bright days galore,
Till eighty grows to eighty more.
Long may you live, to cheer, to bless,
This bleak world with thy loveliness,
To make life's roses round us cling
Till we forget all, all but spring,
To bloom right here, in old Atlant'—
The twentieth century's century plant.

February 22, 1919.

TO AN OLD FRIEND: MRS. JOSEPH H. MORGAN.

Not all the summer's clustering grapes,
If nectared into wine,
Could brim the cup in which I pledge
This gentle friend of mine.

What her pure hands in love have wrought,
Let summer breezes tell,
When wandering o'er the battle-fields
On which her loved ones fell.

Too busy loving for a thought
Of power or of pelf,
Her life's sweet motto simply this:
For others, not for self.

With healing sympathy her heart
Has answered every call,
Earth knows the catalogue in part
But heaven knows it all.

TO MRS. SHEPPARD W. FOSTER: A POETIC EPISTLE.

Dear friend: your tuneful roundelay
Has come to hand. Well, I must say
That, in the art of making verse,
Full many a bard has written worse,
But, though I might improve your meter,
I could not make your English sweeter,
Yes, on this day we twain were born—
But you a rose, I just a thorn.
Both, on this day, first saw the light—
But you a queen, I just a knight.
You came to cheer the world, a lark;
I came, alas, to make it dark.
In fortune's lot, 'tis yours to reign
While I must fight upon the plain.

Still, let me here and now declare,
Should harm e'er come to Lady Fair—
Or she but call—a thorn, perchance,
May blossom into Knighthood's lance,
With which—though dragons were my foes—
I'd rescue our endangered rose.
Ah, then, forsooth, it would be seen
How quickly I could serve the queen.
If my dead muse would let me sing,
I would to thee a garland bring
Meet for thy brow, aye, put to blush
The merriest mocking-bird or thrush
And this, thy birthday, I would hail
With greetings from a knight-in-gale.
But fate the poet's wing has crushed
My harp, like Tara's now, is hushed.

From high Olympus, at thy birth,
Minerva must have stooped to earth,
And, on Apollo's tuneful lyre,
Whispered thy natal name: **Sophia**;
To which, from Dixie's heraldry,
Our gentle Southland joined a **Lee**.
The one, from far-off Grecian skies,
Brought wisdom's fire to make thee wise.
The other, from thy birth-land, gave
Virtue's true heart to make thee brave.
But, madam, e'en this double dower
Is taxed to foster such a flower.
It keeps one guessing to divine
How nature made these charms combine,
And, though I try my utmost skill,
'Tis but, alas, to wonder still.

Here's to thy health. Till full four-score
Of birth-days come, with twenty more,
To round the hundred, may you still,
Without a crutch, skip round at will,
In every fiber, hale and hearty,
The youngest at your birthday party,
And, though my joints be stiff as lumber,
May I be one among the number.
Life needs your smile, your wit, your rhyme,
To help it while away the time;
For dull would be this world of ours
Without the cheer it gets from flowers.
Long may those charms of thine, so rare,
Be fostered with a shepherd's care.

February 9, 1915.

TO THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

[Lines written in the album of my private secretary, Miss Louise Love, in the Department of Archives and History.]

If asked why sits so young a maid
At History's ancient portals,
I'll tell you why, for Love, 'tis said,
Is one of the immortals.

But History's pen must speak the truth
Howe'er the blood may tingle—
Now, to retain immortal youth,
You must, alas, stay single.

For, should you ever chance to wed,
Pray, how will you arrange it—
If, with your name, you lose your head,
Be careful how you change it.

WHEN MRS. HAYS LAUGHED.

[Lines dedicated to Mrs. J. E. Hays, of Montezuma, Ga., President of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs.]

It was at the big state conference, in the famous year 'fourteen,
When the Daughters met in Macon—the D. A. R.'s I mean—
She rose to read the minutes, with the look of one resigned,
To a sort of task for Hercules, 'twas a mountain on her mind;
It awoke compassion tender, for the troubled look she wore
Sang out: "one sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er."

Well, the starting out was dirge-like, to the funeral march of Saul
But it ended in a break-down, with Betsy at the ball.
Something—I've forgotten now—with laughter made her shake,
Till the earth around the building seemed to tremble in a quake.
She essayed in vain to quell it, she tried her best to frown,
But, like Banquo's ghost in Scotland, her laughter wouldn't down.

It almost split the conference, but it wasn't like the schism
Which wrecked the old ship, Synod, on the Shorter Catechism,
'Twas a thousand times more orthodox, 'twas wholesome through and through
There was more of concord in it—more of the gospel, too;
That explosion, on life's journey, has lightened many a mile
Had it happened in a graveyard, 'twould have made the tombstones smile.

Since then a great world-conflict, for an old sweet freedom's sake
With a mighty shock convulsive, has made all Europe shake
Has erased the German borders from a continent's wide map,
Has restored the Rhineland cities to France's rightful lap—
But high above its thunders, with a melody that thrills
That fit of laughter lingers, like an echo in the hills.

'Twas there began a friendship which has lasted until now,
Which will last, if not forever, till the frost is on my brow
And, if Mr. Hays will let me, whene'er I get the blues,
I'll mind me of his helpmeet, whose laughter shook the pews
So, even in December, and through all life's wintry ways,
I'll hear the birds of summer when I think of Mrs. Hays.

TO PIEDMONT CONTINENTAL CHAPTER D. A. R.

"Your band is few but true and tried
Your leader frank and bold"—
All Georgians feel a patriot's pride
Whene'er her name is told.

She knows old Georgia—vale and crag—
Like Derry* knows his books
And all who love your State's proud flag
Must love your Regent Brooks.

HAZEL GREEN.

[To friends of my sojourn in California: Mrs. Dora B. Crease, of Bakersfield, Calif., and her sister, Miss Snowden, of Mississippi.]

'Tis not the veil that autumn throws
O'er nature's woodland scene,
That makes fond thought at evening's close
Stray back to Hazel Green.

Ten thousand nooks have subtler wiles
To catch the artist's eye
And valleys weave far gaudier smiles
Neath many an ambient sky.

*Prof. Joseph T. Derry.

Yet soulful beauties rich and rare
Enfold this hallowed spot
Till every pulsing wave of air
Whispers, "forget-me-not."

Nor holds Yosemite's embrace,
Her cataracts between,
One glory-glint whose rainbow-race
Can vie with Hazel Green.

Why is it that this woodland gem
Is with such emeralds set
Fit for an empire's diadem?—
'Twas here—'twas here we met.

What incense to perfume the day
Is locked in one sweet flower?
What memories to last for aye
Oft bloom in one bright hour?

Time cannot wean my heart away
From this enchanted scene
Nor heaven refuse to let me stray
Earthward to Hazel Green.

SPOTSWOOD HALL.

[This colonial home, from every point of the compass, overlooks an area miles in extent. It was named for Alexander Spotswood, the colonial governor of Virginia, who founded the Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe. Spotswood Hall is located on Peachtree Heights Road, seven miles from Atlanta, on one of the highest points of land south of the Blue Ridge mountains.]

Where, upon a golden summit, evening's latest sunbeams fall,
Leaving darkness far below it, gleams and glistens Spotswood Hall.

Spotswood Hall that, like an eagle, born to scoff at prison-bars,
Looks to cloud-land for an eyrie, there to nest among the stars.

How majestic, in the moon-light, loom its pillared portals fair,
Till a flood of memories classic pulses on the evening air.

Till we look once more on Athens; for, in whiteness like to this,
Must have shone Minerva's temple, on the old Acropolis.

SPOTSWOOD HALL

Including a distant view of the mansion from the eastern entrance to the grounds

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Type of him whose name was Spotswood, founder of a line of knights
Whose isignia was a horse-shoe, champion of Virginia's rights.

Hotspur of the Old Dominion, bred to battle, it was he
Who, upon a grand ideal, fed a budding chivalry.

Though he saw the morning brighten on the broad Atlantic's breast
Still his dreams were of the mountains which were walled against the west.

Though by shallow critics hounded, though by obstacles delayed,
Ever, on those distant summits, his imperial fancies played.

Till the dream became a vision, and above the Blue Ridge heights,
Like a beacon, streamed the banner of the Golden Horse-shoe Knights.*

He it was who found the Valley—first his prophet's eye to see
That green casket which was destined to enshrine the dust of Lee;

In whose storied lap a Stonewall, all his matchless marchings done,
For the great white chieftain's coming, was to wait at Lexington.

But, on fancy's wing, I wander; now I range to hill-tops near,
And from Spotswood dreaming yonder turn to muse on Spotswood here.

Here, in sylvan shades embowered, Spotswood Hall proud memory keeps
Of an unforgotten Spotswood who in far Virginia sleeps.

Here the golden horse-shoe's glitter, o'er the mansion's breezy door,
Tells of prancing steeds whose gallop echoes on the hills no more.

*It was on this famous expedition that horse-shoes were used for the first time in the old Dominion. At the ocean front, where the tide-water stretches and the alluvial bottoms gave spongy character to the soil, there was no need of these safeguards. But on the uplands, in contact with flinty rocks, the spirited animals soon began to limp, and it was in this connection that the device of the horse-shoe, as a means of protection to the animals, was adopted. There was a blacksmith among the troopers who well understood the art. After returning home from his conquest of the mountains, Governor Spotswood presented each of his followers with a golden horse-shoe, studded with jewels. On the one side was inscribed: "The Tremontine Order," while on the other, was lettered the motto of the expedition: "Sic juvat transcendere montes." With formal ceremonies at Williamsburg each recipient of this insignia was admitted into the newly established order. See Knights of the Horse-shoe, by William A. Carruthers. The horse-shoe was introduced into England at the time of the Conquest and it probably originated among the Arabs.

Beauty here, with nature's nectar, fills her goblet to the brim,
Where the forest-wilds of Spotswood reach to the horizon's rim.

Every tree with song is vocal, every breeze with music swells,
Till it seems that life's lost anthem in this bit of Eden dwells.

Yonder, in the azure distance, loom the city's beetling towers,
Every height among them gilded with the sunset's golden dowers.

Till, in one red burst of splendor, iron days come trooping back
When, from Dalton to Savannah, blazed Tecumseh's fiery track."*

Spotswood Hall! Is this enchantment? Is it real or do I dream
Of a yesterday long vanished, of an Old South's dead regime?

Here the jessamine's sweet odors, round the soaring archways throw
Memories of the happy by-gones, whispers of the Long Ago.

Music from the spinet calling to a day whose sun is set
Bids the guests once more assemble for an old-time minuet.

Lo, by magic's spell awakened, from the portraits on the wall,
Step the belles and beaux of Dixie to the rhythm of the ball.

Beauty's rose of youth long withered, veteran knighthood's buried lance,
Quit the dust once more to mingle in the mazes of the dance.

Are these fairy forms all phantoms—figments of an idle brain?
If it be, let recollection stir the rose-jar leaves again.

But the real charms of Spotswood come not from the storied Past
Over which the spell of memory by some wizard's wand is cast.

Not from magic's soft enchantment, not from nature's silken loom,
Though life here, 'mid scenes Arcadian, wake an Eldorado's bloom;

Not from yesterday's dead ashes, not from time's remorseless rust,
Though it lift a Conquered Banner from its bivouac in the dust—

But from love's idyllic Present, with ten thousand balms to bless,
Come the living charms of Spotswood: heart's ease, home, and happiness.

*Gen. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, the Federal commander who reduced Atlanta to ashes.

YOU AND I.

Few days, in afterthought, retain
Those quiet charms which long remain,
But never can my soul forget
The fragrant hour when first we met.
'Twas not beneath the lover's moon,
'Twas just at unromantic noon
And 'neath the tender April sun
Our shadows melted into one.
The birds interpreted our glee
In songs of sweetest minstrelsy;
The air, enriched with nature's bloom,
Pulsed by in waves of sweet perfume;
No shadow marred the peaceful sky
'Twas fate; we knew it—you and I.

The flush was on your rosy cheek.
I tried, but oh, I could not speak—
And yet, those soft bewitching eyes
That charmed me with love's sweet surprise,
Still move me at this later day
In written words at least to say:
Though other eyes mine own have met
Their spell lies on my spirit yet.
In dreams I wander back again
Among the scenes which charmed us then
And this regret I must avow:
That we are not among them now;
Too swiftly passed the moments by,
For we were happy—you and I.

But why go back to moments fled
When true hearts now for weal are wed?
Oh, may it ever be through life
Our very dreams devoid of strife,
Our days, in one commingled stream,
Flow on forever like a dream—
No sorrow small enough to hide;
No bliss too simple to divide;
No secret from ourselves apart;
Each templed in the other's heart!
So when the cypress shades appear
And death amid their gloom, draws near
Our souls entwined may still defy
His strength to part us—you and I.

MOTHER.

Sweetest of all the gems of song
That minstrel-memory sings,
One liquid anthem loud and long
Through life's cathedral rings.

In notes of mother-pearl it slips,
Through God's own gates above,
To wed itself with mother-lips
And sing of mother-love.

Fairest of all the fairy dreams
That slumber's wand awakes
One vision, lit with orient beams,
The crown of empire takes.

It comes, love-tipped and sunny-edged,
From childhood's morning bowers,
Where radiant hope's bright wings were fledged
Among life's rainbow flowers.

It spreads again the waxen braid
Of moonbeams o'er the trees
And paints, in slumber's robe arrayed,
Hands clasped at sainted knees.

Till "now I lay me down to sleep"
Breaks forth in accents there
And childhood's altar-offerings leap
To heaven's home of prayer.

Nor do I kneel alone in prayer
At childhood's vesper shrine
Beside me there, a sister fair
Mingles her curls with mine.

Then, care-deserted, faith-enrapt,
Young drowsy eye-lids close
And weary limbs by love enlapped,
Drift dreamward to repose.

And, O, those beaming orbs of light,
With anxious love unslaked,
That sentineled the sleepless night
And watched me till I waked!

But now another aching brow
Its life-long vigil keeps,
For I am calmly waiting now
While tired mother sleeps.

What silken sunbeams soft and bright
Would o'er life's pathway pour
Could we but catch the lashen light
That lit the Long Ago.

What beulah-balm of healing bliss
Would to this heart belong,
Once more to feel her good-night kiss
And hear her good-night song.

Not all the brood that midnight brings
Can startling fancies stir—
Welcome the raven's darkest wings
That waft me back to her!

Where, vying with her birth-land views,
Framed in her native hills,
Her smile will sweeten all the dews
That deathless dawn distils.

Then in love's after-time to be
Set free from earth's alarms
'Twill heaven be, enough for me—
Locked in her angel-arms.

WOMAN.

Empress of creation, Woman! Unto thee my harp is strung
Lay thy tender lips upon it, else in vain this song is sung;
Woman must interpret woman, for this truth the poet knows:
He who gives the rose his pencil needs to dip it in the rose.

How shall I begin to praise thee? Teach my silent muse to sing,
For thy virtues disconcert me, like the riches of the spring,
Who can mirror back thy beauty? Let him catch the morning's ray
And, across the snowy canvas, limn the glory of the day.

Back into the grim old garden, ere the cares of earth began
And the lower creatures mated, mocked the loneliness of man,
Lo, the mystic light of heaven wraps the sleeper in its gleam
And the world's imperial woman wakes, the blossom of a dream.

What if for the fruit of wisdom she incurred so great a cost
That a race of mortals fallen, owes to her an Eden lost,
'Twas a curse with mercy mingled that at length supremely blest
She might sing a world's Messiah into slumber on her breast.

Unto man in every sorrow she has been a solace sweet
Lighting up the soul within him, piloting his weary feet,
Sharing all his heavy burdens, partner in his lightest care
Lifting him aloft to heaven on the pinions of her prayer.

Woman, to thy tender keeping God hath given this command:
Rear the childhood of the nation, nurse the young hope of the land,
Teach the principles of virtue, lift the manly brow of youth,
Till it scorns each baser triumph for the laurels of the truth.

Never leave thy little kingdom; never sacrifice its crown
Though your realm be but a cottage, keep it ever, 'tis thine own.
Let no trespasser invade it; from its door let hate be hurled,
For the teachings of the fireside rule the forums of the world.

'Tis thy mission to be gentle, meek in spirit, undefiled,
For the nation's growth is rooted in the nurture of the child.
Fountain-spring of all our greatness—back of yonder beetling dome—
Lies America's true secret, in her poet's "Home, Sweet Home."

She who rocks a nation's cradles, with a mother's holy hand,
Writes its statutes, rears its armies, peals its thunders of command
She who whispers "now I lay me," to the childhood at her knee,
Reigns the Queen of the Republic, guards the Court of Liberty.

LOVE'S TWO OCEANS.

There's an ocean of love in your heart, sweetheart,
    Over which the light foam curls;
There are jewels down there, for some prince to wear,
    But in vain have I dived for its pearls.
What a spell of enchantment around my soul
    The charm of that ocean has cast!
What a heaven hides, in its home-coming tides,
    For the one who will win you at last!

There's an ocean of love in my heart, sweetheart,
    Over which the wild winds moan;
There are gems unseen, for my faerie queen,
    In that ocean of love all her own.

Every tide on the sands of the seashore
Thunders, "darling, I love you; I do!"
Every murmuring shell tells of love's mystic spell
In a heart that dreams only of you.

Between these two oceans an isthmus lies
On which the warm waves beat.
Let's dig a canal, with our love, little pal,
Till the sweet waters mingle and meet.

THE ROAD TO EATONTON.

Sing not to me of lover's lane
I care not for the worn-out strain,
For me there's still a sweeter one,
I've found the road to Eatonton.

To Eatonton—the sign-boards say,
I scan it in a different way,
Those symbols, to an eye-sight true,
In love's sweet language, spell—to you.

On that old road, from end to end,
All seasons into summer blend
It wears no frost, but all the way
Just winds through one long lingering May.

Let rival churches warfare make
O'er roads for travelers here to take,
For me, I tell you now, 'tis done—
I've found the road to Eatonton.

To tell me where this highway leads,
I need no beacon-light of creeds,
I only need a pair of eyes,
Deep-set in love-land's tender skies.

This dream my fancies love to wake—
That God for me at last will make
Life's mystic road at set of sun
Just like the road to Eatonton.

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! From childhood's rosy realm what images of light
Wake in the weaving of that spell—that mystic spell—good-night.
Good-night! Upon my lips again, as twilight knits her shade,
Softly, from out the long ago, love's tender seal is laid.

That seal of heaven's own design—coined in the mints above—
That pledges in its hallowed touch a mother's deathless love,
The world's sweet antidote for care, its sanctifying leaven,
That makes the meanest hut a home and home itself a heaven.

Far sweeter than a maiden's kiss, plucked in the month of May,
Those withered lips of her whose locks have long since turned to gray,
Far richer than the song-bird's note trilled in the golden spring,
The music of those childhood songs that mother used to sing.

O, never can my soul forget till life's last shadows creep,
Those songs that drew the angels down to shelter childhood's sleep.
That smile which glorified the night beyond the star's dim spark,
And routed back into his cave the dragon of the dark.

'Tis twilight, and the rose's breath is on the stilly air,
The shadows lengthen to the scene of childhood's evening prayer.
Good-night! I seem to hear again love's sweetest minstrel sing
As rustling through the dark unseen descends an angel's wing.

The one who fares the best may say—with him who fares the worst—
Man's truest sweetheart, after all, is she who loved him first;
Who tucked him in his little bed, screened from the glaring light,
And printed on his guileless brow that key to dreams—goodnight.

The sound awakes the hallowed song that filled life's morning march,
The evanescent hopes that bloomed beneath its rainbow arch,
The summer evenings idly spent beside the chirping rills
That whispered of the wide, wide world beyond the purple hills.

The sports and pleasure haunts of youth are marshaled on my view,
The happy groves, the old oak trees, the fields I wandered through.
I hear the squirrel's nimble tread, the murmur of the brook,
And nature seems to wear again her old familiar look.

No night in Heaven, no weariness, no parting and no pain,
But just to hear "good-night" up there, from mother's lips again
Would fill eternity's sweet cup—with God my soul to keep,
And dear old mother's snow-white arms to lay me down to sleep.

Though childhood's summer sun has set behind the curtained west,
The years its splendor lit remain of all life's sum the best,
And still in memory o'er me falls the soft and tender light
Of those dead days when in the dusk came mother's old "good-night."

Good-night, and may the viewless years that nourish life's last gleam
Be cheered and solaced by the charm of childhood's morning dream,
Till, verging on a deathless dawn, life's crystal sunbeams come,
And mother's last "good-night" is lost in mother's "welcome home."

MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Go forth into the world, my boy,
It beckons now to thee,
And be as pure amid the strife
As at thy mother's knee;
Let no desire bid thee turn
Or quit the path of right,
But fix thy gaze on duty's goal—
And keep thine armor bright.

You'll miss the farmhouse and the brook,
Each charm thy childhood knew;
The vine whose breath around thy feet
Its wild aroma threw.
And oh, amid life's fevered toil,
Its sorrows and its pain,
Thy lips will often sigh, my boy,
To breathe its scent again.

'Twill not be easy to succeed
And foes thy strength will try,
But think of home, and strive, my boy,
Resolved to do or die.
Recall the withered face of one
Who loves you day and night,
And pray that God may give you grace
To keep your armor bright.

The world may laugh at you and say:
"Look at the parson, boys,
His wings are sprouting on his back"—
But lightly heed the noise.

No ridicule can hurt the man
Whose heart is pure within;
Remember this, my boy, and fear
No mockery but sin.

Think always twice before you speak,
No provocation lend.
'Tis better to prevent a wrong
Than have a wrong to mend.
Life is too short to while away
Its sweet and solemn light;
Oh, guard its sacred moments well.
And keep thine armor bright.

I may be sleeping ere thy brow
By fortune's wreath is bound,
But triumph never scorns a crest
In duty's armor found.
Then, forth into the world, my boy,
I send thee from my breast,
This sums it all: do well thy part,
And time will do the rest.

THE MOON HAS FILLED BUT ONCE SINCE FIRST WE MET.

The moon has filled but once since first we met,
Has made but one short circuit round complete;
'Tis vain to mock the calendar, and yet
I've known thee since my heart began to beat.

In one sweet pair of eyes what magic power
Love's winsome witchery can sometimes brew
To change one's whole existence in an hour
And plant for him a paradise anew.

When spirits paired in God's eternity
Meet on the shifting shores of Time, 'tis Fate;
Love, in an instant, hears its comrade sigh
And, by some inner instinct, knows its mate.

Time's slowly ripening touch no ends fulfil
To knit twin souls or kindred hearts engage;
Love, in an hour of rapture, can distil
The garnered essence of a golden age.

Darling, the balm of nature's tenderest flowers
Will e'er around our first fond meeting cling;
'Twas radiant April, but the rosy hours
Tattled in perfume of another spring.

Full well do I recall those blushes shy
Lighting those dimpled cheeks with colors gay,
Like tints of sunrise on a summer sky
Or roses in a garden of the May.

Time from my soul that hour can ne'er erase,
'Twill charm me still when all the spheres are riven;
Aye, till I look into thy beauteous face
Among the fadeless immortelles of heaven.

The moon has filled but once since first we met,
Has made but one short circuit round complete:—
But love is love till all the stars are set,
And all the true hearts in the morning meet.

'TIS ROSA.

Violets sweet, with eyes of blue,
All shot with sunshine through and through,
And jeweled with the morning dew—
There's one who's sweeter far than you,
'Tis Rosa.

Bright morning glories, ye are fair,
With fragrant balm ye flood the air—
But one there is of beauty rare,
With whom your tints cannot compare,
'Tis Rosa.

Be not offended, little rose,
'Tis not a secret I disclose,
I tell what all the garden knows—
There's one whose cheeks can redden yours,
'Tis Rosa.

Proud mountain laurel, throned on high,
Queen-flower thou art of all the sky—
But, hark! Though regal be thy sigh,
There's one with whom you cannot vie,
'Tis Rosa.

Pure lily of the vale below,
Whitest of all the flowers that grow—
There's one, there's one, whose vestal brow
Can teach thee charm, can lend thee snow,
'Tis Rosa.

Thus one by one each flower I call;
Swiftly they bloom to fade and fall—
But this fond heart belongs in thrall,
To one whose smiles outlast them all,
'Tis Rosa.

LOVE'S PROPOSAL.

Sweet happiness within my breast
Will riot like the banyan,
If, o'er the hills, toward the west,
You'll be my life's companion.

I'll ask no laurel leaf of Fame,
Nor need, forsooth, to borrow
One flicker of the holy flame
That Petrarch gave to Laura.

The needle to its magnet turns—
Though other hearts may vary,
I'll love you with the love that Burns
Bestowed on Highland Mary.

The boundaries of bliss are drawn
For me around your bonnet,
Each dimpled smile an April dawn,
Each little sigh a sonnet.

I'll dare the power of all the Fates—
Olympian thunders even!—
Those lids of thine my pearly gates,
Those eyes my lamps of heaven.

A BARGAIN.

'Tis gospel, lady. Honor bright.
Listen to what I say:
I'm surely good to name the knight
When you shall name the day.

JUST SEND FOR THE PARSON.

You little incendiary! I'm all in a blaze!
You've committed an act of arson!
Don't send for the fireman! Water won't do.
But send, double-quick, for the parson!

HEARTLESS.

Heartless am I? The indictment's brief—
Well, be it as you say,
But, lady, who's the guilty thief
That stole my heart away?

TO AN OBDURATE SWEETHEART.

Ye gods on Mount Olympus high,
Pray, send me down a tutor!
I've done my best to make her sigh
But nothing seems to suit her.

I've spent my gear for fancy wear,
I've bought a new umbrella,
I've strained my credit, too, I fear,
To find I'm not the fellow.

I've shown her all my city lots
And all my country holdings;
But, no, the little queen of Scots
Can give me only scoldings.

I've shown her all my bonds and stocks
And all my life insurance;
But still she shakes her auburn locks—
'Tis almost past endurance!

I've promised her by all the stars
To cherish her forever—
She's only blinked at me like Mars,
As if to say, "how clever!"

It matters not how hard I beg
Or soothingly I warble,
My lady will not move a peg;
Her heart's as cold as marble.

It's almost time to call a halt,
Vain, vain, this silly weeping;
I've almost turned to table salt—
But mum she's still a-keeping.

Ye gods—a thought! I'll fix her now!
Who says I need a tutor?
Just lend me Cupid's little bow,
'Tis done, I'll have to shoot her!

WHERE THE GEORGIA ROSE IS DREAMING.

[Dedicated to the memory of a Union soldier who lies buried in the Federal cemetery, at Marietta, Ga.]

He sleeps beneath a Georgia sky—my hero sleeps today—
And, in his coat of blue, he lies with those who donned the gray.
I wish he slumbered nearer home, where, in the long ago,
We strolled beneath the northern stars and took love's deathless vow.
For thirty summers he has slept through all their sultry gleaming,
Where looms the lonely mountain pine and the Georgia rose is dreaming.

O, sadly do I mark the hour, when first the tocsin's call,
Pronounced upon the leafy spring the tragic doom of fall:
The flowers drooped upon the stem, the waters cease to sing,
The minstrels of the air grew mute and silently took wing
To where the daisy's golden thread, the forest paths were seaming,
And still her chain lies on the fields where the Georgia rose is dreaming.

I see again the April sun ascend the mournful steep,
As from our midst, in sad adieu, he went away—to sleep
But though he vanished from our looks, he lingered in our love,
And there we thought to cherish him wherever he might rove.
The years have flown, but love remains; my eye-lids still are streaming
Where bends the sweet magnolia bloom and the Georgia rose is dreaming.

I followed him across the fields, with sore and heavy feet,
In camp, along the weary march, by music rendered sweet;
Till, on Atlanta's flaming hills, I saw my hero fall;
And, in the gentle life I loved, I gave my country all,—
All save the heart I gave to him in love's fond rapture dreaming,
And which now lies with him asleep where the Georgia rose is dreaming.

In yonder sweet Arcadian realm, unvisited by war,
Where bloom the evergreens of God beneath the morning star,
Where peace, the breath of love divine, dwells in perpetual calm
And foes on earth are friends at last, beneath God's holy palm.
I hope to clasp my hero-lad beyond this world's dark seeming.
But until then my heart must bleed, where the Georgia rose is dreaming.

Ah! Georgia, in her sunny lap, will guard thy ashes well,
And no alarms shall trouble thee, where low her dreamers dwell.
No echoes from the bloody past shall mar thy peaceful rest,
No smoke of battle shroud the sky that bends above thy breast;
And, too, the flag for which you fought shall never cease its streaming,
Nor find a foe in all the fields, where the Georgia rose is dreaming.

God bless our re-united land and speed the joyful day,
When in our love, as in our lap, shall sleep the blue and gray;
When not a lurking thought unkind of prejudice shall tell
Of hidden fires that linger still where friendship ought to dwell,
And love shall glow in every heart from where the snows are gleaming
To where the summer lands are bright and the Georgia rose is dreaming.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

Proud old relic, I salute thee. Emblem of a nation born,
'Mid the fires of revolution—sky-lark of Columbia's dawn.
From old storied Independence, 'mid a people's jubilee,
Thou didst voice a land's defiance, peal the protest of the free.

Yes, 'twas Freedom's hand that swung thee, Freedom's too, thy matin-hymn
And of Freedom thou shalt whisper till the lamps of time grow dim
Till the seed-corn of republics lifts its flower on every plain
And a new creation's music wakes the morning stars again.

Silent, thou art still a siren. Sing the glad sweet song once more
Tell how Freedom's eagle fluttered in the stormy days of yore
Till proud England's banner baffled trailed beneath her boasted sun
And our Southern Caesar triumphed in Virginia's Washington.

Ivy-like around thee cluster garnered memories of the past—
Recollections, brave and tender, that will charm us to the last;
Recollections that will nerve us for the battles yet to be
And in every conflict crown us with the trophies of the free!

Henceforth not of battles only, fields of carnage and of blood,
Thou shalt be of peace the symbol—man's diviner brotherhood.
Georgia pledges Pennsylvania in her brave, unnumbered scars
To forget the stripes of conflict—to remember but the stars.

Glorious sun, unveil thy splendor; lovely skies, pour down thy light—
Bring forth all thy glad regalia, O thou wondrous queen of night.
Smile from all thy stems, ye roses; sing thy sweetest song, O sea;
Let old Georgia's gladdest welcome greet the Bell of Liberty!

UNSURPASSED.

What Spartan at Thermopylae,
    What knight or grenadier,
What Greek at Marathon could match
    The Georgia volunteer?

Did Vestals 'neath whose gaze ne'er slept
    The altar-fires of Rome
Eclipse the hearts that e'er have kept
    The holier hearths of home?

And Georgia girls? Did fairer curls
    E'er grace Olympic games?
Or brighter eyes, 'neath fairer skies,
    E'er light Athenian flames?

Those hearts, like watchers in the dark,
    On duty never slept;
Nor, in a holier temple-ark,
    Was Israel's manna kept.

KOSSUTH.

[Dying at his place of exile, in the north of Italy, it was kindly ordered that General Kossuth, who had been the inspiration of his country's fight for liberty, should repose on the banks of the Danube in his native Hungary.]

By the waters of the Danube,
Sighing to the central sea,
Shrouded in his kingly grandeur
Sleeps the sage of Hungary.

There his countrymen have laid him,
There in honor let him rest;
He who carved his country's glory,
Let him slumber in her breast.

Pile the storied urn above him,
Make his life's bright lesson plain;
How, in Freedom's cause he battled
Though so many years in vain.

How, amid Italian summers,
He was doomed to fade away,
Till, beneath Hungarian flowers
He should moulder in the clay.

Grand, indeed, this pure devotion,
Pining on a foreign strand,
All his cares in sorrow clinging
Fondly to his fatherland;

Weeping, till the snows of winter,
Wreathed his forehead like a crown,
Like the Alpine hills behind him,
Wearing their eternal frown.

Ah, no more a weeping exile
By the soft, blue southern sea,
Shall the grand old hero sighing
Long to see his country free.

She has broken every shackle,
Fate has set her borders free,
While her proud, unfettered eagle
Drinks the air of liberty.

Hark! the muffled drums are beating,
Hear the funeral dirges roll,
See the proud Hungarian banners
Droop above the capitol.

Europe gathers on the Danube,
Tears leap forth like summer rain.
Look! his country's soil forever
Takes the exile back again!

GEORGIA.

[Written on Santa Catalina Island, twenty-seven miles off the coast of Southern California, where the author spent two years, from 1906 to 1908.]

Far away to the south lies the fairest of lands
An Eden of love and of light;
On its cedar-crowned hills, on its surf-beaten sands
My spirit is dreaming tonight.
To me, over moorland and mountain and mead,
Each breeze, like a siren, sings
With a cadence born of a music keyed
To a harp of a thousand strings.

From the sands of the beach, to the bold rugged peaks
That nourish the eagle's wing
I love every stream that in melody breaks
Down the mountain's side to sing.
For it tells of a grander glory
Than April hath wrought in the glen—
The faith of our white-souled women,
The strength of our stout-armed men.

Fair England may boast of her roses entwined
And France of her fleur-de-lis
But holier gems no ark e'er enshrined
Than Georgia's enshrineth for me.
Old Norway is grand, where the ice-king enthralls
The land of the midnight sun;
But give me the land where the love-light calls
To the heart when the day is done.

The German may boast of the rhythmical Rhine,
That ripples beyond the sea.
But give me the land where the sunbeams shine;
'Tis the queen of all lands to me.

Arabia's shrine to Mahomet divine
May gladden the Moslem's eye,
But earth's Mecca for me is the grass-covered lea
Where Georgia's soft winds sigh.

The proud old Italian may prate of the stream
That rolls o'er the rocks of Rome,
But give me the land where the broad oaks dream
O'er the golden hearts of home;
Where the violets wander in wanton perfume
To the velvet edge of the sky.
And the willows bend and the roses bloom
O'er the beds where the loved ones lie.

The bard of old Scotland may sing of the lakes
That mirror the Northern Star,
And the fond Irish minstrel the Shamrock that wakes,
The bloom of his Erin go Bragh;
But let the red hills of old Georgia be mine
And lay my cold ashes to rest
'Neath the folds of an evergreen banner of pine
In the land I love the best.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

At the feet of Yonah mountain
Where, unfolded like a dream,
Lies the vale of sweet Nacoochee,
Starts a bright, ambrosial stream
Like a new-born infant smiling,
Not a breath its song beguiling,
Not a stain its fount defiling—
Starts its journey to the sea.

Years ago, in troth, a maiden
Plighted here her woman's vow,
Blushing crimson like the morning
When it dawns on Yonah's brow.
But the chief her suit denying
Set her ardent soul to sighing
Till her blush the cold waves dyeing
Ran in scarlet to the sea.

Still in all their splendor gleaming
Smile the mystic stars of old
As when youthful Laceola
Sang to sweet Nacoochee's soul;
Still the mellow moonlight streaming
Falls upon the valley dreaming,
While the waves, in sorrow seeming,
Roll their sadness to the sea.

Further on and deeper flowing
Rolls the turbid stream along
Till the music of the current
Swells into a mighty song:
"Hearts at last will have their mating
"Where life's sorrows, all abating,
"Shall reward the soul's long waiting
In a land beyond the sea."

Flowing through the soil of Georgia,
Through the land we love the best,
By the hills of Alabama
With her motto: "Here we rest."
By our gallant heroes sleeping
Where the willow trees are weeping
And the stars faint watch are keeping—
To its haven in the sea.

AN OMEN OF LIBERTY.

[Lines suggested by the appearance of the Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, shortly after sunset, on the 16th day of September, 1894.]

From the splendors of the sunset, blushing o'er the liquid bay,
Twilight plucks a golden ringlet as a keepsake of the day.
Every other tint has faded in the gray mist of the sea
And the evening, like a garment, shrouds the form of Liberty.

Liberty, the nation's queen,
Rising in her pomp between
Old ocean and the sky;
Liberty, for which the dead,
Fainting, fell on glory's bed
In Freedom's cause to die.

Floating softly, 'mid the starlight, on the amber tides of air
Lo, the ringlet crowns the statue and the torch begins to flare
Joyful omen to the nation! let the fear of kings be drowned
In the fonder faith of freedom for her hallowed hope is crowned.

O thou goddess of the free,
Light the lands beyond the sea
Blessing all who mourn;
Till thy cause in every clime
Boasts, in recompense sublime,
A beacon of its own!

ON THY HILLS, ATLANTA.

From the hoary dust of conflict,
From the ashes of the past;
Where the fate of war consigned her,
Springs our lovely queen at last!
Grander work was never wrought,
Nobler truths were never taught,
Sweeter dreams were never caught,
Than on thy hills,
Atlanta!

Back into that doleful summer,
When the foe stood at thy gate,
Contemplation's soul returning
Views once more thy solemn fate;
Shells loud bursting on the air,
Flames around thy bosom fair,
Ashes, wailing and despair
On all thy hills,
Atlanta!

Yonder in the heart of Oakland,
Where they perished in the fray
On the hills which they defended,
Sleep thy martyrs of the gray.
Now at rest from all their wars,
Wearing their devoted scars,
Lying still beneath the stars,
Upon thy hills,
Atlanta!

All the sweet hopes of the southland
Melted in thy mist away,
'Til beyond thy sweet horizon
Came the breaking of the day.
Came the dawn-star of the new,
Bringing fairer scenes to view,
Mingling magic with the dew,
First on thy hills,
Atlanta!

Here, though in their cause defeated,
Smiled the heavens on their toil,
As our cavaliers in triumph
Sowed their battles in the soil,
Piled their splendid trophies high,
Keeping down the bitter sigh,
'Til in grandeur to the sky
Loomed all thy hills,
Atlanta!

Life here, amid thy scenes, beginning
Here its destiny shall find,
And among thy hills departing
Leave its mortal dust behind;
Till the evening shadows creep,
This sweet pledge his heart will keep;
Loving thee to fall asleep,
Among thy hills,
Atlanta!

ST. SIMON.

St. Simon! on thy sandy beach my fancy loves to roam
To hear the wild sea billows swell and watch their fleecy foam;
To see the mellow moon uplift her searchlight to the sea,
And throw around old ocean's breast her golden drapery.

Loved island of the azure deep! how rich thy soft perfume!
Hispania of our Georgia coast; how bright thy varied bloom!
How grand the music of thy waves within the sandy bars,
How sweet the song of love they sing beneath the listening stars!

In dreams tonight I scale the tower that watches by the sea,
The moon is full and on the deep unfolds her majesty;
The paler stars, amid the gloom, unveil their softer glow
And every wave reflects a gem upon its crest below.

What soft enchantment, O my soul, pervades the stilly night
As giving to each fairy cloud a golden fringe of light,
The tide's Elizabeth looks out upon her vast domain
And pours upon the boundless deep the splendor of her reign.

O mellow moon! beneath thy glow how oft have lovers strayed,
And whispered of the sweet regard their silent looks betrayed;
What fond adventures of the heart; endearments each to each
Have kindled here, amid the sands that glitter on thy beach.

The winding paths which melt away amid the island's shade;
The dismal ruins which through the years have silently decayed;
The ancient glory of the isle which through the mass is traced—
All print their splendors on my soul; nor can they be effaced.

The light which falls along the shore and floods the shimmering sea
Shall ever, to my thoughts, unfold thy haunts of memory;
Nor shall thy magic charms, sweet isle, this dreaming soul forsake,
Till, on the seashore of the years, life's tide shall cease to break!

SWEETEST DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTHLAND.

Sweetest daughter of the southland,
Georgia, thee I love the best;
Every note thy woods awaking
Stirs an anthem in my breast,
Every stream in music flowing
To thy soft encircling sea,
Every breeze of heaven blowing,
Sing to me
A song of thee!

Land of roses and of beauty—
Flowery gems in every vale—
Where the breath of Nature's children
Sweetens every wandering gale;
Where the mountains weave their magic,
And the rivers broad and free,
Hymn the glory of the sunset,
Shaming thee,
Oh Italy!

Still, as in the days now vanished,
Do thy soft blue heavens bend;
Still thy roving buds of springtime
Humbly at my feet attend.
Every pale, white flower peeping
From the clover-curtained lea,
Every rose the lattice creeping,
Sighs to me
And sighs of thee!

Still the mystic warmth of summer
Braids the landscape into bloom,
Still the bright-eyed morning-glory
Robs the twilight of its gloom.
Still thy sons are brave and tender,
Still thy daughters fair to see;
And the same old stars still shining
Sift on me
Sweet dreams of thee!

Georgia, every vale and mountain,
Every bloom thy bosom yields,
Every stream, though yellow, flowing;
Every old stump in thy fields,
Every cabin on the hillside,
Every gentle maid I see,
Every briar, blade and blossom
Stirs in me
Fresh love of thee!

Oh, when I am worn and weary,
In a nook reserved for me,
Where my kindred long have slumbered,
May I sleep with them and thee.
When the soil that gave me being,
Sets my trembling spirit free,
Take, O take, me to thy bosom
Folding me
Asleep in thee!

IN MEMORIAM: THE SILENT SOUTHERNERS.

[Poem read at an annual meeting of the Veterans of Camp Walker held in honor of deceased comrades at the First Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., in the fall of 1894.]

The sound of musketry has ceased; the pulse of war is still;
No bugle song in echo stirs the sleep of yonder hill;
No wail of agony breaks forth in battle's fevered cry,
To name the hallowed wish that fills the soldier's parting sigh.

On every leaf the noonday sun has pressed his lips of gold,
And wooed the maple till at length her maiden tints unfold,
And purple autumn's robe enriched by sweet October's reign
Gives back the summer's borrowed smile locked in her bearded grain.

The years have passed; among the pines and by the winding stream
In bivouac, 'neath the cedar's bough, your cold pale comrades dream;
And, oh, if pale, the lily's dust lies on the cavalier,
He gives to wintry death the frost he never gave to fear.

But, hark, the drum-beat's martial sound breaks on the morning air,
Time rushes back and lo the brave embrace the weeping fair;
Among the roses of the spring the soul gives forth its sigh,
And tears leap from the lover's heart to fill the soldier's eye.

Pressed to the forehead of her son, a mother's lips are sealed,
And in her love she weaves around her darling boy a shield;
Long through the night upon the hearth the glowing embers burn,
And through the window streams the light to welcome his return.

But far beyond his boyhood's home the lark's familiar lay
The fairy mountains that unfurled their forests to the day,
He tracks his banner through the storm to die at war's command
And pour his life into the bloom that wraps his native land.

No more the twilight's soft approach shall greet him at the gate—
Go seek from old Virginia's sod the story of his fate.
His Spartan mother sleeps at last; no tears her fond eyes fill,
But, oh, the lass, who loved him, too, waits in the gloaming still.

No gory battlefield of earth known to the muse's pen
Displays a parallel in arms to those heroic men
Who perished in their blood to match their banner's crimson bar,
Nor sought the fame of those who plucked the glory of the star!

Oh, recompense, 'tis sweet to know, in spite of war's sad doom,
We still had Jackson on our side—thank God for such a plume—
And not in vain our waters ran in crimson to the sea,
For, though we failed, yet in defeat we found a nobler Lee!

In peaceful combat we have gained a more enduring prize,
And prouder mansions from the dust in bolder columns rise;
On every hilltop, love-enshrined and dipped in morning's gold,
The new south rises to eclipse the sunset of the old.

But here and there amid the wealth of vanished years restored
A few grim heroes, battle-worn, pass in their rags ignored;
The silent years have healed their scars, to mock their sterner need,
And, binding up their wounds, have left their grander souls to bleed!

Oh, Georgia is thy spirit dwarft! Does lazy justice sleep?
Oh has she fled the craven soil on which thy heroes weep?
Hast thou released the master's yoke to be thyself a slave,
And give to Mammon what belongs to the immortal brave?

If so, on every granite pile let this sad truth be carved:
"'Tis well he perished, for, perchance, his proud soul might have starved;
The former things have passed away; old Georgia's soul has fled,
And, 'neath the Georgia of today, the one he loved lies dead!"

But, soldiers, you have come tonight, beneath God's starry lamp,
To catch, in fancy's martial dream, the music of the camp—
To roam among the vanished scenes to recollection dear,
And lay upon each comrade's tomb a living comrade's tear.

It matters not his age or ranks—the fight in which he fell,
Or if he perished since the fray; enough, you loved him well.
He served the Roman sword of Lee—a sword that flashed in vain,
And, yet, though sheathed—and let it be—'twas sheathed without a stain.

'Tis sweet at twilight's tranquil hour to muse upon the dead
Till on the heath we almost hear their old familiar tread,
But sweeter still, in fonder faith, to brush away the gloom,
And see them beckon from the fields that never fold their bloom.

Oh, spirits of the martyred slain, who roam the lands of day,
And move among their fadeless scenes steeped in immortal May,
Come down from the majestic hills, clad in your robes of light,
And sit with those who shared with you the fever of the fight!

Come, give the falsehood to the lips that say you live no more—
You are not dead, who to your rest, have journeyed on before;
You are not dead who mutely fell upon the field of Mars
To taste of that eternal peace that broods among the stars!

On higher fields of grander strife than soldiers ever won,
You march to love's immortal strain beyond the setting sun;
No crimson sacrifice to shed; no lifting of the sword,
And not a stain of earth to soil the banners of the Lord!

Enough! The snows are falling fast and feebly burns the lamp,
The long march lengthens to the rear and closer looms the camp;
Your feet are weary and you sigh to pass through nature's pall
To where, among the shining hills, no shadows ever fall.

As, one by one, the autumn leaves fade in the forest deep,
So, one by one, to each of you must come the touch of sleep;
As, one by one, the roses burst into the morning light,
So, one by one, your souls shall wake again beyond the night!

Beyond the warfare of the world, the battle's glare and gloom,
Where, in the crystal light above, life's fadeless laurels bloom,
Where comrades meet to part no more, beside the mystic river,
Where Truth is diademed of God and Right is Right forever.

BETHINCOURT.

[Lines in memory of First Lieut. Charles D. Montgomery, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga., who, while in temporary command of his company, fell in the terrific fighting of the Argonne, at Bois de Foret, District of the Meuse, and was buried in the American Cemetery, at Bethincourt, France, where he sleeps with many of his brave comrades.]

Aye, worthy of the knights of old
Who wielded combat's lance
Those boys of ours whose hearts of gold
Sleep in the dust of France.

One face among them I recall—
A mirror true to truth;
Peer of the knightliest of them all
Was this immortal youth.

Cradled among our Georgia pines,
None braver on the plain,
E'er graced Napoleon's battle-lines
Or marched with Charlemagne.

Like yonder bird of ether bold
Upon her mountain nest,
France, to a mother's heart, will fold
This eaglet on her breast.

Through burning Argonne's fiery hell,
O'er glorious St. Mihiel,
"To sound oppression's funeral knell"—
Was mottoed on his shield.

Nor marvel if a prince he stood
Amid war's withering flames,
He joined to Scotia's highland blood
One of her grand old names.

Montgomery's castle on the heights,
His proud ancestral shrine,
Can boast among its sleeping knights
None worthier of the line.

Victorious over freedom's foes,
On fields of old renown
His spirit, like a rocket, rose
To clutch a martyr's crown.

Rest thee in peace, my gallant lad,
Though far from home you sleep
God's own pure knight, Sir Galahad,
Will vigil o'er thee keep.

France, too, will consecrate the ground,
Her changeless stars above,
And, in the air, to wrap thee 'round,
Her lilies and her love.

GLEN WATERS: AN OLD FRIEND.

Forever closed the record of his years,
The last bright entry of his life is penned;
Let Friendship seal the volume with her tears
And Fame, bereaved, inscribe herself—The End.

But yesterday around thy noble form
A thousand hopes lit up ambition's wreath,
Today I look upon thy nerveless arm
And mourn thee sleeping in the shroud of death.

What playful memories of life's schoolboy days
Cling ivy-like about thy solemn bier,
For each one now my heart in sorrow pays
And every smile is numbered by a tear.

Friend of departed summers, fare thee well!
How lightly did I dream of harm to thee
Or think to see thee wrapped in slumber's spell
Before the touch of sleep should come to me.

In some bright vale beyond the sunset's gleam
May labor's palm reward thy years of pain,
And happiness beyond thy sweetest dream
Pour childhood's rapture o'er thy heart again.

Beneath the stars that watch in yonder sky
Sleep on till morning weaves her mystic light;
Till then, my friend, I bid thy face goodby—
Till then my trembling lips must say: Goodnight!

JUDGE RICHARD H. CLARK.

Peace to thy slumber, gentle judge; unbroken be thy rest!
Beneath the arching sky that bends serenely o'er thy breast.
Fond Memory on a million hearts burns incense unto thee,
And Faith repeats thy name in prayer upon her bended knee!

As thou didst e'er, through Mercy's eye, the deeds of Frailty scan,
Of Mercy may thy faults be judged, thou grand old gentleman!
As thou did ever brim with tears thy brother's woe to see,
May heaven, in compassion, show like favor unto thee.

Forever mindful of the light thy mellow counsels gave,
Permit my trembling hands to lay this rosebud on thy grave;
Unnumbered suns shall rise and set o'er Georgia's fair domain
Ere her proud gaze shall rest upon thy gentle like again!

UNDER THE MAGNOLIA—ALFRED H. COLQUITT.

[In Rose Hill cemetery, Macon, Ga., the remains of Senator Alfred H. Colquitt were interred on the banks of the Ocmulgee River, in the shadow of a green magnolia. From this circumstance the following lines are drawn.]

Where the sweet Ocmulgee flowing
Chants a requiem to the dead,
And the soft skies, through the foliage;
Sift the splendor which they shed;
'Neath a green magnolia sleeping
In the rest he well has won,
Lies a prince in Georgia's keeping,
Buried with his armor on.

At the nation's front he perished,
There his noble heart was stilled;
Fighting for the hope he cherished,
Falling in the place he filled.
Like his fame-ennobled father,
In the state's historic past,
Thus he died a stainless martyr,
Loving Georgia to the last.

On no blood-washed field of battle,
Colored by war's crimson rain,
Where the dismal low death-rattle
Marks the passing of the slain;
But while tender buds were breathing
On the velvet edge of spring
Ready for her Easter-wreathing
Passed away our hero-king.

Colquitt! Still in fondness for thee
Georgia folds thee to her breast,—
Loved as when at old Olustree
Thy proud banner led the rest!
Roses, from thy ashes, blooming
Here, in after years, shall tell
How, thy country's hope illuming,
Thou didst in her praises dwell.

Sleep in Rose Hill's sacred bosom,
By the sweet Ocmulgee's flow,
Where the proud magnolia blossom,
Prouder o'er thy dust shall grow.
Fit that laurel leaves should crown thee,
Thou, who in thy glory-bed,
Need no marble to renown thee,
In the dream-land of the dead!

But, while friends for thee are sighing
For the love-clasp of thy hand,
And thy ashes, lowly lying,
Mingle with their native land,
Garlands, in their glory greener,
Now thy seraph brow enfold,
In the spirit land's arena,
In the senate of the soul!

BUT THINK OF THE ANGEL THERE.

[Lines on the death of Mrs. J. W. Schuts, better known to her many friends in Atlanta as Miss Nellie Stillman, which occurred at Leesburg, Fla.]

Under the rose she sleeps today,
In the pale, white bloom of death;
Robed in her beauty she passed away,
Bedecked with the orange wreath.

The world is sad when the lovely sleep,
And mourns when the gentle die;
The weary winds of the forest weep,
And the blossoms seem to sigh.

But why should the bitter tear drops fall,
For one so pure in heart?
At the feet of Him who loveth all,
She has found the better part.

Then wipe away the unseemly tear,
To her it is only fair—
Pour not thy grief on the cold grave here,
But think of the angel there!

LIFE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.

[Lines suggested by the death of Mrs. Salouel McKinley Bussey, who departed this life on the morning of July 16, 1895.]

Though Sorrow mourns the lovely dust that lies beneath the sod,
Faith looks upon a spirit-queen among the fields of God;
The bliss of angels and the balm that quiets every pain
Have filled her cup and life to her is beautiful again!

Upon her stainless brow she wears a crown of softer beams
Than ever wrapped the summer rose, or lured the world to dreams;
And on her lips, by music touched, a sweeter hymn is born
Than ever roused the sleeping buds or ushered back the dawn.

The mysteries of time and space, the spring of love divine;
The secrets of the land and sea, the pearl-cove and the mine;—
Philosophies of every school her sage instructors prove,
And wisdom adds her cultured lore to heaven's crown of love.

Naught in the universe of God is hidden from her eyes,
For in their clear, unclouded depths the light of heaven lies.
In perfect knowledge she has found the bliss for which she sighed,
And, at the feet of Him she loved, her faith is glorified.

CALLED AT DAWN.

[Dedicated to Mrs. Thomas R. Hardwick, a bride of ten months, who departed this life July 8, 1893, at 5:30 a. m.]

Just as the morning came over the hills
To brighten the beautiful day,
Her purified soul from bondage released,
Took the path of its golden ray.

While loved ones around her in sorrow wept
The tears that welled up from the breast,
She scaled the sweet summer highway of light
That led to the kingdom of rest.

She silently entered the gateway of pearl
That swept for her coming ajar
And caught on her forehead the crown of her faith
Each virtue renewed in a star.

The breath of the soft-blooming gardens of God,
The music of angel bands,
Came out with the breeze to lay on her brow
The kiss of the morning lands.

And the smile of the rainbow enriching the sky
Flashed welcome into her face,
While the swell of the harps she had heard in her dreams
Sang out in the heavenly place.

No flower of Eden was fairer than she,
As she stood in her beauty so bright;
And the glow of this earth all melts into gloom
For one who is lonely tonight.

Oh, fair, indeed, was the life that closed
But fairer the life begun,
For the old one died with the light of the stars,
The new one began with the sun!

Thus sweetly forever I think of her now,
An angel of God and of truth,
Not dead, but immortal, my sister a queen,
And crowned in the bloom of her youth.

DREAMING, ONLY DREAMING.

[Lines on the death of Henry Boylston, Jr., who died in young manhood's prime, at his home in Atlanta, in the fall of 1894.]

Through sorrow's bleak and bitter night
The autumn stars are streaming—
List to the language of their light:
He is not dead, but dreaming.
Dreaming in young manhood's morn,
Dreaming at the gates of dawn;
See the mystic curtains drawn,
Roses there, but not a thorn!
Dreaming, only dreaming.

How beautiful the lines of sleep,
The smile of youth still beaming!
Cheer up, sad hearts and cease to weep,
He is not dead, but dreaming;
Dreaming in a cloudless May,
Dreaming in a deathless day,
Lit by Loves resplendent ray;
Hear ye not those mute lips say?
Dreaming, only dreaming.

Death cannot claim the pure in heart;
Though dark its outward seeming,
It whispers of a sweeter part
Beyond this vale of dreaming;
Dreaming! oh, how sweet to dream,
Dreaming in the daylight's gleam,
In the soft moon's mellow beam,
On the hill or by the stream—
Dreaming, only dreaming.

Beneath the sunshine and the rain
The stars of ether gleaming;
Goodnight till morning comes again,
And peace attend thy dreaming;
Dreaming in the noontide calm,
Dreaming of life's beulah-balm
Soon to wave its victor-palm,
Soon to lift its seraph-psalm—
Dreaming, only dreaming.
November 3, 1894.

LAMAR.

[In Rose Hill cemetery, Macon, Ga., the ashes of the great statesman and jurist, L. Q. C. Lamar, were interred in the fall of 1893 but were later removed to Oxford, Miss. These lines, written at the time of his funeral, apply with equal force to his no less distinguished kinsman, Justice Joseph R. Lamar, who at the time of his death was likewise a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. He lies buried on the Sand Hills, at Augusta, Ga.]

Here lies a gentleman! In every deed
A cavalier; in manners so refined
That courtesy adorned him like the silk
Fresh from the loom; whether in public life
Or private station, so devoutly pure
That no suspicion dimmed his knightly star,
Or stained his fleur-de-lis. From gentle France,
The crimson of the Huguenot, unblanched

By tyranny, suffused his cheek and roused
His spirit to maintain the right or swell
Its martyrdom. It seemed that in his soul
The eternal granite of the hills was mix'd
To strengthen the magnolia's bloom and o'er
The fibre of the peerless oak was shed
The perfume of the violet. He loved
His fellow men and lived their pattern in
The Roman's pride of honor. In his walks
He moved so lightly that he seemed to tread
A velvet highway and to charm the world
By gentleness. He towered every inch
A man, and yet around his noble form
As if to make him nobler still, it seemed
That womanhood had thrown her modest veil
And joined her sweet humility.

In speech
He robbed the winter of its snow to wed
The deeper thought that in his soul reposed
Like stainless marble in the vestal dream
Of purity. In statesmanship he sought
No private end, but only served the state
And found his gain in her prosperity.
In law and letters he maintained the lead,
Nor was he satisfied alone to reap,
But plowed the fields and nursed them into grain.
In oratory he revived the spell
Of buried eloquence and like the storm
Unloosed upon the sea, he stirred the deep
And hidden caverns of the soul. He scorned
The vile traducer who essayed to crush
The idol of his section. He espoused the truth
And challenged falsehood till its author, lashed
Cried out for mercy and the eager crowd
Looked on in admiration to behold
That Cicero, to rescue statesman,
Had broken the eternal silence and
Demosthenes from out the tomb had stepped
To give the blush to Philip. Yet he loved
The virtuous and the good; so when the heart
Of Sumner paused he first of all proclaimed
The gospel of forgiveness; until North and South
Forgetful of the gloom began to feel
The freshness of the dawn. In him the lark
Commenced to sing and from his tender soul

The morning star leaped forth in witchery
To charm the budding twilight.

Oh, Lamar!
Rest on in Dixie's bosom, in the lap
Of her who nurtured thee; beneath the stars
That brought their jewels to thy birth and smiled
Upon thy sleeping! May the gentle rose,
That caught the rumor of thy life and told
The garden of thy coming, guard thee still!
In years to be thy golden heart shall beat
In other hearts made gentler; Dixie's youth
From thee shall learn the art of courtesy.
Not deathless marble, but diviner men
Shall speak thy eulogy, and tell the world
The story of thy passing; and at length
If men should spurn thee for the lust of gold
Thy spirit still in refuge to the fields
Shall wed the loveliness of nature; and,
Among her flowers, lift up its balmy soul
To swell the incense of the rose's breath
And, with the daises, march to meet the dawn!

THE RAINBOW ON THE CLOUD.

[Lines on the death of Mrs. James G. West, of Atlanta, Ga.]

Oh why should tears of grief be shed
For one who is not truly dead?
Death's quiver holds no poisoned dart
For those who chose the better part.
God's love has kissed her into sleep—
Hast thou her faith? Then cease to weep;
Look not upon the sombre shroud,
But see the rainbow on the cloud;
The bush on which the briar grows
Oft lights the glory of the rose.
Think of her still as ever near
Among the friends who loved her here;
Behold her look in every gleam
Of sunshine, flower, fruit and stream—
List to her voice in every note
That trembles in the songbird's throat.
She lives again; though lost to sight
Her smile beams in the morning light
And softly, as the shadows creep,
She folds her little ones to sleep;

In every thought of love and truth
Her spirit breathes immortal youth,
And every trembling leaf and star
Records a memory of her.
This globe is of celestial birth
And paradise begins on earth.
The souls of gentle friends beloved
Are not from mortal scenes removed.
God dwells upon the viewless air
And heaven's bright clime is everywhere.
'Tis but a step from grief to pain
To light and love and life again,
And death is but the iron key
That turns upon life's mystery.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ODE.

[Read at the services held in Atlanta in commeration of the first half century of the Y. M. C. A. in June, 1914. This poem called forth a beautiful letter of acknowledgment from the pen of Sir George Williams, the Founder.]

Fifty years ago an acorn planted in old England's sod
Now a lordly oak whose branches fill the universe of God.
Fifty years ago a banner by a beardless boy unfurled,
Now a flag, in splendor waving, from the roof-tree of the world.

Hail the wondrous consummation! Hail the love-inspired plan,
Measured to the soul's uplifting; man's rich legacy to man!
Never since the meek Jehovah preached beside the mystic sea
Has the truth in such a triumph gained upon humanity.

Unto thee the honor, London; thine the cradle of its birth,
Thou hast weaved the world a halo, made a Saturn of the earth;
For the seed which thou hast planted germinates on every plain
And the globe displays the girdle of Victoria's peaceful reign.

Worthily, indeed, has England knighted her imperial son,
Worthily his brow thus knighted wears the laurel he has won,
Never since the royal favor to the first of all was shown
Has the knighting of a subject shed such favor on the crown.

Worthy of her elder knighthood, whose proud chivalry has shed
Luster on the lance of England, glory on her ancient dead.
Worthy of King Arthur's helmet; worthy of the shining shield,
Flashing to the foe the message, "Launcelot is in the field."

Grander than her grim Westminster; prouder than the princely pile
Of her Canterbury, crumbling 'mid the glories of the isle,
Looms this stately Christ-memorial—looms this beacon of the free,
Preaching to the world its ransom, lighting it to liberty!

Lo! America reversing war's imperial decree,
Deigns to be once more a province, England's royal colony;
But the maid outstrips the mother; leaves her pilot-queen afar
As the sun, at dawn's appearing, dims the glory of the star.

Still, amid the snows of winter, dwells this patriarch of the good.
God has prospered him in mercy; warmed the current of his blood,
'Til upon the sea-girt islands men embrace the gospel's call
And the earth becomes a parish in the shadow of St. Paul.

Cherish the achievement, England; love its weary author well:
Ere the hill tops of the morning on his sight begin to swell,
Music from the far-off mountains soon into his soul shall creep
And, among the smiling roses, Love shall lead him into sleep.

Thus, when all thy bards and heroes fall beneath oblivion's ban,
And their praises sound no longer through the centuries of man,
Lo, the blossoms which shall gather for the wreathing of his sod
Still, in holy balm, shall sweeten all the centuries of God!

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Before a bright December fire, whose ruddy light bestowed
Its mellow warmth upon the hearth, where softer feelings glowed,
An aged couple calmly mused, as memory backward ran,
And, with a tremor in his voice, the old man thus began:

"'Twas fifty years ago, dear wife—how fast the years have flown,
Since first I looked into your eyes and saw they were my own.
Oh, never can my dreams forget their soft, confiding light,
As lovingly we took the path in which we pause tonight.

"I promised then by every star—for rapture's wing soared high—
That I would be a lover true, if you would let me try,
How well do I recall the blush that grew around your mouth,
For never bloomed a sweeter rose in all the sunny south.

"And so we formed our partnership, just fifty years ago,
The hills and valleys, far and near, were covered with the snow,
But, in our happy souls that night, we heard the robins sing
And breathed among the violets that blossom in the spring.

"But now your withered cheeks have lost the bloom they used to wear,
When, in those young and ardent days, I sued your listening ear,
And, too, the oak of manhood's strength has bowed to meet His will
But, oh, unhurt, through all the years, our love is blooming still.

"We've had our little ups and downs, our debts of earth to pay,
But drawn, through grief, the closer still, we've loved the years away,
And when dark shadows through my soul have trailed the gloom of night,
Your smile has been the morning star that ushered back the light.

"But, oh, our little ones"—and here a tear gleamed in his eye—
"Are sleeping now, among the fields, beneath the dreary sky;
But, oh, I hope, I try to think, that what our sorrow means
Is simply this: They live again among the evergreens.

"Goodnight, dear wife, perhaps again when we are both asleep
These fond old visions of the past into our souls may creep,
But whether here in dreams or not these golden days return,
We've still that lamp the Master lit, nor shall it cease to burn,

" 'Til faintly on a fairer shore this dear old earth grows dim
And all its glories fade away before the light of Him,
When you and I, both young again, shall pluck life's golden palm,
And from our lips shall break the song of Moses and the Lamb."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis Christmas Eve and, on the hills, is wreathed the morning light
What rosy dreams, around each hearth, will flood the soul tonight,
When, through the dark, the silver stars will sift their splendor down
To vanish in the fairest dawn the world has ever known.

What though tomorrow's sky be dark—its outlook cold and drear—
'Twill bring to me the sweetest day in all the smiling year,
A day whose coming never failed to thrill me when a boy,
And whose returning roses still bloom with remembered joy.

I'll live again among the days that waited on its dawn,
When fancy mirrored weeks before the scenes of Christmas morn,
When every night, with silken dreams, portrayed the coming day,
And all my waking thoughts went out to meet it on the way.

The odor of the Christmas pines that blossomed long ago
When all the wares for which I prayed hung pendent in their glow
The evil-minded jumping-jack, the dear old sugar-plum,
And—almost hidden from my view—the long-expected drum.

A myth, indeed! I never dared to dream of such a thing.
'Twas what he brought and how he knew so wisely what to bring.
These filled my boyish heart so full of pleasure's sweet refrain,
That all my wonder hailed the hour when he should come again.

God bless the dear old Christmas days—each pleasure-haunted night,
When by the blazing hearth I hung my stockings in the light,
Then crept into my ready couch—resolved a watch to keep—
When soon the weary sentinel was blissfully asleep!

May every child, who goes to rest, in nature's realm tonight
Awake from happy dreams to find their sequel in the light—
And realize, in every joy, their Savior's love for them,
Who years ago was but a child in sweet old Bethlehem.

May every man, in deed and truth, more humble than before,
Be taught, through stress of love divine, to love his neighbor more
'Til all, in childhood's strength renewed, shall press that verdant sod
Where bright the Christmas trees of life bloom in the breath of God!

THE OLD OAK TREE.

[Every one has felt in a measure the influence of "the Old Oak Tree." It continues to flourish in the recollection of every mind just as it grew on the commons of childhood, and, in spite of misfortune's frown, it remains until the close of life a green and beautiful memory.]

Hail, grim recorder! In a dream
I see again thy sturdy form!
Long hast thou caught the summer's gleam,
Thou Ajax of the winter's storm!
Long o'er thee have the stars looked down,
The swallow leaned her weary wing,
While ranged about thee 'neath the ground
Lie strewn the glories of the spring!

Here long ago, by laughter taught,
Life held its carnival of glee,
And all the boys in common sought
The shadow of the old oak tree.
Here ruled the sports that never tired—
The bliss that banished every care—
'Til day in night's embrace expired
And dreams lit up the drowsy air.

Here frolic held her festive sway
And mischief's masquerade was planned;
No evil came by night or day
But what the oak was mutely scanned.
Here, too, beneath its branches green
Young knighthood bent its awkward knee,
But she is married now—the queen
I worshiped 'neath the old oak tree.

And here the crafty foe to crush
Or brand him with the blows of hate
I came, in honor's budding blush,
To settle boyhood's warm debate;
But youth rebounds ere long, and soon
The boy forgets his petty feud
And passions, geyser-like at noon,
Sink back at twilight's touch subdued,

In truce I gave the foe my hand;
He took it in his own brave palm;
Forgiveness tossed aside the brand,
And friendship's spirit ruled the calm.
Oh, man! in scorning to forgive
Life erring loses half its joy
Forbear in enmity to strive
And learn forgiveness from the boy!

God knows if I possessed the might
To doff stern manhood's martial cloak
I'd quit care's wrinkled realm tonight
To sleep beneath the spreading oak—
To feel the bliss my bosom felt
Before it tasted of the strife,
When at the shrine of truth I knelt
And love made up the sum of life.

Oh, Fate, when, like a summer leaf,
I fade beneath the touch of fall—
My life as transient and as brief—
This simple boon I ask is all:
That, when in slumber's long relief,
You seek a little nook for me,
Oh! take me back a withered leaf!
To lie beneath the old oak tree!

NIGHTFALL.

Softly now the flush of sunset fades into the west away,
And upon the world's horizon dies the gentle kiss of day;
Silently the drowsy blossoms in the mist begin to fold,
And the stars, their light unveiling, shower down their dust of gold.

Lovelier far than silken sunbeam is the soft, uncertain light,
When the soul is filled to dreaming with the fancies of the night;
When the spirit, outward soaring, leaves the gathering mist afar
And begins her meditation, poised upon the evening star.

Sees the mystic border mountains of the far-off Beulah-land,
Wreathed in their eternal robings, glistening in their glory grand;
Sees along life's fretful journey love revealed in every frown—
Every cross a preparation for the wearing of the crown.

Oh! what visions of the future thus enchant me with their smile,
Glimpses of the grand forever, gleamings of the afterwhile!
Thus enrapt in contemplation all my passions slink away,
And I frame new resolutions meted to the coming day.

Voices to my spirit speaking all their wondrous lore commence
And the beauty of the starlight changes into eloquence:
"Man must struggle onward, upward, all his laurels here attained,
Though exalted, are as nothing to the glory to be gained."

"All our ills are love-inflicted and the cares which fret the soul—
These are but the wings that lift us, flames that purify the gold.
Every wrong must be corrected, every path by error trod
Must be straightened ere the ages fill the purposes of God.

"Leave the lower aims of living for the dwellers in the dale,
Those who suited to their level dream the visions of the vale.
Get thee to the grander mountains, plume thyself for nobler wars,
Leave the valley's dust behind thee climbing closer to the stars!"

Thus I love the purple twilight, queen of all the hours the best.
When the whisper of the breezes lulls the landscape into rest.
And my thoughts shall ever, ever wed the starlight on the lawn,
'Til the night, forever vanquished, deeds her splendor to the dawn.

YESTERDAY.

'Tis now, alas, beyond recall,
Lament it as we may,
No more around our feet shall fall
The light of yesterday.
It came as other days have come,
Its smiles were kindly shed,
But, oh, its blossoms in our wake
Lie withered now and dead.

No sighs can breathe away our guilt
Or bid the past return,
If we have idly sown or failed
This solemn truth to learn:
That every yesterday whose wreck
Bestrews life's checkered way
Has worn amid the fleeting now,
The raiment of today.

Then pluck each moment ere it dies,
The present is thine own,
But, oh, the future's hidden light
Belongs to God alone.
Be thoughtful now; to wisdom's song
Give thou a ready ear,
'Twill make each yesterday a charm
And save tomorrow's tear.

Each common deed our hands perform,
Though small the act may be;
Each thought unuttered in the soul,
Lives on immortally.

It springs into a welcome flower
To deck the clover leaf,
Or adds a cheerless thorn to swell
The waste of memory.

CHILDHOOD.

I am dreaming tonight in the glow of the moon,
Dreaming of days that have vanished too soon.
Of days that were lit with the smiles of the dead,
Of friends who alas to Love's Kingdom have fled.

How long the days were by the shadows they cast,
How short they now seem in the light of the past.
How brightly they beamed on my innocent brow
The brightest of all but a memory now!

From the moment the sun first appeared in the east
Till he sank in the west was a cycle at least.
Now further advanced, mid the cares of the way,
It seems that my life has been only a day.

I laugh as the years now return to my view,
When the fringe of the earth was the forest I knew;
When I dreamily followed the smoke as it curled
And thought it discolored the brow of the world.

And then, as I knelt in the twilight to pray,
And a mother's soft kiss pressed the seal of the day,
How boldly I dared the dark shadows to creep
And folded my cares on her bosom to sleep!

The hills have grown smaller in stature since then,
And smaller have dwindled the figures of men.
A mist in my vision the scenery mars—
And the oak trees no longer reach up to the stars.

But this is the spring of the tenderest sigh:
My childhood's fond playmate no longer is nigh.
Too fair for this earth she has lightly put down
The weight of the cross for the glow of the crown.

Farewell to my childhood, a tender farewell,
How much I have loved thee no music can tell.
How deeply I mourn o'er thy bright moments lost,
Oh naught but grim sorrow can measure the cost.

How much I still prize the sweet message you bring.
Let deeds to the harp of thy melody sing
'Til ransomed, uprisen and free from the sod
I greet thee again in the Gardens of God!

ON THE OCONEE.

Softly flows the sweet Oconee—loved companion of my youth—
By whose brink, in days now vanished, sought my eager soul the truth;
By whose soft and silent waters, as in boyhood's younger day,
Still my feet, in older fancy, love at eventide to stray.

Often on its liquid bosom flashed the truant's skillful oar,
As the music from the belfry died upon the distant shore,
And, tonight, in contemplation, as the world goes to its rest,
I am drifting with the current on the old Oconee's breast.

Drifting in the misty moonlight—drifting in the bark of dreams—
Fanned by fragrant recollectons—oh, how fair the vision seems!
April on the dewy landscape, April on the burnished scroll,
April calling unto April in the climate of the soul!

Hark, I hear the echoes calling! 'Tis the music of the bell
Chiming out its admonition: "Use the passing hours well.
For the present reaps the future, ordered to a perfect plan,
And the youth, in noble merit, sows the laurel of the man."

Oh, I love to wander backward to the old Oconee's brink,
There to revel at the fountains where my boyhood used to drink,
When the world was like the campus, green in summer's glad array,
And the dreams with which I filled it were as golden as the day!

How, alas, those dreams have vanished, fading like a fairy ship,
Or the passing of the rainbow, when the clouds have ceased to drip;
How the friends, who never failed me, now lie dreaming in the snow,
Where, unwithered by the winter, love's pure amaranth will grow.

Athens, old and lovely Athens, green forever be thy groves,
Where, as in the years now sleeping, still my fond ambition roves,
Happy, too, each stately mansion loved in ardent youth so well
And within whose portals, dreaming, loves my spirit yet to dwell.

But, though like thy predecessor, thou, too, in the dust shall fall,
Still, from out thy scattered ashes, will the old, sweet music call.
Fresh within my heart forever will thy recollections cling,
Like a vine around the cedar in the splendor of the spring.

And, beside the old Oconee, in the years that still remain,
Often will my soul, returning, dream in solitude again.
Yea, amid the gathering twilight that gives token of the gloom
It will suit my heart to slumber where its hope began to bloom,

'Til the mystic day approaches, 'mid the splendor of the morn,
Lighting up life's El Dorado, smiling on its crystal dawn
'Til I view it by the margin of that music-haunted stream
Where the glory of life's waking will be grander than its dream.

IN THE GLOAMING.

[To. Mrs. T. R. H.]

'Tis night! the calm and holy night,
When nature lulls to rest,
And sleep the children of the light
On her maternal breast;
The rose is dreaming of the day
That smiled upon her bloom,
And visions of the coming May,
Float 'round her in the gloom.

I, too, am dreaming of the light
But not the light of day,—
The face of one whose fairer sight
Outsmiled the field's array,
To whose soft spirit's azure gleam
'Neath silken lashes long,
The golden summers gave their dream
And taught her lips their song.

'Tis when the day has ceased to blush
And sleeps the shrouded land
That awed by twilight's holy hush
I feel her tender hand;
'Tis then I hear, in whispers sweet,
The voice of one I loved,
The tread of her whose fairy feet
With mine, through summer, roved.

Who knelt, at twilight's hour, to pray,
Her ringlets pressing mine,
While, through the gloaming's mystic gray,
The stars began to shine;
Then, sweetened by a mother's kiss,
Her pure lips sought my own,
Ere, on that borderland of bliss
The balm of rest came down.

In thought once more I wander back
Led by her magic wand—
Along Life's sorrow-beaten track,
To childhood's rainbow-land.
Again the summer scenes unfold,
The clover fields appear,
The air is filled with liquid gold
And she is smiling near!

But, oh, my heart with sorrow fills
And tears bedim my eyes;—
She wanders now among the hills
Where beauty never dies;
Where childhood's everlasting crown
Sits lovely on her brow
And where,—more worthy of her own—
The angels love her now.

Oh God! grant to my soul's unrest
Dreams of that brighter day
That Beulah clime beyond the west
To which she led the way.
Where by the waters pure and bright
Our feet again may rove,
Where never fades the morning light,
And God Himself is Love!

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

On mountain peak and meadow land and by the surging sea
And on the crumbling ivy wall the light falls dreamily;
A veil lies on the somber woods; the plaintive winds are sighing
And, in the hollows of the dell, the summer days are dying.

Dying on the ruddy stream
Dying in the drowsy beam,
Dying into but a dream—
The summer days are dying.

Amid the silence of the grove the withered timbers crack;
In deeper thunders roll and toss the murmuring cataract;
In sterner echoes from the gloom the russet hills replying,
Hurl back their answer through the woods—"the summer days are dying."

Dying on the crumbled wall,
Dying on the waterfall,
Dying dimly over all—
The summer days are dying.

The leaf deserts the parent bough and glimmers to the ground,
Filled to the edge with summer's gold, by autumn's breath unbound,
To mingle with the daisy's bust, in beauty's slumber lying;
And whispers to the violets—"the summer days are dying."

Dying on the withered leaf,
Dying in the garnered sheaf,
Dying 'mid the cedar's grief—
The summer days are dying.

Behold the little withered rose, neglected on the stem,
Her sisters in the silence sleep—she longs to sleep with them.
"Oh, let me go," she seems to say, in sweet aroma sighing,
"I've lived too long, do let me go, the summer days are dying."

Dying in the rose's breath,
Dying on the barren heath,
Dying in the vale beneath—
The summer days are dying.

Like vapors on a golden sea the clouds of ether float
To veil the anchored fleets of day in twilight's purple port;
The crescent moon displays her bow, on Night's gray armor lying,
And 'neath the evening's new-born star, the summer days are dying.

Dying in the west afar,
Dying at the gates ajar,
Dying 'neath the opal star—
Dying at the gates ajar—
The summer days are dying.

Farewell, sweet summer days, farewell! But, oh, in fancy yet
Thy light still lies upon my soul, nor shall its splendor set
'Til round the wasted couch of life sweet friends shall gather sighing,
And he who holds my fever pulse shall whisper, "he is dying."

Dying like a summer's day
'Mid the twilight's mystic gray;
Dying out of sin and strife,
Dying into love and life;
Dying under sin's decree
Into love's eternity!

BOYHOOD'S DREAM ISLAND.

I know of a beautiful island,
Far down in the path of life's stream,
By music's soft magic enchanted—
'Tis the isle of my boyhood's dream.
How sweet the bird-hymns of that island,
How gladsome the song of the rill,
And the musical voices of playmates
That dwell on the island still!

Sweet island of beauty, I love thee
I long for thy peaceful repose,
And the rainbow of promise above thee
That circled the bloom of the rose!

Again, on the dream-tide of slumber,
I drift to that island again,
And lo! the bright visions of childhood
Eclipse the sad pictures of pain!
I hear the soft music of minstrels
That charmed the sweet twilights of old
And bathe in the glory of sunsets
That melted the days into gold.

Bright island of beauty, I love thee!
Oh, give me again thy repose,
And the rainbow of promise above thee
That circled the bloom of the rose!

No cares ever haunted my spirit
On that beautiful island of bliss,
And visions of paradise charmed me
Unveiled by a mother's fond kiss,
But shadows since then have fallen,
And Sorrow has threaded her seam,
And I long to be quiet forever
On the isle of my boyhood's dream!

Dear island of beauty, I love thee,
And may I forever repose
'Neath the summerlit arch of the rainbow
That circled the bloom of the rose!

THE LAND OF MEMORY.

Behind the weary pilgrim lies, though dark his path may be,
An ever blooming paradise—the land of memory;
A land in which his soul first dreamed the dreams of youth and fame,
And life, in all its witchery, seemed the romance of a name.

A name to fill the after years, as stars the fields sublime,
Remembered in a nation's tears through all the tides of time;
In fortune's sea of smiles to bask and all her wealth command
Seemed but an idle school boy's task in that romantic land.

No ills that vex the passing hour disturb that land's repose,
Or pilfer of a single flower this empire of the rose;
In spite of life's dark checkered way, its brood of cares that fret
This land in one perennial May still holds the violet!

No brush has ever limned that land, its clover-scented leas,
Its sunny vales and summits grand, its love-born memories;
Its skies that bend without a break, its waters bright and clear,
Its groves of melody that make a sonnet of the year.

But, oh, removed by countless sighs and intervening tears,
This blissful land behind us lies deep in the distant years,
Barred by a thousand setting suns that blend their burnished rays
And guarded by the sentry guns of silent yesterdays!

BEYOND THE STARS.

Who has not dreamed of fairer lands,
Embroidered with Elysian strands,
And peopled with bright angels bands
Beyond the stars?
Who has not felt that some sweet day,
In some sublime, mysterious way
Life's calendar shall doff this clay
And register immortal May
Beyond the stars?

I feel it in my heart's warm blood
That golden stores await the good
In some unknown beatitude
Beyond the stars;
That earth is not the doleful end
To which all mortal trophies tend;
That life with higher scenes shall blend
And friend shall yet commune with friend
Beyond the stars.

That Error must give up the fight;
That truth shall triumph over Might,
And God shall regalize the Right
Beyond the stars;
That every wrong shall be redressed
And Faith, no longer doubt oppressed
Shall fix her seat among the blest,
Forever with the saints at rest
Beyond the stars.

Proud Reason, in her march sublime,
Is not an aimless tramp of time,
But pilgrim to a cloudless clime
Beyond the stars.
Love does not light the dreary hours
To perish like brief autumn flowers,
But pours upon this world of ours
The perfume of her native bowers
Beyond the stars.

Each primrose bloom that wakes a smile,
Life's desert pathway to beguile
Tells of a radiant afterwhile
Beyond the stars.
Each rainbow on the summer cloud
Tells of a robe beyond the shroud;
Each note of music, low or loud,
Sings of a saintly seraph crowd
Beyond the stars.

Know ye that when the lovely die
Bright spirit bands invade the sky
And new-fledged wings begin to fly
Beyond the stars!
That sorrow's lamentations cease;
That ransomed spirits find release;
That love's pure ecstasies increase
And all is paradise and peace
Beyond the stars!

'Tis precious to the heart of pain
For this sweet solace to remain:
That loved ones live and move again
Beyond the stars.
The soul may sleep, but cannot die,
And, in the mystic by and by,
These tear-beclouded orbs shall spy
The mis-wreathed morning lands that lie
Beyond the stars.

Let foolish skeptics scoff and scorn;
Hope's pilot-ray still leads me on
Towards the everlasting dawn
Beyond the stars.
I care not for a paltry frown;
The censure of a critic clown;
If brighter angels, looking down,
Hold out to me life's gem-lit crown
Beyond the stars!

THE ISLES OF LIGHT.

Beyond the borders of the west, where, lo, the day is dying,
Begirt by summer seas of gold, the isles of light are lying.
No frost of winter there disturbs the dreaming of the rose
And every wave, in music dies, upon their silver shores.

Sweet islands of the twilight air, how soft thy hues are blended,
As if the cares of earth among thy blossoms ended;
As if the angels loved to walk among thy mimic strand
And watch the shifting scenes of time from heaven's border-land!

How often have I roamed thy hills in childhood's summer-dreaming,
Strolled madly through thy magic scenes in all their mystic gleaming,
Built castles on thy peaceful plains against the coming night
And weaved for hope itself a crown, dipped in thy rainbow-light!

Oh, fairy isles, sweet fairy isles, along the shores of day,
How blest to lie amid thy bloom and sleep life's cares away,
To fly from earth, its grief and gloom, its chain of ills to sever,
And with the ones we love sleep on, in love's sweet dream, forever!

DREAMS.

The sunset fades across the autumn fields
And twilight softly o'er the clover steals;
Day's lingering tint has withered in the west
And Night, serenely o'er her realm of rest,
Has spread her canopy of stars. How bright
The sky's unnumbered legions now. O Night,
Dark queen of slumber, blessings unto thee
Whose royal edict sets each dreamer free,
Permits his spirit through the earth to roam,
The guest of climes beyond the ocean's foam;
Makes him the lord of some enchanted isle,
Robed in the lace and gilt of fortune's smile,
Drives care's remembrance from his tortured brain
And lays him down in childhood's lap again.
Each fond ambition, each beloved ideal,
Becomes at last, through slumber's magic, real;
In dreams the strength of mighty wizards dwell
And seas and mountains fade beneath their spell;
Dreams for a season give enchantment birth
And miracles return again to earth.
Aladdin rubs his fabled lamp of old
And Midas turns his goblet into gold,

Mermaids and fairies throng the earth again
And yet no wonder fills the dreamer's brain.
In slumber's speech there's no such word as fail,
No height too lofty for the feet to scale,
No rayless cavern of the earth too deep
To entertain that great explorer, Sleep.
In dreams the sightless orbs look out again
Upon the hillside and the happy plain;
In dreams the perfume of some faded flower
Pours back the charm of life's serenest hour;
In dreams the bloom of health to every cheek
Returns again and dumb lips learn to speak;
In dreams, restored by fancy's healing touch
The lame man leans no more upon his crutch;
In dreams the sky drops purses o'er the land
And glittering incomes sparkle in the sand;
In dreams the mother's heart beats wild with joy
And to her breast she folds her wandering boy;
In dreams the soft touch of some vanished hand
Is felt again; in dreams the broken band
Of home's sweet fireside is again renewed,
And Love encircles all her darling brood.
O happy Dreams, sweet ministers of light,
Sent from the stars to gild the lonely night;
To cheer the care-worn toiler on his way
And limn the ideals of a nobler day.
In dreams at last the cares of life subside;
In dreams the heart of man is purified;
In dreams the soul breaks from its prison bars
And, far beyond the ramparts of the stars,
O'er the bleak surges of the mystic sea,
Expores the blooming Paradise to be.

OH, MORNING LANDS!

Oh, Morning Lands, in all thy realm no wintry winds are sighing
In all thy sweet, Elysian fields no rose of God is dying,
No tears are shed; no blows of fate the ties of friendship sever,
But Love and Life walk hand in hand forever and forever!

BEYOND LIFE'S VALE OF WEEPING.

Beyond life's vale of weeping,
Its citadels of sleeping,
By solemn cedars crowned;
Beyond death's wintry portal,
Among the leaves immortal,
True happiness is found.

No shadow there abideth,
No thorn of anguish hideth,
Beneath the rose's bloom;
No dreading of tomorrow,
No retrospect of sorrow,
No weeping at the tomb.

But music softly waking
Life's glad song into breaking
Faints on the landscape never;
And beauty's leaf undying
Death's chilly frost defying
Lives in the light forever.

Oh, if the world be dreary
There's balsam for the weary,
A healing for their scars;
A crown whose sapphires gleaming
Discounts our sweetest dreaming
Beyond the golden stars!

THE KINGDOM OF THE LIGHT.

Far beyond the autumn sunset and the shadows of the night,
Deep in God's own grand forever lies the Kingdom of the Light,

Where the gladness of the summer all the fairy landscape fills,
And the music of rejoicing never dies among the hills;

Where, amid those scenes of beauty, loved ones of the long ago
Breathe the perfume of the lilies, purer than the driven snow.

And no sorrows, 'mid the sunlight, ever creep into the soul,
Causing tears of tribulation from the heart's deep fount to roll.

But where bloom the leaves of healing by the waters of the blest
And the morning stars forever charm the weary into rest!

Thus when vexed by troubles woven in the daylight's busy loom
Do I gather consolation from the voices of the gloom.

Catch, beyond the starlight, dreaming, visions of the life to be.
Glimpses of its grander glory, flashings of eternity.

These awaken all my spirit, rouse sweet Fancy into play,
Till my soul, beyond the darkness, sees the crimson of the day.

Grant, oh God, the dream's fulfillment, as the shadows come and go,
Losing all their gloomy grandeur in the morning's softer glow.

That when life itself is over, like the passing of the night,
All its shadows may be lifted in the splendor of the light!

AFTERWHILE.

If now and then the skies are dark and dreary falls the rain,
I know the clouds are sure to break; the stars to shine again.
The fields, now veiled in silver mist, ere long will doff their gloom
And give to summer's golden air the braiding of their bloom!

Each rose, on which the rains descend, is sweeter for the shower,
For thus a richer hue is wrought in nature's regal flower;
Each somber cloud at evening's close that marred the perfect sky
Turns into gold when softly touched by sunset's alchemy.

If now and then my heart is sad and grief asserts her frown,
'Tis but the cross that sweeter makes the wearing of the crown;
Life's ills are sure to pass away; each tear by sorrow shed
Gives back an inkling of the light into whose dawn we tread.

Be patient then, my soul! A sweeter day, clad in a softer gleam,
Hold its crimson light fulfilled love's old familiar dream;
Each sigh shall burst into a song; the clouds shall drift away,
And on the somber hills of Doubt shall break the smiles of Day.

ISRAEL'S WOMANHOOD.

Israel! Unto thy fair daughters, peerless in their gentle blood
Do I weave this simple sonnet, penned to Hebrew womanhood,
Lovely maids and noble matrons! Though thy hands and feet have toiled
Rarely has dishonor stained thee; shame thy tender beauty spoiled.

Would that, like thy own sweet minstrel—called the lowly shepherd
—King—
I might sweep the harp of Zion, smitten by an angel's wing;
Praise thy purity of spirit; swell thy glory's sweet renown
'Til thy beauty, changed to music, drowned all echoes but thy own!

Lo, in bridal-like procession, pass thy daughters in review:
Eve, the empress of creation, decked with Eden's morning dew;
She who gave death's fruit to Adam,—not so dreadful as it seemed,—
That her tested love might lead him into Paradise redeemed.

Sweet Rebekah! how thy beauty throws around my heart a spell
'Til, like Isaac, lowly kneeling, I too, greet thee at the well;
I, too, honor and adore thee; by thy simple virtues won,
Stainless as the snows of Hermon, lifted to the Syrian sun.

Next, in sorrow's veil approaching, Rachael bows her troubled head,
Grieving for her absent children; weeping for her loved ones dead;
Pure and martyr-like devotion! Never yet has woman's soul,
Loving, wept for those who loved her, like this Niobe of old!

But a gentler music charms me; lo, what joyful ecstasy!
'Tis the song of Miriam wafted from the waters of the sea.
Hark, again I catch the murmur of the mellow fields, forsooth,
'Tis the sweet voice of Naomi, whispering to her daughter Ruth.

Hannah next, who led young Samuel to the service of the Lord;
Jephtha's daughter, whose devotion proved her noble father's word.
Esther, who so gently taught us what true womanhood doth mean:
That she needs no outward scepter who is inwardly a queen.

Lastly, thou, oh gentle Mary, queen of all the queens of earth,
Thou, too, wast a Hebrew maiden; thou a child of royal birth,
Oh, for Zion's temple-music, that with David I might sing
Unto thee an anthem worthy—Oh, my Savior and my King.

A THORN AND A ROSE.

Within a stately mansion's cold retreat
Where sordid wealth had piled its splendors high,
And downy floors pressed velvet to the feet,
And held no want that riches could supply,

There sighed a sufferer; on his pallid cheek
No bloom of health recalled life's faded morn.
His voice was broken when he sought to speak,
And life, though gilded, was to him a thorn.

Hard by that mansion's melancholy frown
There smiled a cottage; no cold art displayed
Its inventory there, but love's pure crown
Flashed golden recompense; for such t'was prayed.

There every care in music seemed to melt,
And every twilight lulled to sweet repose.
Beneath that roof two humble lovers dwelt
And life, though simple, was to them a rose.

Now, heed this proverb at my sermon's end:
'Tis better far, in fashion's lofty scorn
To suffer want with roses to amend
Than hold to wealth its titles in a thorn.

BETHANY.

'Twas in that sweet and lovely dale,
By solemn cedars swept,
That years ago, when in the flesh,
The gentle Master wept.

There Martha with sweet Mary, dwelt—
A household of delight;
And often came He there a guest
To spend a happy night.

But when the chilly winds of death
Among its roses crept,
The Master's human heart was touched—
The God incarnate wept.

And, lo, a miracle was wrought
That stilled the sea of pain:
The heavy stone was rolled away,
And Lazarus lived again.

Sweet Bethany, thy blooms may fade,
Thy glories disappear,
But still through all the years will gleam
That sympathetic tear!

RESIGNATION.

There is no life exempt from care or gloom—
Each child of earth is heir to sorrow born.
No gentle rosebud kindles into bloom
That does not lend its beauty to a thorn.

No day in all the sisterhood of spring
Is wholly perfect; ere its course is run
A cloud from somewhere spreads its fleecy wing,
And veils the bright effulgence of the sun.

Be not deceived; grim care will come erewhile
To rout life's pleasure and to mar its sleep.
No eye was ever taught to wake a smile
That did not learn, through sorrow how to weep.

The poor are not alone with cares beset—
The rich as well are tried; the highest chief
May taste full oft the chalice of regret
And curse the gain that magnifies his grief.

Far better tread a lowly path obscure
And bear with patience a belittled part
Than all the pangs of luxury endure
And lord a palace with a broken heart.

Be thou content, oh man, and murmur not.
Your little grief may be as sweet repose;
The discontent that courts a better lot
May wed a briar where it wooed a rose.

While yet we live as creatures on the earth,
Until pale Death shall close the weary eye,
The smile will fade to give the tear-drop birth,
And laughter prove the herald of the sigh.

We need our cares to plead eternal peace—
To whisper "home" amid the din of strife,
And bid us clasp, when all our sorrows cease,
The friends we love around the Tree of Life.

Impugn not God! Instructors of the heart
Are all our ills; the griefs that heaven sends
Have each a voice to plead the better part
And point the goal where every trouble ends.

Since, then, our sorrows are in mercy sent,
Come, let us bow in patience to the rod,
Endure our troubles with a brave content,
And make each grief a minister of God.

SURREXIT: "HE IS RISEN."

Through the mist of early morning,
Ere the splendors of the day,
In the pale east dimly dawning,
On the hills began to play:
Sadly, in her sorrow, weeping
Hastens Mary to the tomb,
Where, in death's cold grandeur sleeping,
Lies her king amid the gloom.

'Tis the king of earth and heaven—
Christ the child of Mary born,
He who brought the world its leaven
On that starlit Christmas morn;
See! the snowy bands are broken!
Look, the stone is rolled away;
Naught remains there but the token
Of the shroud in which He lay.

"He is risen," breathed an angel
Lighting up the walls of death;
"Go! this glad day's first evangel,
Bear the world its Easter breath!
Breathe it softly to the weary,
Sweetly, gently let it fall,
Dim no more the world nor dreary
In its Christ-light free to all!"

Thus, to woman's eyes beholding
She who once in Eden reigned,
Came the gospel's first unfolding
Gleams of Paradise regained;
Thus, oh woman, twice atoning
Thou didst give the Savior birth,
And on that sweet Easter morning
Preach his ransom to the earth!

See! the glad, new day is breaking
Through the floodgates of the spring;
Rapture with the morn awaking,
Joy once more is on the wing!
Through the morning's silken splendor
Mary speeds her way along,
While, upon her pure lips tender,
Breaks the world's new Easter song.

Thus, with each returning Easter,
As the earth renews her bloom,
When the cold days have released her,
'Tis the bursting of the tomb;
'Tis the breaking of death's prison,
Fresher, purer life to bring;
'Tis the whisper, "He is risen!"
From the bloom-lips of the spring!

THE SEA OF LIFE.

Oh sea of life! what hidden pearls lie 'neath thy waves asleep!
What dangers to the daring soul lurk in thy caverns deep!
Unnumbered gems of every hue may freight our vessels deck,
Or perils, mid the dark unseen, may strew the shattered wreck!

But oh, if, through the angry storm, fate guides my wandering ship
By what strange shores; in what far port, shall life her anchor dip?
Oh tell me if the midnight gloom lies on that hidden shore
Or if the Dawn's immortal light breaks there forevermore?

Pray, bear me gently on thy wave, oh dark and lonely sea,
Truth is my pilot, and my port a glad eternity!
Sail on serenely, oh my ship, till through the golden bars
Thy anchor strikes the shores of light—beneath the morning stars!

THE LAMENT OF THE CEDAR.

Melancholy child of nature, O thou trouble-haunted tree,
Stirred by some mysterious spirit, can no pity comfort thee?
Does no star in yonder heaven smile its promise on thy woe,
Art thou doomed to weep forever as the seasons come and go?

Why is yonder proud magnolia, decked in such a peerless bloom,—
Robed in morning's gown of beauty; thou, in midnight's garb of gloom?
Standing in thy solemn shadow, 'neath thy branches overhead
Softly breathe to me the secret; tell me, wherefore art thou sad?

"Listen, child," returned the cedar, "once upon a time I stood,
Thrice as proud of yon magnolia; queen of Eden's solitude,
Not a bloom in all the garden smiled as regal as my own,
And I laughed amid the sunshine, holding yonder tree in scorn.

"But," resumed the cedar, sighing, "evil wrought its changing spell;
Satan crept into the garden and the world's first woman fell.
Passing through the flaming portals, lo, I mirrored her distress,
While yon proud magnolia blossom stole her guilty loveliness!

"Ever since that moment sadly, I have wandered up and down,
Through the vales of perfume sighing, o'er the hills of Lebanon.
I have steeped the mournful waters in a deeper pall of gloom,
And my shade has often drifted o'er the tenants of the tomb.

" 'Til this sin-sick earth is chastened; 'til its fever throbs no more
I must spend my days in penance weeping for the guilt of yore.
But—immortal blooms await me in that paradise afar,
And my grief shall turn to smiling underneath the morning star!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

How simple is the Christian's creed
How grandly brief
A breath—a single word, indeed—
That word, belief.

Across the centuries to me
The Master now
Still says from golden Galilee
"Believest thou?"

No need of years or wisdom's ray
Truth to perceive
But young and old alike may say:
"Lord, I believe."

The high, the low, its truth may own
Its power feel
As all around one common throne
Together kneel.

Life's mysteries the sages mock;—
But with that key
Even an infant can unlock
Eternity.

O, Thou, who bledst on Calvary's cross—
Man's only plea
Teach me to know that every loss
Is gained in thee.

When through the valley's gloom I tread
Be thou my rod.
'Til, through the mist, I see ahead
The hills of God.

Thus keep me through time's wasting wars
In courage strong
'Til from my soul beyond the stars
Shall break life's song.

AN ODE.

'Tis not on dying that our fears should dwell,
But rather this: the aim of living well;
'Tis not the evil at our journey's end,
But larger ones that in our wake attend.

The man who walks the straight and narrow way
Finds death the prelude to a grander day
As silence goes before the song begun,
Or melts the starlight in the morning sun.

I think of dying as I do of night,
A gloom embroidered with a lace of light.
'Tis true I cannot see beyond the dead,
Nor can I see unto the day ahead;

But when the long-expected hour draws nigh,
'Twill be as now I close my weary eye,
And know that on the mountains far away
There soon will smile the roses of the day.

GOD'S POOR.

A tear—a frail, weak human tear—from pity's deepest well,
Flashed answer to a thought divine and then in silence fell.

'Twas from a woman's tender soul that silent tear was drawn,
Where, after all, in truth at last, the world's best love is born.

A little child with golden curls was nestled on her lap
Serenely dreaming in the clasp of childhood's rosy nap.

Though wealth had brightened every nook with art's unfeeling joy,
The fondest treasure of that home—its sunshine—was her boy.

What hopes of him lit up the years with expectation's beam
As flowers charm with every hue the air in which they dream.

She thought of him and, too, of those who knew no mother's care,
But wandered through the night alone, amid the wind's despair.

"Oh, God," she thought as lovingly she kissed his ringlets bright,
"Suppose my boy, without a home, were in that storm tonigth."

Then gushed the tears and with it came that fair and wondrous thought,
So pure it must have dropped from heaven with God's own pity fraught.

A plan long cherished for herself was from its purpose turned
And in her heart a new desire with sweeter incense burned.

When Christmas with its merry torch lit up the frozen year
Each humble child she knew enjoyed the bounty of her tear!

Oh, God, among the scattered saints increase thy hallowed gold
And raise up men, with answering hearts, thy needy to behold.

Through Him whose lot was lowly, too, may all this rapture know:
How well they show a Savior's love who deign to love the poor!

A SIMILE.

When the summer day completed
    Yields its loveliness of light
Glory to the gloom is meted
    In the ether gems of night;
Oh, the soft and silken splendor

Of the night when stars attend her,
Glimpses of the dawn begetting;
Though the summer sun is dead
Still the light its beauty shed
Awakes beyond the setting!

When a noble life completed,
Sets a nobler spirit free,
All its values shine repeated
In the stars of memory;
Oh, this radiant after-glory,
How sublime it makes the story
Of the hero's great endeavor;
Though his noble heart is dead
Still the light his spirit shed
Lives in the soul forever!

MAN OR MISER?

There lived—it matters not the place or time,
Since they of whom I sing fit every clime—
Two men of wealth who prospered in their day.
One prayed this prayer: That wealth might come his way.
And bless his toil that envy might behold
How much he had amassed of this world's gold.
The other prayed for riches to this end:
That he might prove his fellow's better friend
That all his ways with heaven's might accord
And plenty crown him as he pleased the Lord.

Each prayer was granted. One at length began
To build his mansion to a lordly plan;
And so men, gazing, marveled as they passed
How much of gold its owner had amassed.
His wish was answered to the want expressed,
But not the want unuttered in the breast;
The miser failed true happiness to find
Because he failed to give it to his kind.
He gave no alms, no sympathizing tear,
And died unsorrowed by a comrade near.
Thus he whose heart to poverty is cold
From want, himself, lacks nothing but his gold!

The other met the pauper at his door
And drew his purse to share it with the poor.
Strange paradox! The more his pity gave
The more he seemed, in recompense, to save..
His fortune slowly grew from year to year
Although he gave it freely with a tear.
His pile the equal of his neighbor's proved
And this the better still: He died beloved.
In tender grief the tears of sorrow ran
As friendship mourned the passing of a man!

* * * *

The moral of this simple tale is plain:
That man should seek for more than selfish gain;
That while cold Mammon weaves a magic spell
It blesses only him who spends it well;
That he whose purse is not to pity moved
May be a lord, but never can be loved!

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

This world is full of beauty—
A world of love and light,
To him who does his duty,
And keeps his goal in sight.
Its air with spring is sifted,
Its sky with splendor fills,
To him whose soul is lifted,
Whose heart is on the hills,
Though labor often loses
He never fails to win;
Nor looks in vain for roses
Who locks their bloom within;
Oh, if this world be void of light
The fault is in our feeble sigh!

This world is full of laughter—
A world of mirth and song,
To him who seeketh after,
The right to quell the wrong;
Who kindly helps his neighbor
To do his little part,
And brings to every labor,
A light and loving heart.

Whose chords of music sleeping;
Deep in the spirit's well
Wants but the merest sweeping
To make their anthems swell.
Oh if this world be void of song
The causes in ourselves belong!

This world is full of heaven—
A world of bliss and balm,
To him whose soul at even
Partakes of nature's calm
Who sees the light grow dimmer
Upon the edge of day—
The stars, like jewels, glimmer
In heaven's far away;
Who sees, in rapture roaminfi,
The splendor-fields above,
In God's own mystic gloaming,
The shadow of His love
Oh ,if this world is void of bliss
Our lives have surely been remiss
No discontent springs here below
But we, ourselves, have made it grow!

"I'M WEARY TONIGHT."

[Lines suggested by the remark of an invalid at the Grady Hospital.]

Like a sweet summer rose, in the gathering gloom,
The beautiful day is now folding its bloom,
And here, at my window, suppressing a sigh,
I watch the gray shadows of evening draw nigh—
And I'm weary, so weary tonight.

Oh, long have I suffered, but heaven knows best,
And though I am weary and waiting for rest
I try not to murmur, I try not to weep,
But oh, in my soul, I am longing for sleep—
For my heart is so weary tonight.

I think of the blossoms, now under the snow,
How they kindled the charms of the bright long ago—
Oh, sweet were the days as they smiled on the dell
And soft were the star-gilded shadows that fell
On the beautiful edge of the night!

The old southern homestead, its green velvet lawn,
The oak trees of childhood, their scepters all drawn,
The song of the bird, and the chirp of the rill,
The fields that unfolded so dream-like and still,—
All throng in my bosom tonight.

To lie 'mid the groves, in the mystical gleam
Of the moon and the stars as they tranquilly beam,
Where soft with the tread of the old-fashioned May
The flowers of God might spring up where I lay,—
'Twould make me so happy tonight.

The stars in the mist of the dim, far away,
Seem wearily waiting for the footsteps of day,
And so am I waiting for heaven's sweet breath,—
I long to give up this sad breathing to death,
I'd smile should he claim it tonight.

Oh, then should I wake in a surcease of pain,
With never a sorrow to haunt me again,
No fever can live in God's beautiful light,
No sunset at evening, no weeping at night,
But gladness forever,—today!

A FAIR VICTIM.

[Suggested by a pathetic scene witnessed during the present snowstorm.]

Scarcely a woman as yet in years,
Her golden hair
Scoffed at the meaning that lurked in her tears—
A soul's despair.

On through the pitiless snow she pressed
By hunger led,
Folding a babe to her famished breast;
In search of bread
She roamed the street, yet in rags a queen,
For on her brow
The stamp of her stainless soul was seen
To mock the snow.
Friendless and frail! from her lips a sigh
Burst forth in pain
And bitter tears from her love-lit eyes
Fill yet again

As stretching her hands through the bleak cold air,
In frenzy wild,
She silently begged in a speechless prayer
Alms for her child.

Down from the glitter of pearls that gleam
In fortune's crown,
Down to the needles that ply the seam
In fashion's gown,
It is often the fate of the pure to fall.
Perhaps 'tis best,
For the merciful God, who ordaineth all
May choose this test
To show the world that in spite of kings,
Aye, prison bars—
True virtue still on her snow-white wings
May scale the stars!

TRUTH.

This is the end of valor: to uphold the truth!
The man who wears her armor and, beneath her flag,
Fights valiantly, may lose the field today
To win it back tomorrow; though his blood
May stain the heath, his veins keep back enough
To urge him on till, crowned at last, he plants
His ensign on the height, Success, and plucks
The rose of Victory.

For thee, oh Truth,
How much of anguish, drawn from saintly men,
How much of tearful parting, sealed with blood,
Have solemnized the lists of martyrdom.
Without avail the dungeon and the stake,
The guillotine, the scaffold and the rack
Have sued in vain to awe thy worshipers
Or lessen their allegiance; they have smiled
At persecution; dared the hungry mob,
Defied the tyrant and beguiled with shouts
The way to execution; they have raised
Their anthems at the cross and lifted high
Their loud hosannahs till the grave, it seemed,
Grew musical, and life's last breath in song
Fled to the shores of Silence!

Truth!
For thee how patiently the wise have toiled
Secluded from the world; their labor's dream
To bless humanity; their only gain
The poor philosopher's reward. By day
They wooed the fields, by night the open sky,
Nor dared to slumber till the shadows fled
The morning watches and upon the leaf
The dewdrop sparkled to the dawn!

And thus
By ceaseless toil have they explored the deep
Couched in her mighty caverns and the air
Unseen that feeds the rose and fills
The sea of fragrance, spread in crystal balm,
Between the forest and the stars; the hills
In pomp and majesty; the vales between,
The flowing rivers and the mines of earth
In which the gems are sleeping—these at length
Have yielded to the search of truth and torn
The mantle from their mysteries.

Oh, Truth!
In silent masonry thy sons have reared
A shrine to thee—a monument of strength
More lasting than earth's proudest pyramid
And grander than her mountains. From the gloom
Of doubt and superstition it ascends
Into the light of knowledge and of truth
From wars and famines, pestilence and crime
And from the greed of nations to the goal
Of universal brotherhood; to peace
The harmony of heaven and to love,
The friendship of the angels, crowning all
To this was truth ordained: to lift the soul,
To clarify the vision; to redeem
The world from sin and lead its struggling hope
Back from the darkness of an Eden lost
Into the light of Paradise regained.

THE SHATTERED OAK.

Deserted where the summer weaves her cloth-of-velvet cloak,
No longer clad in verdant leaves, there stands a shattered oak.

No swallow builds her dainty nest, amid its lofty heights,
Nor pauses there in song to rest, between her broken flights.

No fragrant zephyrs softly play around its withered feet
No blue-eyed children of the May there in soft beauty meet.

The moping owl, the drowsy bat, now reign in somber sway,
Where Morning's tuneful lover sat and wooed the damsel day.

The fields around it all are bright with blossoms fresh and fair,
That lift their censors to the light and flood the golden air.

But though a thousand summers call and each their verdure bring,
'Twill never more enrich the fall nor smile amid the spring.

'Tis sad to gaze upon the wreck and think how once it stood,
When April came its boughs to deck, the glory of the wood.

But sadder, sadder to behold than yonder oak I scan
The wreck of nature's nobler mold, the relic of the man!

Oh, not the slow decay of time, the gentle tread of years,
The glory of an age sublime, an honored father wears.

But rather still the early spoil, the fruit of days misspent—
The hours that dalliance stole from toil that sorrow might repent.

What noble deeds of thought unborn, bright ideals unattained,
Ambitions wasted with the morn, hopes never to be gained!

Though bitter tears, in fond regret, for buried hearts have poured
The deepest sighs have sadder yet, these living wrecks deplored.

Kind Fate, ere like the shattered oak, I stand deserted, too,
Oh, may my frailties find a cloak, beneath the summer dew.

Thus will my short career have gained this line above the sod:
"He passed away before he stained the image of his God."

THANKSGIVING.

From every heart's deep well of thanks throughout the world today,
Let gratitude leap forth in song and all the nations pray,
There's none so poor but in his wake unnumbered joys appear,
While mercies measured to each hour have filled the fleeting year!

The humblest toiler in the vale with grateful heart may sing
And praise Jehovah for the bloom and beauty of the spring,
The voices of the summer land, the bounties of the fall,
And for the soft blue dreaming sky that bendeth over all.

No favored clime, beyond the rest, is by the sun regaled,
Nor walls in all the blessed day to keep its light impaled.
What voice can stay the zephyr's wing that round each cottage throws
The incense of the violet, the perfume of the rose?

These kindly on a toiling world their tender smiles bestow,
For all the autumn roses bloom, for all the daisies grow.
The minstrel in the forest shade, the psalmist in his bower,
On all, in nature's free domain, an unbought music shower.

Though bitter storms have wrecked out shores and caused the land to weep,
And fever's wand has touched the lids of many into sleep,
And thousands, too, throughout the year, have felt the want of food,
Yet all have still sufficient left to know that God is good.

This tender love to all the world how vast and yet how free;
It fills the circuit of the stars yet measures life to me;
It guides the swallow through the air, the vessel on the deep,
And, with the humblest child, it folds the universe to sleep!

It led the wise men of the east to hail that wondrous star
Whose radiant beam, in after years, would flood the lands afar,
And guide the nations to that spot where Christ, their king, was born,
'Til, lost amid a grander light, it dies in heaven's dawn.

For this Thy love to all the world our tearful thanks we pay,
Though not unmindful of Thy love to each along the way,
For shelter, raiment, food and strength, each day in mercy given,
And crowning all the blessed hope that beckons us to heaven.

Accept our grateful thanks, oh Lord, our praises unto Thee,
And pour into our silent harps Thy own sweet minstrelsy,
Subdue us unto Thee alone, reign Thou in every breast,
And make this bright Thanksgiving Day the queen of all the rest!

BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S EPITAPH.

Stranger, let tears bedew thy weeping eyes
Beneath this ponderous stone Munchausen lies
Prince of Prevaricators. Falsehood's peer
Like Ananias now he stretches here.
From all the truthful traits of candor free
He made of life one grand hyperbole.

Baron of Falsehood, let us add, forsooth,
That he was no less barren, too, of Truth.
But think ye not this boulder marks the end—
'Tis not the last of Falsehood's bosom friend
He lied above ground, with a ready will,
Nor marvel much if he be lying still
The grave has only filled his heart's desire
In making him an everlasting liar.

ADAM'S PEDIGREE.

Armorial crests from no ancestral tree
Of richer flower was e'er to knighthood given
Than this first household's ancient pedigree,
Whose hall-mark bore the heraldry of heaven.

THE PARSON'S COMPLIMENT.

Said Parson Bland to Deacon Bluff
Seated before the fire:
"Deacon, I like you well enough,
But you're an awful liar."

AVALON.

[Lines written at Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, twenty-seven miles off the coast of Southern California.]

Whatever be the robe divine
Her grace may choose to don,
No duchess of the royal line
Can smile like Avalon.
I've seen her change through all the charms
Of beauty day by day,
Yet ever bear within her arms
The dowry of the May.

Clouds sometimes float but seldom frown
Upon her circling hills,
And sunbeams lift the sapphire crown
That golden starlight fills;
And, doomed by azure airs above,
An emerland landscape lies,
Such as the Arno never wove
Beneath the Tuscan skies.

From every height green vistas catch
The softest seas of blue,
And myriad flow'rets leap to match
The rainbow's variant hue.
No sordid marts of mammon mar
This gem of ether-birth
That heaven lit from some bright star
And only lent to earth.

Such is the holy vesper calm
The island valley keeps,
Enfold it must the bed of balm
In which King Arthur sleeps;
The sceptered knight whose guileless heart
Gave not one beat to fear,
Yet, wounded by the loveless dart,
Still beat for Guinevere.

Wherever spread the rival climes
The traveled guest recalls,
Wherever cling the clustering vines
Around the hearthstone walls,—
Sweet Avalon, for all who roam,
Such gifts to thee are given,
Thou only needst the hearts of home
To wear the hues of heaven!

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

What makes a man? Not length of years
In paltry living spent;
'Tis not the braided coat he wears,
His collar neatly bent.
'Tis not his stylish gait or mien,
His club or social clan;
'Tis not his height nor age, I ween,
These never made a man.

What makes a man? Not hoarded gain,
Not honors princely piled,
Not all the dead by Caesars slain,
Not Triumph's hero-child;
Not plume or banner, sword or belt,
Since war's wild note began,
Have those serener virtues dealt
Which make the perfect man.

What makes a man? Not wisdom's art,
Nor learning's cultured lore,
Not language, though we know by heart
The tongues of every shore;
Not all the knowledge to be gleaned
In life's brief, mortal span;
Not all the gems by ocean screened
Have might to make a man.

What makes a man? 'Tis not the power
That wields a deadly blow;
A giant in his strength may tower,
And yet no virtue know.
'Tis not the workman's rugged skill
That draws the mansion's plan;
He may do all of this and still
Be only half a man.

What makes a man? Not rank or birth,
Nor glory's purple gown;
His monarchy may be the earth,
His badge creation's crown.
Not princely gear, nor robes of state,
Nor yet religion's ban;
These make the mean official great
But not the nobler man.

What makes a man? Oh not the dust
We tread beneath the sod,
But, higher still, life's solemn trust:
The breath of nature's God.
The inner soul and not, forsooth,
The outer walls we scan,
Hope, courage, honor, love and truth,
These make the perfect man.

A SONG OF COURTESY.

'Tis not decreed that every man should climb the heights of fame,
And write among the stars of earth his record and his name;
Success to all who seek the palm is not the Author's plan,
But no one ever sought in vain to be a gentleman.

Though some may dwell in castles grand, and some in hovels poor,
And some toil on from sun to sun no richer than before,
'Tis not in gaudy robes of rank that gentle deeds abound—
Sometimes beneath a peasant's garb a nobleman is found.

If thou would seek the fountain spring, be gentle I beseech;
Let purity possess thy soul and truth inspire thy speech.
And be thy station what it may—thy calling or thy creed—
I'll nominate thee prince of men a gentleman, indeed!

The world needs polish, not the pomp that plays a borrowed part,
But, oh, the chivalry whose smile is rooted in the heart;
Refinement—not shrewd financiers and men of lofty ken,
But perfume breathing courtesy: soul-knighted gentlemen.

Oh, half the battlefields of earth by widowed tears bewailed
Had never blushed beneath the brave had gentleness prevailed,
And Freedom's holy battle flag, divorced from martial deeds,
Had triumphed over craven kings without her Runnymedes.

Feuds, strifes and battlefields proclaim the savage 'neath the skin;
Let's drive the sabers out and bring the olive branches in;
Let's preach the golden rule of life, 'till on the trackless sea,
And over all the lands shall wave the flag of Courtesy!

NATURE'S MONARCH.

[Near Indian Springs, Ga., a tree is pointed out which is said to be the largest poplar tree in middle Georgia. It measures nearly twelve feet in circumference and its diameter is uniform for a distance of nearly a hundred feet above the ground. It resembles an immense pillar and is an object of much curiosity.]

By the water's crystal margin, on whose bosom, full and free,
Falls the shadow of the forest, stands a proud, imperial tree.
No companion rises near it; no congenial shade is nigh;
Rivaled only by the mountains, piled against the purple sky.

Fit memorial of the red man—its majestic silence speaks
Of a time when all these valleys held the wigwams of the Creeks
Ere their fair domain was ceded, at the white man's stern behest,
Or the sunset's beckoning splendors wooed them to the Golden West.

Like a tall Corinthian column, reared beneath a summer cloud;
Part of God's own breezy mansion, meadow-paved and azure-browed,
Reaching from the world below it—from its sorrow-stricken sod,
To the golden lamps above it—to the sweeter airs of God.

Gloom advances and the night-loom weaves its mystic web around
Every shrub until the woodland sleeps in solitude profound,
But, though hushed and shadow-haunted, lies the forest veiled below,
Look, the light still beams upon it, like a beacon on its brow!

Thus I dream within the shadow of the poplar's spreading bough,
Where the native plied his courtship, sealed his heart's unbroken vow,
Where the chieftains darkly gathered and the last sad truce was signed,
Giving up their forest empire, leaving all they loved behind.

But to higher thoughts I listen; deeper meditation springs;
From the poplar comes this lesson, which an humble poet sings,
That to him who liveth wisely, battles boldly without fear
Life's true measure ranges upward, not from fleeting year to year.

Oh, that men, with clearer vision, like this poplar-king could see—
In their true light, comprehending heaven and humanity,
Like the poplar ever climbing from the baser things below,
Ever lifting fruitful branches starward unto heaven's brow!

At the Wigwam, Indian Springs, Ga., June 8, 1894.

THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

Majestic stairs that seem to scale the stars,
And, from the vast empyreum of God,
Look down upon the level lands! How proud
Thy mist-wreathed summits rise as if to scorn
The vapors of the valley and to mock
The pigmies who parade as men. How dwarfed
In stature; how subdued in self-esteem
Does man become; how frail his slender form
Beside thy mighty fabric! Like the mist
That circles thee, how soon his breath dissolves
Upon the air; how swiftly pass away
His plans and projects born of slumber's couch,
To perish idly in the dust of dreams
Thus feebly fashioned, who is bold enough
Among thy shadows to exalt himself
Or list to flattery? Who can boast
The empty honors of an insect's life and look
Upon these gloomy grandeurs of the earth
More ancient than the pyramids? Who can feign
Or stoop to falsehood in the austere frown
Of these proud mountain-czars that mutely type
The majesty of truth? O fallen man,
If thou hast doubtful views of God or mind
Rebellious, hasten to these master piles
And muse upon their masonry. In them
Behold the Builder and the Architect of earth,
The wisdom that devised creation's plan
And brought it to perfection. Back of all
Discern the spirit that can make thee soar
Above the mountains and the Spring of Life
That renders man immortal!

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